14000 MILES

A CARRIAGE AND TWO WOMEN

FRANCES S. HOWE

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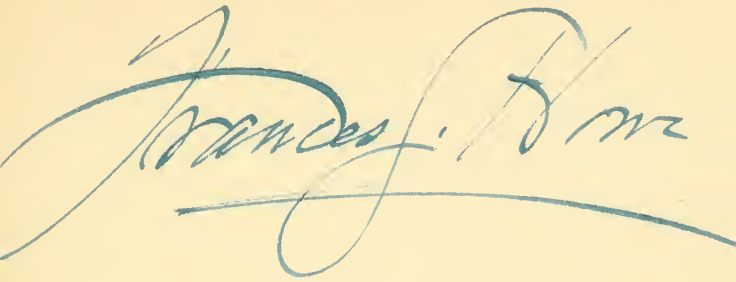

Ready for a Seven Hundred Miles Drive.

See page 265.

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A CARRIAGE AND TWO WOMEN

FLORENCE E. HOWE

14000 MILES

A CARRIAGE AND TWO WOMEN

BY

FRANCES S. HOWE

"AWAY, AWAY, FROM MEN AND TOWNS
TO THE WILDWOOD AND THE DOWNS."
—*Shelley.*

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1906

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FOREWORD.

Many of these informal reports of more than 14,000 miles' driving were written for the Boston Evening Transcript some years ago, and the later letters for the Leominster Daily Enterprise. They cover an unbroken series of summer and autumn journeys, which have never lost any of the freshness and charm of that first little trip of two hundred miles along the Connecticut. A drive across the continent, or even on the other side of the water would seem less of an event to us now than that first carriage journey. This volume is a response to "You ought to make a book," from many who have been interested in our rare experience.

F. C. A.
F. S. H.

Leominster, Mass.

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Circuit of the New England States.

14000 MILES

14000 MILES

CHAPTER I.

SUMMER TRAVELS IN A PHAETON.

"We were a jolly pair, we two, and ladies at that; and we had decided to go, amid the protestations of the towns-people and the remarks of Madam Grundy that it was not proper, and that there were so many tramps it was not prudent for two ladies to take a trip with their horse and carriage along the North Shore. Nevertheless, we take our lives in our hands, and 'do the trip' in a large comfortable, roomy buggy," etc.

A letter in the Boston Evening Transcript, under the heading "Along the North Shore," from which the paragraph above is taken, so aptly describes a part of one of our journeys, that we cannot resist the temptation to tell you something of our travels, which our friends no longer consider daring and experimental, but a thoroughly sensible and delightful way of combining rest and pleasure.

In the summer of 1872, "we two, and ladies at that," made our trial trip, with the consent and approval of family friends for our encouragement, and the misgivings and fears of those outside to inspire us with caution. Tramps were not in fashion, and I have forgotten what was the terror of those days. Like the "other two," we were equipped with a pet horse—safe, but with no lack

of spirit—a roomy phaeton, with lunch basket, wraps, books, fancy work and writing materials all at hand. Our bags, with rubber coverings, were strapped underneath the carriage. Some cautious reader may like to know that we did not forget to put in the "box" a wrench, a bottle of oil, strong cord, etc., for emergencies. Of course we had a map, for geography was not taught very practically in our school days, and we should be lost without one. We made no definite plans beyond the first day, but had vaguely in mind, if all went well, to drive through the valley of the Connecticut River.

Our first day's ride took us around Wachusett. We did not delay to climb its woody slopes, for we had many times visited our little mountain, and knew its charms by heart. It was new scenes we were seeking, and we were eagerly anticipating the drive along the Connecticut, fancying that much more beautiful and romantic than the familiar hills. It was not until we reached the hot, sandy roads, and were surrounded by tobacco fields, with rarely a glimpse of the river, that we realized that valleys are most enjoyable when seen from the hill-tops. The peculiar charm of the view from Mt. Holyoke we can never forget. A picture like that of the Northampton meadows, with the silvery river winding through them, we have found on no other hill or mountain-top.

If this trial journey had proved our last, we would like to recall it in detail; but, as it has been succeeded by others more extended, we must hastily pass by the novelty of our first crossing the Connecticut by ferry, the historic points of interest in old Deerfield, the terrific

thunderstorm just after we left Greenfield, the Broad Brook drive as we neared Brattleboro, the profuse quantity of lovely maidenhair ferns by the roadside, dripping with the morning rain, our lunch on the shore of Lake Spofford, and so on to Keene and Jaffrey.

How can we so hastily pass over the ascent of grand old Monadnock? Perhaps we enjoyed it all the more for the repeated protests of the youthful proprietor of the Mountain House, who assured us the feat was impossible, as the heavy showers which we had so much enjoyed in our morning drive had converted the path into a series of cascades. The mists which had entirely concealed the mountain were just breaking away, and we made the ascent in the face of warnings and water, yielding to no obstacles. Before we left the summit it was mostly clear, and we thought little of our moist condition or the difficulties of the descent before us as we feasted our eyes, watching the showers as they moved on from village to village in the valley below, leaving a burst of sunlight in their wake. Our descent was rapid, notwithstanding difficulties, and when we reached the hotel, so delightfully located on the side of the mountain, we forthwith decided to prolong our stay. After a cosy supper, for we were the only guests, we repaired to the rocks to watch the sunset clouds, which are rarely finer. It was mild, and we lingered while the darkness gathered, until the mountain looked so black and lonely we did not like to think we had stood on that peak alone only a few hours before. While we watched, the clouds began to brighten, and soon the moon appeared in her full glory, making the whole scene one of indescribable

beauty. The next day was Sunday, and a lovelier day never dawned. The peculiar Sunday quiet pervaded the very atmosphere, and we sat on the rocks reading, writing and musing all day, enjoying such a season of rest as one seldom experiences.

Two days more passed, and we were safe at home, after an absence of only ten days, and about two hundred miles' driving, but with delightful recollections, which cannot be forgotten in a lifetime. This trial trip was so successful that when another summer came it was taken for granted by our friends that we should try again, and we started, equipped as before with map, but no plan—only an inclination to face north. Following this inclination took us through many thrifty towns and villages, and gave us delightful drives over hills and through valleys, until we found ourselves spending a night with the Shakers on the top of a high hill in Canterbury, N. H. The brothers and sisters were unsparing in their attentions, though strict in certain requirements. We left them next morning, with a generous Shaker lunch in our basket, and turned our horse toward Alton Bay. As Brother George and Sister Philena assured us, it was the longest, roughest and loneliest ten miles' drive we had ever taken. The round trip on Lake Winnipiseogee the following day was a delightful contrast.

We now began to study our map, for we had not even a vague idea where next. We started at last, not anxious, but aimless; and after wandering several days in obedience to the will of the hour, landed on Wells Beach; we passed Sunday on York Beach; then drove on to Portsmouth, where we left our horse for a day to visit

the Isles of Shoals. The places of resort and interest as we followed the coast to Gloucester, Rye, Hampton, Salisbury, etc., are well known. After refreshing ourselves at Gloucester with rowing and moonlight bathing we returned to Newburyport, where we saw the homes of Lord Timothy Dexter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and others of note. An excursion on the Merrimac in a barge, and the drive by the river road to Bradford and Haverhill, we found very pleasant. It was in this vicinity that, for the first time, we were received ungraciously. The good landlady of an old-fashioned inn reluctantly received us, after rebuking us for the abuse of our horse, little knowing how much more thoughtful we were of him than of ourselves. He looked tired that night, for the seashore had not agreed with him, and I think had her knowledge extended so far, she would have reported us to the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. A. However, after cross-examination, she conducted us to a room spotlessly clean, the floor covered with the choicest of braided mats, and two beds mountain high, but expressly enjoined us "not to tumble but one of them." We left the next morning laden with good advice, which, carefully followed, returned us safely home ere many days, with our horse in better condition than when we started on our journey.

Of course we were ready to go again the next year, this time starting southerly, spending nights in Northboro, Franklin, Taunton and Tiverton Stone Bridge. Thus far the scenery and roads do not compare favorably with those in New Hampshire; but when we reached Newport, we were compensated for lack of interesting driving.

Margery Deane tells your readers all one needs to know of this place of places. So we will find our way to New Bedford, leave our horse and take a look at Martha's Vineyard for a few days. Our first impression of the "Cottage City" was that of a miniature Newport; but this every one knows all about, so we will go on to Plymouth, where we saw everything worth seeing. Plymouth Rock would have satisfied us more fully had it looked as it does in the pictures of the "Landing," instead of being out in the midst of dry land, with a pagoda built over it, and inscriptions to remind one that it is not an ordinary flagstone.

We found much that interested us in Marshfield, Hingham, and Milton with its Blue Hills. We have not forgotten a night at the homelike Norfolk House, and an afternoon devoted to the famed residences in Watertown. We drove to Point Shirley one morning during our stay near Boston, and on returning gave our journey another historic touch by going to the top of Bunker Hill Monument; and still another a few days later, as we visited the old battle-grounds in Lexington and Concord, on our way home.

Before another summer, whispers of tramps were heard, and soon they were fully inaugurated, making us tremble and sigh as we thought of the opposition that threatened us. A revolver was suggested, in case we persisted in facing this danger, and finally as go we must, we condensed our baggage that it might be out of sight, and confidently took the reins, having no fear of anything ahead, so long as our greatest terror—a loaded revolver—was close at hand, not "hidden away in one

corner under the seat," but in a little pocket made on purpose, where it could be seized without delay when our game appeared. As we shall not refer to our "companion" again, never having had occasion to use it, we will say here that it is no longer a terror but a sort of chaperone, in whose care we rest secure.

Our driving this season was within the limits of our own State, and we have yet to find anything more truly beautiful than western Massachusetts, with its Berkshire hills and grand old towns, Stockbridge, Lee and Lenox. Our map was on a small scale, and the distance from Pittsfield to the Hudson River looked very short, so we ordered good care for our horse, and took the six o'clock train one morning for Hudson, where we met the boat for New York. The day was perfect, and our enjoyment complete. We reached the city at dusk, and next thought to surprise a friend, twenty miles out, in New Jersey, where we received a joyous welcome. The next day we devoted to New York, returning by night boat to Hudson, and before nine o'clock the following morning, after forty miles by rail again, we resumed our driving from Pittsfield, delighted with our side trip of nearly four hundred miles, but oh! so glad to be in our cosy phaeton once more. The homeward route was full of interesting details, which we must leave.

Centennial year came next, and we made our shortest trip, driving only one hundred and fifty miles in New Hampshire in early autumn.

The tramp terror increased at home and abroad, and when summer came again our "guardians" looked so anxious, we said nothing, and went camping instead of

driving. A party of twelve, on the shores of Lake Wachusett, with royal accommodations in the number and size of tents and hammocks and three boats at a private landing, diverted us at the time. But, as the season waned, we pined, and before October was gone we were permitted to revolve around the "Hub" for two weeks, supposed to be quite safe, while so near the centre of civilization. It was like a June day when we sat on the rocks at Nahant, and like November when dreariest, as we drove around Marblehead Neck, and watched the ocean so dark and angry; while the chill winds pierced our thickest wraps only a few days later. We shall not soon forget our drive from Cambridge to Hingham in the severest northeast storm of the season, or our delight on the rocks at Nantasket, after this three-days' storm cleared, and we felt the dashing spray. Our "Hub" journey was none the less interesting for being familiar, and we did not omit the attractions of Wellesley on our way home.

Early in the following July, the New Hampshire tramp law having come to our rescue, we once more turned our faces toward the ever beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee. We renewed our acquaintance with the Canterbury Shakers, and as we always avail ourselves of whatever is new or interesting in our path, stopped over for a day at Weirs Landing to witness the inauguration of the Unitarian grove meetings. After the opening of this feast of reason we were of one mind, and without delay provided good board and care for our horse for a week, and settled down to three and four services a day. After the accomplishment of this feat we visited points

of interest about Centre Harbor. In accordance with our usual good fortune we had a perfectly clear day on Red Hill, and appreciated all Starr King has written of its charms. The day spent at Ossipee Falls and Cascades gave us unbounded pleasure. We reveled in the rough walking and climbing, and after exploring above and below the falls, we were all ready to enjoy the lunch our hostess had prepared for our party, which we spread on a huge rock in the narrow gap. Our horse rested while we climbed, and the ten miles return drive to Centre Harbor required our utmost skill. On the following day we drove to Concord, N. H., a distance of forty miles. After spending a few days with friends in this charming place, we drove on, passing a night at the Mountain House, Monadnock, to refresh the memories of our first visit there, and breathing the pure air of Petersham, Barre and Princeton as we journeyed towards our own beautiful Leominster.

After these seven years' wanderings, we were considered virtually members of the great "Order of Tramps," and from that time to the present we have had full and free consent "to go to our own company"; and when we boldly proposed crossing the Green Mountains to pay a visit to friends near Lake Champlain, all agreed it would be a delightful thing for us to do. We closely followed the familiar railroad route through Keene, Bellows Falls and Rutland; it was a glorious drive all the way. At one time we seemed buried in the mountains without any way of escape, but we had only to follow our winding road, which after many twistings and turnings brought us to Ludlow. The next night we

were safely over the mountains, and soon were with our friends.

Our week in the cosy town of Benson, surrounded by high hills, must be left to your imagination. We will only tell you of a visit to Lake George. A party of fifty, we started at six o'clock one morning, in all sorts of vehicles. Four miles' jolting up and down steep hills took us to Benson Landing, Lake Champlain, and in course of time (a dozen people in a heavy two-horse wagon, and two other vehicles on a scow, towed by two men in a rowboat, is by no means rapid transit,) the several detachments of our party were safely landed on the opposite side. And then, what a ride! We never dreamed that the narrow strip of land between Lake Champlain and Lake George, only four miles across, could give us so much pleasure. At first we held our breath, but soon learned that the driver and horses were quite at home, and gave our fears to the winds as they galloped up hills almost perpendicular only to trot down again to the sound of the grating brakes, the wheels going over great rocks on one side one minute and down in a deep rut on the other side the next. We many times congratulated ourselves that we joined the party in the big wagon, instead of driving our good Charlie, as first planned. The steepest pitch of all brought us at last to the shore of the beautiful Lake George, at a point about ten miles south of Ticonderoga, where the boat was to meet us by special arrangement.

Only those who have experienced it can realize what we enjoyed on that bright day, as we glided over the

mirror-like waters, enraptured with the loveliness surrounding us.

After a few hours' rest at Fort William Henry, we were ready for the return sail. As we landed, our driver stood by his horses, eager for a start; a few of us expressed our willingness to walk for a while, possibly remembering the last fearful pitches in that rough road, as well as the beautiful cardinal flowers and ferns we desired to gather. After a walk and run of nearly two miles, the driver summoned us to the wagon, just before we reached the pitch we most dreaded and were hastening to avoid. We obeyed, and now galloped on until we reached Lake Champlain again, and took breath while we slowly ferried across in the gathering twilight. Our remaining four miles was a glorious moonlight drive. As we entered the village it seemed impossible that we had been away only since morning, for we had seen and enjoyed so much.

The next day we turned our thoughts homeward. Not wishing to return by the same route, we ventured into New York State, and after two or three days reached Saratoga Springs. All frequenters of this resort can easily imagine our routine there—the drive to the lake at the approved time, etc. The roving spirit so possessed us that we left the scene of gayety without regret, and on we went over the hills to take a look at Bennington on our way to North Adams. We drove over Hoosac Mountain, but have yet to see its charms; the mist concealed everything but our horse. We waited two hours at a farmhouse near the summit for fair weather, but in

vain. As we started in despair the clouds parted for an instant, giving us glimpses into the valley, then united and came down upon us in a deluging rain. Our dripping horse carefully picked his way down the steep mountain, and when we reached the level road the water was nearly a foot in depth for some distance. We splashed along quite happy, for this was not half so aggravating as the fitful mist of the morning, which every moment promised to clear away. The rest of our journey was pleasant, but uneventful.

As we reviewed the drive of four hundred miles, we felt we must have reached the climax within our limits. But no! we added another hundred miles, and extended our time to nearly a month on our next trip.

Lacking definite plans as usual, we drove to Lake Winnipiseogee once more, thinking another session of the Grove meeting at Weirs would be a good beginning. When the glorious week ended, there was seemingly an adjournment to the White Mountains, and as we had faithfully attended these meetings from the first, it was clearly our duty to follow; so on we drove, resting our horse at Plymouth, spending the night at Campton Village, and next day visiting in turn the attractions of the Pemigewasset Valley, the Flume, Pool, Basin, Profile and Echo Lake. Passing on through the beautiful Notch, night overtook us at Franconia. On our way to Bethlehem, the following morning, we left our horse for an hour and walked up Mt. Agassiz, which well repaid the effort. With the aid of a glass we traced the drive before us, through Bethlehem's one long street, past the Twin Mountain House and along the Cherry

Mountain road, turning until it nearly described a half-circle, and finally reaching Jefferson.

We realized far more than Mt. Agassiz promised. We were leaving the beauties of the Franconia Mountains and nearing the grandeur of the White Mountain range, and in many respects it was the most impressive drive of our journey. The last four miles from Jefferson to the Highlands, just at sunset facing Mts. Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Madison, was beyond description. Here we spent several days; for three reasons: We had surely found the headquarters of the "adjournment," for we met many Weirs friends; then, too, we were floating about on the northerly margin of our map, and could go no farther in that direction, and lastly, we were waiting for a favorable day for Mt. Washington.

One of these waiting days we spent on Mt. Adams; two of us, out of our party of seven, registering our names in the "little tin box" at the summit.

It was an exhausting climb of four miles, up the roughest and most beautiful path imaginable, marked out by the Appalachian Club. We encountered four hailstorms, and suffered extremely from cold on that August day, but the five minutes' perfectly clear view more than compensated. The gathering mist, which had cleared just for our glimpse, warned us to seek our path, and we rapidly descended to the Appalachian camp, where we found our friends and a glowing fire. After a rest and lunch we continued our descent. An hour's ride after we reached the base brought us to our Jefferson "home" again, delighted with the day's experience. The sun went down in great glory, and the weather

authorities declared the morrow would be a fine day for Mt. Washington; so, despite stiffened and aching joints, we took our breakfast at halfpast five, and at six o'clock we were snugly packed in our phaeton, with blankets and wraps all in use, for it was cold. Our good horse felt the inspiration of the morning, and we started off briskly on our thirteen miles' drive over Cherry Mountain to the Fabyan House, where we took the early train up Mt. Washington. Everybody does this, so we will leave without comment, except on the unusual clearness of the view, and hasten to our driving.

We reached Fabyan's again after the slow descent at half-past four. Our carriage was ready; and in less than five minutes we were on our way. Passing the Crawford House, with its attractive surroundings, we entered the Notch. What grandeur! Such a contrast to the quiet beauty of the Franconia Notch! The road through this narrow gap is very rough, with only here and there a place where vehicles can meet or pass, and constant watchfulness is required. We spent the night at the Willey House, with Mt. Webster looming up before us, and Mt. Willard and others near by shutting us in completely. We reluctantly left this quiet spot. The drive to North Conway was full of picturesque beauty; then, as we journeyed, the mountains dwindled into hills, the lovely meadows became pasture land, and Nature seemed dressed in every-day attire.

Not yet satisfied, we turned toward the seashore again, following the coast from Newburyport to Gloucester, this time rounding Cape Ann, delighted with the unsuspected charms of Pigeon Cove, and spending a night at

"Squam." Our next day's drive through Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-Sea and Beverly Farms took us to the Essex House, Salem, where our course meets that of the "other two." The interesting account of their drive to this point need not be repeated, as we retrace their steps through Marblehead, Swampscott, Lynn and Saugus, thence to Boston. Here we visited, and our horse rested a few days, when he proved himself more than equal to the forty miles in one day, which ended our last summer's journey.

These recollections have been put together on the cars (literally at railroad speed), without reference to diary, home letters, map or guidebook, and briefly outline our nine journeys and about three thousand miles' driving. We have told you very little of our every-day enjoyment. The perfect ease and safety with which we have accomplished this we attribute mainly to extreme caution and constant consideration for our horse, and we are full of courage for the future. We have friendly invitations from Maine to Colorado and Wyoming, and trust we may be spared to visit at least one of these points, when we celebrate our tenth anniversary.

CHAPTER II.

CHRONICLE OF THE TENTH ANNUAL DRIVE.

Some of the many readers of the Transcript may remember seeing in its columns about one year ago (Dec. 27, 1880) a letter under the heading "Summer Travels in a Phaeton," which gave an outline of nearly three thousand miles' driving by two ladies in nine successive summer journeys. Since then we two ladies have enjoyed our tenth anniversary, and will tell you something about this last journey, which lost no charms from having become an old story.

Many times during the winter and spring came the query, "Shall you take your carriage journey next summer?" and as many times we answered "We hope so," but often with a smothered doubt, as we thought of the fate of hosts of "best-laid plans," and feared we would not always be exceptions to such a general rule.

As the early summer weeks passed, the obstacles multiplied; after a while circumstances began to combine in our favor, and by the 15th of August the way was clear for a start. A new difficulty now arose. Where could we go?

All through the year we had thought of Maine, which was sufficient reason why we should not go there, for we never go where we have thought of going. We have driven through the valley of the Connecticut, and along the coast from Newport, R. I., to Wells, Me., over the

Berkshire Hills, up to Lake Winnipiseogee four times, all through the White Mountains, over the Green Mountains to Lake Champlain, Lake George and Saratoga, and taken in all the big hills, little mountains, inhabited island and country resorts on the way. Where should we find "new worlds to conquer"? In our perplexity, we remembered that a party of friends were in Dublin, N. H., for the summer, and resolved to make that our starting point.

The morning of the 15th of August dawned bright and cool, and we held our wraps close about us, as we stowed ourselves away for the tenth time in our same cosy phaeton, with all our equipments in the way of bags, straps, waterproofs, umbrellas, books, maps, writing materials, fancy work, lunch basket, and—the only thing we take which we never use—our revolver.

Our first day's drive was very enjoyable; the air was so cool we could not dispense with our wraps even at midday. We said good-morning to our friends in Fitchburg, rested our horse, and sent our first mail home at Ashburnham, lunched by the wayside, surprised friends from Boston who were rusticating in the berry pastures of Rindge, and finally passed the night at East Jaffrey, the only place in the vicinity where we had not proposed spending the first night. The hotel proprietor was suffering from a recent sunstroke, but had recovered sufficiently to provide every comfort, including a fire in our room, and after another contribution to the mail, refreshing sleep and a good breakfast, we were ready for our morning drive to Dublin, where we found our friends delightfully located in the suburbs, close by the lovely Monadnock Lake, with the grand old mountain looming

up on the opposite shore. We lost no time, but proceeded to "do" Dublin, inspired by the cool, bracing atmosphere. We walked and talked, rode and rowed, and verified all the glowing descriptions, even to sifting the sand on the lake shore for garnets.

It now became necessary to decide in which direction to journey. As we drove towards the village next morning, it occurred to us that we had made a great omission in "doing" Dublin, not having called on the postmaster; in the words of another, "Our genial, ubiquitous postmaster, whose talents are so universal, whose resources so unlimited that he will build you a house, match your worsted, stock your larder, buy a horse, put up your stove, doctor your hens or cash a check with equal promptness, skill and courtesy." Surely, he could help us. We took our maps to him, and asked a few questions, but, strange to say, he did not seem to get any definite idea of what we wanted, and, after a little hesitation, politely inquired, "Where do you wish to go?" We then hesitated, and as politely replied, "We do not know; we are driving, and would like to go where we have never been, and return by a different route." Immediately his face brightened, he pointed out various places of interest, to which we could only say, "Yes, very delightful; but we have been there."

Finally, he produced a map of his own, and soon started us off somewhere, I forget where, and, perhaps, we did not go there at all. Suffice it to say, we now felt Dublin was "done," and turned our horse north, as we always do, when at a loss.

On we drove through Hancock, Bennington, Antrim

and Hillsborough, wondering where we should find ourselves at night. We referred to our map and decided to go to ——, but on making inquiries at a farmhouse, the woman consulted her goodman and advised us not to go there, for a passing stranger had told them the hotel was filled to overflowing, and the dancing hall, dining-room and neighbors' houses were occupied. She was much interested, and said, "If you do not wish to drive much farther, there is a little village two miles on, and widow ——sometimes puts up people." We had driven far enough, and thought it best to make a trial of private hospitality. It was a new experience, we had never been "put up," and felt as if we were imposing upon the good old lady as we lifted the knocker and asked if we could stay there over night. She looked at us over her glasses, then sent her one boarder to take care of our horse, while she helped us deposit our innumerable things in the "spare room." We quietly put the revolver in a safe place, and glanced at each other as we thought, "What would she say?"

Widow —— and her boarder had supped, but soon a supper was prepared for us in the sitting-room, which we lazily enjoyed seated in old-fashioned rocking-chairs. After our cosy repast we went to the barn to see how Charlie was faring. He looked at us as if he thought meal a poor return for his day's service, and we went to the "store" for oats. Several bystanders assured us it was a bad season for oats, and advised corn; but an old gentleman enlisted himself in our behalf, and said we should have some oats in the morning if he had to go to ——, two miles away, for them.

We went up to the churchyard to watch the sunset clouds, strolled down to the bridge, and when it grew dark we went "home." Our hostess borrowed a yesterday's paper, as we were anxious for the latest news from the President, and after reading we crocheted and chatted. The good lady opened her heart to us, and freely poured forth her lifetime joys and sorrows. Speaking of the children and grandchildren reminded her how much she enjoyed the seraphine in the other room when they visited her. We said we would like to try it, when she eagerly proposed having it brought into the sitting-room, where it was warm. We moved it for her, and sang through all the psalm-tune and Moody and Sankey books we could find. Our friend was very grateful, and when at a late hour we proposed removing the instrument to its proper place, she said, "Oh! leave it, and perhaps you will sing one more tune in the morning." We rested well on a feather bed, in an unpretentious room, with odds and ends of furniture and ware which would tempt the enthusiastic relic hunters, and breakfasted in the kitchen. While waiting for Charlie, we sang another gospel hymn, and the good lady once more thanked us, saying she always liked to take care of good people, and really rather "put up" a gentleman than a tin peddler.

The day was misty and disagreeable, but on we went, imagining the charms of Sunapee Lake on a bright, sunny day, as we followed its shores, and resting and writing at Newport. Here, too, we again considered our course, but with no inclination to face about. We talked of going to Claremont and following the river, but were

advised to keep our present direction and avoid the sandy valley roads. We left Newport without any idea where we should find shelter for the night, as hotels were scarce, but before dark we were again very comfortably "put up."

The clouds were heavy next morning when we resumed our driving, and in the afternoon the rain fell in torrents. When the first shower came, we drove under a church shed for protection, but after a half-hour we concluded time was too precious to be spent in that way, so put aside our books and prepared to brave the storm. Our courage and waterproofs were put to the test, but neither failed, and at night we hung ourselves up to dry in a little country tavern.

The next day we crossed the Connecticut River into Thetford, leaving New Hampshire to begin our wanderings in Vermont; and wanderings they proved to be, for the first day at least. We were in the region of copper mines and of friends, but we did not know exactly where either the mines or the friends were to be found. We drove to West Fairlee, for we had ordered our mail forwarded there, and our first letters from home were eagerly anticipated. The news was good, and after dinner we began inquiries about our mining explorations. There seemed to be as many opinions as there were people, but we started off at last with directions to turn twice to the right, go two miles, leave the red schoolhouse to the left, cross a bridge, go down a hill and through Bear or Bare Gap (we never found out which), strike a new road, etc. We were not sure that we remembered the precise order of these directions, but we

did strike a new road, and went down a hill—such a hill! We preferred walking, and Charlie was willing to be led, so that difficulty was overcome. After quite an afternoon's experience we found a little hotel, where we passed the night, and next morning we retraced the latter part of our drive in search of Pike Hill, where we were told we should find friends and mines all together.

We were heartily welcomed and initiated into the mysteries of mining, and collected some specimens, all of which were very interesting to us.

It would seem as if we ought now to be content to turn towards home; but, after some deliberation, we convinced ourselves it was advisable to go a little farther, now we had got so far, for we might not have another opportunity so good. "A bird in the hand," you know, and it is just as true of a horse. So, after supper and a little music, we got together a good supply of maps, and organized our friends into a geography class. We were very familiar with our own map, but drove into the northern margin last year, and now we seemed likely to entirely overstep its borders. As we studied and questioned our friends, we began to feel as if we could go anywhere; but prudence prompted us to follow the line of the railroad, so we traced the towns along the Passumpsic, and pinned the precious scrap of paper to our map.

We watched the clouds until half-past ten next day (we never heed the weather except we are with friends, who always think it seems inhospitable to let us drive off in a storm); then started for Wells River, a drive of thirty-one miles. This was the first time since we left

home that we had any idea in the morning where we should sleep at night. The twelve-miles' drive to Bradford was as lovely as our friends described it; the road follows Wait's River very closely nearly all the way; it is a clear stream, with a bright, stony bottom, much more beautiful than many larger rivers with greater reputation.

We lunched as we drove, on bread and honey, the last sweet gift of our friends at Pike Hill, then rested our horse and made our daily contribution to the mail at Bradford. We had our prettiest view of the Connecticut that afternoon as we drove through Newbury and made another of our "surprise calls" on friends visiting in that vicinity.

Our landlord at Wells River, an old gentleman, made many inquiries when he found we lived very near his birthplace. His face brightened as we told him of his friends, who were our next-door neighbors, and he wondered at the distance we had driven "alone."

It seemed quite natural to make another start with uncertainty before us. We followed the Connecticut to Barnet, and just as we left the hotel, after two hours' rest, the contents of a huge black cloud were poured upon us; it was such a deluging rain, that as soon as we were out of the village we drove under a tree for partial shelter, and while waiting, finished up our honey. We got to St. Johnsbury in advance of our mail, and ordered it forwarded to Newport, thinking we might leave our horse for a day or two, and take a little trip by rail.

Strange as it may seem to those unused to such aimless wanderings, we went on and on, facing north at every fresh start, and gathering a bright bunch of golden-rod

for our carriage each morning, as we walked up the long, sandy hills (no wraps needed now), and winding about such queer, forlorn roads, with fields of burnt stumps and disagreeable marshes on either side, our map "annex" and infallible guide, the Passumpsic, assuring us we were not lost, until one bright morning we drove into Newport, and a "trip by rail" had not even been mentioned.

As we drove leisurely along the main street, taking our first look at Lake Memphremagog, a friend from Boston stepped off the piazza of the hotel and recognized us, as he paused to allow our carriage to pass. When recovered from his surprise, that we had strayed so far from home, he told us he was on his way to meet his family, and pitch his tents on the shores of the lake about twenty miles from Newport, and suggested we should drive to Georgeville, and visit their camp. Now we realized the convenience of having no plans to change, and went directly to inquire about the roads, and secure oats for Charlie, lest we should find none on our way. People generally go by boat, but we were assured we should find good roads. Having learned by experience that "good roads" in Vermont take one up and down such hills as in Massachusetts we should drive many miles to avoid, we asked more particularly about the hills. "Oh! yes, a little hilly, but a good road." So with minute directions for the lake-shore route, we left our friend to the mercy of the waters, while we traveled by land. We never knew when we crossed the Derby line, for we were absorbed in watching for a turn which would take us near the lake,

but we learned after a while that our "lake-shore road" was a mile inland. "A little mite hilly"! We went up and down such hills as we never saw but in dreams, leading our good Charlie, who picked his way very cautiously. At the top of a high hill we found a house, and a little Canadian girl said we could stop there, if we could take care of our horse; she assisted us in unharnessing and arranging a place for Charlie and his oats. We declined kind invitations to go into the house, and spread our blanket under a tree, where we had a fine view of Owl's Head. Our little friend brought us milk and fruit, and after our lunch we wrote for an hour, then resumed our driving, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the worst hills were yet before us. We met men leading their horses, which encouraged us to feel that our precaution was not feminine timidity. The last hill reminded us of our drive over Hoosac Mountain. We left Newport at 10 A. M., and at 6 P. M. we arrived at the Camperdown House in Georgeville, a quaint Canadian village, feeling as if we had driven or walked one hundred miles, rather than twenty.

We were cordially received at this most homelike of places, and a room was ready for us. Our windows opened on the piazza, which was shaded by a row of cut spruce trees that were replaced by fresh ones occasionally. After supper we strolled down to the boat landing and took a survey of the lake and fine shore scenery. We have not time or space to tell you all we enjoyed while there. We spent the days in "camp" and the nights at the Camperdown, going back and forth in a row-boat, the

Nymph, our friend's steam yacht, or driven at breakneck speed by one of the party who considered those perpendicular hills "good roads."

Only those who have tried it know the charms of camping. From the time the one whose turn it is goes over the pastures to get the cream for breakfast, until the last one is served to cocoa at night, there is something to do, and that which is work at home becomes pastime on the borders of a lovely lake, with fresh air and good company. We fish with great interest when a dinner depends on our success; then, while the potatoes are boiling is just the time for bathing, after which, the table spread under the overarching trees looks very inviting. When all have helped to clear away and "do up" the dishes, then comes a time to separate for an hour—some to write, some to sleep, and others to read Spanish, English, prose or poetry, according to taste and ability. As the afternoon wears away, some one proposes a sunset row, and so the time too quickly flies. Rainy days have a charm of their own, and all the sympathy for "those people in camp" is wasted.

We shall not soon forget our trip to Magog in the Nymph. There were eight of us that afternoon, and we had a delightful sail. We left the gentlemen to find supplies of wood for our return trip (sometimes we helped saw and carry), while we ladies went shopping. We found a little store where tools, groceries, dry goods, jewelry and confectionery were kept; they had no axe, the only thing we wanted, so we bought lace pins at five cents a pair. The clerk quietly asked if we were going to have a thunder storm, which startled us, and we lost no

time in getting back to the boat. Clouds gather rapidly on Lake Memphremagog, and our three hours' sail looked long. We kept the steam up, and talked about everything but a shower until dark, when we were quiet, and observed, with only casual comment, the clouds which grew blacker and blacker, hiding the stars, and occasionally obscuring a light-house. We watched eagerly for the light we had left on the "Point" to guide us into our little harbor, but the wind had blown it out. One of the party took a row-boat (we had two with us) and went in search of our landing; the rising wind drowned the calls back and forth, but after a few anxious moments, a welcome light glimmered on the shore, and soon we heard the splashing of the oars. It was with difficulty the boat was guided to the Nymph, and just as the last boat-load was leaving her to go ashore, the storm burst in sudden fury over our heads. We rushed to the tents and gave up rowing or riding to the Camperdown that night. After securing the boats, the gentlemen, came in dripping, but quite ready for the lunch prepared by quick hands We talked it all over as we sipped our cocoa, then separated, and soon were lulled to rest by the pattering of the rain on the canvas, and the distant rumbling thunder.

The next day was Sunday, and we enjoyed every hour of it. At the time appointed we assembled for service. The preacher sat with rubber boots on, and the audience, small but appreciative, were in hammocks and cosy corners. The sermon was good, and the singing, which was congregational, was well sustained. The day was not long enough, for it was our last in camp, and we

looked back wishfully as we started off on our last row. We reached the Camperdown just as the sun was setting in gorgeous splendor. Supper was waiting for the "prodigals," and after we had given an account of ourselves, we went to our room to plan for the morrow.

We decided to go to Newport by water, and, as if to favor our decision, the morning dawned perfect. It had been hazy and yellow for several days, but the veil was lifted. Our friends rowed over to see us aboard the Lady of the Lake, especially Charlie, who objects to water. We sat in the bow, fanned by the soft breezes, recalling just such a day on Lake George, while poor Charlie was frightened and stamping furiously beneath us, evidently thinking some effort on his part was necessary to effect an escape.

As we stood on the wharf at Newport an official-looking person came to us and asked if that was our carriage. We looked inquiringly, and said "Yes."

"Have you anything you did not carry from the States?"

We now recognized our inquisitor, and answered so promptly, "Oh! no," that we quite forgot the pins we bought at Magog. Charlie was quite excited, and we allowed him to be led to the stable, while we went to the Memphremagog House for dinner. We wanted to go to Willoughby Lake that afternoon, but we did not anticipate this when we pieced our map, and were now obliged to go in search of a new one. We went first for our mail, which was fresh to us, though a week old, and ordered the letters expected at night returned to St. Johnsbury. We found a little advertising map, then started on seem-

ingly a new journey. Charlie had fared as well as we in Canada, and our twenty miles' drive was easily accomplished. The glorious sunset and moonrise on Lake Willoughby was a fitting close to the day begun on Lake Memphremagog.

We watched the clouds from our window until quite late, then drew the shade and pinned to it our map with the two supplements.

For an hour or more we studied diligently, trying to find an unfamiliar route home, but all in vain. We had jestingly remarked, one day, that "we would go home through the mountains to avoid the hills," and as a last resort we decided to do so, for that is a drive that will bear repeating any number of times.

The lake was dotted with white-caps next morning, and our desire to row was forgotten. We experienced our idea of a lakeshore drive as we followed the lovely road close to the water's edge for four miles, Mt. Hor and Mt. Pisgah towering so high above, and looking as if they were one mountain, but rent in twain by some convulsion of nature, while the water had rushed in to fill the gap, as they drifted apart. The drive was a striking contrast to the sandy hills we went over in the afternoon, which we remembered too well, but no planning could avoid. We passed the night at St. Johnsbury, and just as the mail came for which we were waiting, Charlie returned from the blacksmith's with his new shoes.

We now turned our faces towards the mountains, feeling quite at home as we journeyed off the supplements on to our old map, and still more so, when after a

long, hot drive, we reached Franconia, where we struck the route of our last year's journey, which we must now follow all the way, even spending the nights at the same places. We took a good view of the mountains at Franconia, recalling the names of the different peaks, and very fortunately, for in the morning there was not one to be seen. The sun looked like a huge ball of fire, and the atmosphere was very smoky. We drove on, trying to realize we were surrounded by grand mountains; but not until we were close to them in the Notch could we discern the faintest outline, and the "Old Man" looked as if dissolving in the clouds. It seemed dreamy and mysterious until we got to the Basin, Pool and Flume, which were not affected by the atmosphere.

Our night at Campton passed pleasantly, but we started in the rain next day for Weirs, Lake Winnipiseogee, where we proposed to rest our horse for a day or two. From Plymouth to Weirs is a crooked way, and the pouring rain so changed the aspect of everything, that we felt every turn was a wrong one. It was chilly and disagreeable, but we put on all our wraps, the waterproof hoods over our heads, and brought the "boot" close up to our chins, then kept warm with ginger cookies. From the manner of the people of whom we made inquiries as we passed, we suspected our appearance was ludicrous. After many twistings and turnings we arrived at Hotel Weirs. We had never been there except when ministers and meetings abounded, but the place was now deserted, and we read "Endymion" instead of being preached to four times a day.

After two days' rest we journeyed towards Concord, N. H., spending a night with the Canterbury Shakers on our way. Sister Philinda thought she remembered us, and found our names registered in her book eight years ago. The "yellow day" we passed with friends in Concord. Only two days more! We wanted to go to Boston as we did last year, but thought it best to follow the same old route to Milford, which we had been over so many times, then varied our course by going through Mason instead of Townsend Harbor, although we were told it was "very hilly." We knew they were not Vermont or Canada hills. This new road, with its charming bits of scenery, gave a touch of freshness to the latter part of our journey. According to our annual custom, we supped with friends in Fitchburg, then drove home by moonlight. Nearly four weeks, and just five hundred miles' driving, is the brief summing up of our tenth anniversary.

CHAPTER III.

OLD ORCHARD AND BOSTON.

"We shall look for a report of your journey in the Transcript," has been said to us many times, and we will respond to the interest manifested in our wanderings by sharing with our friends through your columns as much of our pleasure as is transferable.

The fact that we had driven between three and four thousand miles in ten successive summers by no means diminished our desire to go again, and it gave us great pleasure when, in reply to "Can we have the horse for a journey this summer?" Mr. A. said "Why, I suppose of course you will go." We decided to start about the middle of July, a little earlier than usual, and one might well imagine that in the intervening weeks many routes were planned and talked over, but in truth we said nothing about it until the last moment, when we asked each other, "Have you thought where to go?" and in turn each answered "No." It may seem strange and suggest lack of purpose, but we like our journeys to make themselves, as a certain novelist says her stories write themselves, and she cannot tell when they begin how they will end.

As we tried to decide which direction to take first, we wondered if we ever could have another journey as delightful as the last, when we crossed the borders into Canada; then we recalled all we enjoyed on our White

Mountain drive, and that suggested never-to-be-forgotten roads among the Green Mountains, and again the glories of our own Berkshire Hills, and so on until Lake Memphremagog, the White Mountains, Green Mountains, Berkshire Hills, Martha's Vineyard, Lake Winnipiseogee, Newport, the Connecticut Valley and the network of highways we have traveled were all in a tangle, and there seemed to be no places of interest left within our reach. Next came to mind the chance suggestion of friends. One had said, "Why not take your horse aboard one of the Maine steamers and explore that part of the country?" Another thought the St. Lawrence drives very delightful, and suggested we should take our horse by rail to some point in that vicinity. A third only wished we could transport ourselves to Colorado to begin our journey. We think, however that a carriage journey taken by steamer or rail loses something of its genuineness, and brought our minds back to the familiar towns and villages adjoining our own, through some one of which we must go, and somehow decided on Shirley.

As we packed our "things" into the phaeton for the eleventh time, we asked how long such vehicles are warranted to last, and felt sure no other could serve us as well. The bags, lunch basket, umbrellas and wraps seem to know their respective places. Yes, the revolver, too, drops instinctively into its hiding place. At last we were off, but a half hour was now spent searching the shops for a drinking-cup and saying good-morning to friends, by which time we thought of a word unsaid at home, and dropped our first mail at our own postoffice. Our "reporter," watching for items while waiting for his

mail, was attracted by our traveling outfit and eagerly "interviewed" us, but with little satisfaction, as you may well know. That we were going to Shirley, six miles distant, was of little interest to him or his readers.

We now started in real earnest and soon were on the winding road to Shirley. We took our first wayside lunch before we got to Groton, where Charlie had two hours' rest, and we passed the time pleasantly with friends. An uneventful drive of ten miles in the afternoon brought us to Westford, where we spent the first night. There is no hotel in the place, but we found a good woman who took care of us, and a jolly blacksmith opposite who promised good care for our horse. We strolled down street in the evening and called on friends who were enjoying country air and rest for a few weeks. Our sleep was refreshing, and morning found us ready for an early start somewhere, but exactly where we had no idea. After a brief consultation we concluded we should like to go to the Isles of Shoals again, and accordingly we traced the way on our map towards Portsmouth, N. H. It was hot and dusty, and we passed through Lowell with no inclination to stop, but when out of sight of the city with its heat and dust and rattling machinery, we left Charlie to enjoy his dinner and took our books in the shade down by the Merrimac River, and were fanned by its breezes for two hours. The drive through Lawrence to Haverhill, where we passed the second night, was quite pleasant.

The chief recollections of the thirty-two miles we traveled the next day are a few drops of rain in the morning, just enough to aggravate, for we were almost

ready to welcome a deluge; Jumbo, whose wake we had struck, and the green beach-flies. The proprietor of the quiet tavern where we took our mid-day rest brought us "Jumbo Illustrated" for our literary entertainment, and told us his probable losses on horse-hire, etc., the following month, on account of all the people in the vicinity giving their money to Barnum. He also assured us the "green heads" would trouble us for about three miles. True to prophecy, they took possession of our horse and phaeton for that distance, then disappeared as suddenly as they came. We speculated as to their habits of life; wondered why they did not stay on the beach, where their name implies they belong, and why they did not steal five miles' ride as well as three; then thought how humiliating it would be to feel compelled to turn away from the seashore overcome by an insignificant insect, when we could follow our own sweet will for all fear of highway robbers, or a Jumbo even.

Night found us at Portsmouth, where the discomfort was in keeping with the day, and it was with pleasure we granted our horse a rest in the morning and took passage ourselves for the Isles of Shoals. The day was perfect on the water—so fresh and cool. We landed at Appledore, and an hour passed very quickly as we met one friend after another. Suddenly a thunderstorm burst upon us; the rain fell in torrents, and hailstones rolled like marbles along the broad piazza. Surely the deluge we wished for had come, and, although it was not needed where water was everyhere, it could do no harm, and we enjoyed it to the utmost. We had planned to spend the night amid ocean, but it was so glorious after the skies

cleared, we could not resist the temptation to have a drive while Nature was fresh and dripping. After dinner, we visited Mrs. Celia Thaxter's fascinating parlor; then took the boat for Portsmouth. The calm after the storm was delightful, and we sailed on, full of anticipation for our drive.

On reaching Portsmouth we were surprised to learn it had been intensely hot all day, and not a drop of rain had fallen. It was too late to repent, and we ordered our horse, drove to the post office for our mail, our first news from home, then started for the ocean again. Our enthusiasm was somewhat abated by the sultry atmosphere; but a drive of eight miles brought us to York Beach, and a brisk walk on the hard, moist sand while the sunset clouds were fading quite restored us.

The next morning we drove leisurely along the beach, looking for familiar faces we knew were in that vicinity, from the East and West, visited one party after another, and in the afternoon drove on through Wells to Kennebunk. We had another visitation from the beach flies, but this time their persecutions continued for only a mile and a half. We looked in vain for a hotel in Kennebunk, and on inquiring were directed to a house attractively located, which we had thought to be a very pleasant private residence. The homelikeness inside harmonized with the exterior, and the host and hostess helped us to pass the evening very agreeably. This was only one of many proofs of Maine hospitality.

Before leaving Kennebunk we called at the home of a lady, one of the many pleasant people we have met in our summer wanderings, and promised to remember, "if we

ever drove that way." She is the mother of Lizzie Bourne, whose sad story and monument of stones every visitor to Mt. Washington will remember.

At Kennebunkport we surprised a party of young friends on the cliffs, and made another promised call. We found the place with some difficulty, and learned our friend was in Massachusetts. We thought hospitality reigned supreme there, when we and our horse were taken bodily possession of for luncheon and a three-hours' visit, by a lady whom we had never seen before. Every moment passed pleasantly, and we reluctantly left our new-found friend en route to Old Orchard, towards which point we had been driving for days, just as if it had all been planned instead of "happening."

It was our first visit to this favorite resort, and we stayed several days, waiting for letters, and doing what everybody does at such places—driving, walking and gathering shells on the beach; reading, chatting and crocheting on the piazzas, occasionally wondering where we should find ourselves next. The heat was almost insufferable—land breeze night and day. Perhaps we could have borne it better if we had known then that the invalid we watched with some interest was Vennor himself, sharing with the rest the tortures of the fulfilment of his prophecies. As it was we were ready for a change. Our letters assured us all was well at home, and we decided to drive across country to Lake Winnipiseogee.

As we sat at the breakfast table the morning we were to leave, a lady at our right casually addressed us, and when she learned we were driving for pleasure enthusiastically exclaimed, "Oh! you must visit Hollis, a

deserted village on the Saco." She fascinated us with her description of that quiet nook she had chosen for a summer resting place, and the charmed circle of friends there, and offered us her rooms which she had left for a few days, if we would spend a night there, at the same time wishing we might meet all her friends and assuring us of a kindly reception. We thought this the climax of Maine hospitality. Only a moment before we were entire strangers, except that we recognized the face of our friend as one well known in the literary circles of Boston. We referred to our map, and found Hollis directly in our course, but unfortunately, only about half the distance we had proposed driving that day. We promised, however, to take dinner there, if possible.

We rarely spend more than one night in a place, and as we packed ourselves into our phaeton once more it seemed like starting on a fresh journey. Old Orchard has its charms; still we rejoiced as we left the scorching sand. The drive of seventeen miles to Hollis seemed short, and it was only eleven o'clock when we introduced ourselves to our new friends, and so very friendly were they that after an hour's chat in the parlor and a pleasant dinner company we were loth to leave, and stated the rest of our friend's proposition to the lady of the house, whereupon we were taken to the promised apartments, and at once made to feel at home. The heat was hardly less intense than on the beach, and we passed the afternoon pleasantly indoors. Supper was served early, as one of the ladies proposed a walk to the charm of Hollis, the Saco River. Only a few rods from the house we entered the woods and followed the little path up and

down, picking our way carefully over the swampy places, occasionally losing balance as we stepped on a loose stone, until we reached the favorite spot by a great rock overhanging the river bank. Our ears were deafened and voices silenced by the mighty roaring of the waters as they angrily surged through the narrow gorge. As far back as we could see there was nothing but the foaming white and the high wet rocks on either side. We gave ourselves up to the roar and turmoil, and thought the stirring life and restless activity of this bit of the Saco was worth the whole Atlantic Ocean. It was growing dark in the woods, and we had to take a last look and retrace our steps while we could see the path. A wish was expressed by our lady escort that we might meet a delightful company of friends a mile or two from the village whom we felt we knew already, through our friend at the beach, who had also mentioned this as a part of the pleasant programme she planned for us. Our phaeton was soon at the door, and we exchanged our rubbers for wraps and were off in the moonlight, assured it was perfectly safe all about there, night or day. Of course our friend knew all the pretty roundabout ways, and we had a lovely drive. The pleasant call we shall never forget, and as we drove back, the "short cut" across the pastures was pointed out as a favorite summer-evening walk. We did not sleep that night until we had written our friend, thanking her for all we had enjoyed through her kindness. But for her we should probably have driven through Hollis with no recollection save one glimpse of the Saco.

Directly after breakfast next morning we bade our

friends good-by, promising to report to them from Weirs which of the various routes suggested we took. There is no direct way, for it is literally across country, and we felt as if we were leaving everybody and had nothing but a wilderness between us and Lake Winnipiseogee. The morning drive was hot and very uninteresting, no ocean or mountains, river or hills, nothing but sandy roads and dry pastures.

We inquired the "best way" to Wolfeboro every time we saw anybody to inquire of, and as we refreshed ourselves with sardines by the wayside, wondered where Charlie was to get his dinner. We asked at a grocery store when we got to Newfield, and were told that a widow near by accommodated travelers. We found her very willing if we could take care of the horse ourselves, for she had no "men folks."

Despite our fatigue, as necessity compelled, we unharnessed Charlie and gave him some corn—she had no oats. We went into the little sitting-room to wait, but not to rest, for our hostess was very social. After being entertained for an hour and a half, we carried a pail of water to the barn for Charlie, and harnessed him. We asked the amount of our indebtedness, when her ladyship mentioned a sum exceeding what we often pay at first-class hotels, where our horse is well groomed and grained —not by ourselves—blandly remarking at the same time that she "did not believe in high prices."

Our map is not much help when traveling bias, and we wondered next where we should sleep. It was only a few miles to the little village of West Newfield, and again we went to a grocery store for information. Our

many inquiries were very courteously answered, and one or two hotels within a few miles were mentioned. At this point a young man came forward, commenting on the modesty of the storekeeper, whom he said was the hotel proprietor as well, and advised us to stay where we were sure of good care, as we should be no nearer Wolfeboro at either of the places suggested. We were directed to a modest house, one-story front, which we had just passed, where the wife of the gentlemanly storekeeper, hotel proprietor and farmer also, we afterward learned, kindly received us and gave us a cosy front room on the first floor. We soon felt we were in a home, as well as a hotel, and we sat on the front doorstep writing letters till dark, then talked of our friends in Hollis. How long ago it all seemed! And yet we only left there that morning.

There was not a sound to disturb our slumbers that night, and we awoke fresh for our drive of twenty-five miles to Wolfeboro. It was still hot, but the drive was a striking contrast to that of the day previous. We were approaching the rough country which borders Lake Winnipiseogee, and more than once fancied ourselves among the Berkshire hills. We stopped at a farmhouse for a pitcher of milk, and took a little lunch sitting on a stone wall under a large tree. The good old people begged us to go into the house, but we assured them we preferred the wall, and when we returned the pitcher, they had come to the conclusion that it might be pleasant to eat out of doors once in a while. We knew they had watched us through the curtain cracks in the front room.

Every mile now, the country was more and more delightful, so wild and hilly. Up and down we went,

getting glimpses of the lake from the top of a high hill, then wending our way into the valley only to go up again. It sometimes seemed as if nothing but a plunge would ever bring us to the lake, but after much twisting and turning, we reached Wolfeboro and drove up to The Pavilion at two o'clock. We left our horse and traveling equipments in charge until called for, and in an hour went on board the Lady of the Lake. Now we felt really at home, but the charms of Lake Winnipiseogee are only increased by familiarity, and we never enjoyed it more. At Weirs Landing a friendly face greeted us, one always present at the Grove meetings. We secured at Hotel Weirs the room we had last year, and then went out in search of friends, and found them from the East, West, North and South. We surprised them all, for they had heard indirectly only the day before that we had started on our journey with usual indefiniteness, except that we were not going to Weirs.

The two or three days we spent there were interspersed with sermons, friendly reunions, rowing, and a trip to Wolfeboro on The Gracie, with a party of twenty. The talented company, the glories of the lake and shore scenery by daylight, the sunset tints, the moon in its full beauty, and the lightning darting through the black clouds in the distant north, with now and then a far-away rumbling of thunder, made a rare combination.

The next day, Saturday, was very bright, and we made sure of one more pleasant sail. The Lady of the Lake landed us at Wolfeboro at four o'clock, and we immediately ordered our horse, and made inquiries about hotels, roads and distances. We learned that hills

abounded and that hotels were few and poor, and that Alton Bay was the only place where we would be sure of good accommodations; that the distance was twelve miles, and the road the roughest in the vicinity. We did not care to go to Alton Bay, as we had been there on a previous journey, but it seemed our wisest course. At different times we had driven entirely around the lake, except this twelve miles, and we knew what to expect without the emphatic assurance of the clerk. We started off full of enthusiasm to surmount all difficulties, drew forth the revolver from the bottom of the bag, where it had been stowed away during our stay at Weirs, and amused ourselves by keeping tally of the hills, fifteen by actual count! They were long and high, too, but the fine views fully compensated us, and we knew Charlie was equal to the effort, for we had not forgotten the Canada hills he took us over last year. It was dark when we reached Alton Bay, and we were quite ready to enjoy the comforts that awaited us.

While our friends we had left at Weirs were preaching and being preached to, we quietly enjoyed the Sunday hours in our pleasant parlor overlooking the lake, reading and resting from our rough drive. At sunset we strolled to the water's edge, sat down in an anchored rowboat and watched the clouds, which were grandly beautiful, looking at first like an immense conflagration, then resolving into black, smoky clouds as the last rosy tint faded.

Monday was a perfect day and Charlie was as fresh for the twenty-eight miles to Dover as we were. The road was familiar, but seemed none the less pleasant. At

Rochester we looked for the hotel, with beautiful hanging baskets all around the piazza, where we spent a night two years ago on our homeward drive from the mountains. Just after supper at Dover we heard a great chorus of bells, whistles and puffing engines. There was a fire just across the street, and we watched the devouring flames and the feather beds and bundles as they were thrown from the second story window into the drenched street, until the excitement was over, then went out for a walk. That night we packed up a little more than usual and planned what to do in case of fire, for our baggage is necessarily so limited on these journeys we should miss even the smallest article. Our precaution insured us sweet sleep and we took an early leave of Dover for Exeter, where we rested two hours, then started for Epping. Suddenly we changed our minds, faced about and went to Kingston. We had never been in Kingston. If we had, we never should have faced that way again; for the best hotel was the poorest we had yet found, and the drive to Haverhill the next day very uninteresting. We fully appreciated the dry retort of a chatty old man, who gave us some directions, then asked where we came from that morning—"Kingston Plains! Good Lord!"

The drive from Haverhill to Andover was quite pleasant. We arrived there at three o'clock in the afternoon, and although we had driven but twenty miles, at once decided to go no farther that day. The heat was still oppressive, and no rain had fallen since we left home, except the shower at the Isles of Shoals. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible with books and lemonade. "Another pleasant day!" we said with a sigh,

next morning. We were really longing for one of our cosy rainy-day drives.

Lowell and Lawrence were in our direct homeward route, but to avoid those places we had full directions to Littleton, and started in good faith for that place, but came across a guideboard which said, "Boston, twenty miles," in the opposite direction. The temptation was too great, and once more we faced about. We called on friends as we drove through Reading and Maplewood, and finally found ourselves at Point of Pines. The heat and discomfort we had experienced were all forgotten there. The brilliant illuminations and the music made the evening hours delightful. The cool night was a luxury indeed. We spent the morning on the piazza with friends, and, after an early luncheon, drove into Boston via Chelsea Ferry. Oh! how hot it was! We thought there had been a change in the weather, but concluded we had been told truly, that it is always cool at the "Point."

The crowded city streets distract Charlie, but we succeeded in wending our way to Devonshire street, where we got the latest news from home from a friend. Our last mail we had received at Weirs. We did a little shopping on Winter street, and then left the busy city for Cambridge, and on through Arlington and Lexington to Concord, a drive one cannot take too often, so full is it of historic interest. As we near the home of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts, and the monuments of Revolutionary interest, the very atmosphere seems full of recollections and reminiscences. The noble words of Emerson, the hermit life of Thoreau, the

fascinating writings of Hawthorne, transcendental people, "Little Women" and cousins just like other people, are all confused with skirmishes with the English, and the effort to realize it is all true. We have experienced this ecstasy more than once before, and it has faded away naturally as we drove on, but this time the spell was broken suddenly. We stopped at the hotel and found it just like a hundred other country taverns, not a suggestion of anything transcendental, and we felt as if dropped from the heights into the abyss of commonplaceness. We tried to rise again by watching from our window the passers-by and selecting those who looked as if they had been to the Summer School of Philosophy, but all in vain, and by the time we were ready to leave in the morning our enthusiasm had sunk to the Kingston level.

We had ordered our mails reforwarded from Weirs to Fitchburg, and now we were perplexed to know how to get them on our way home, when Leominster comes first. We studied our map and finally asked directions to Littleton again, and this time saw no enticing guideboard. We lunched at Ayer, lost our way trying to go from Shirley to Lunenburg (we rarely take a wrong road except when near home, where we are so sure we know we do not ask), and were ready for our two-hours' rest when we arrived. The dust we shook off there was more than replaced before we reached Fitchburg. So many people were driving it was like a trip through the clouds; and the heat was so great, with the sun in our faces all the way, we set that little drive apart as the most uncomfortable of our whole journey. We forgot all

our dusty zigzagging, however, as we drove leisurely towards Leominster, reading our letters, which were none the less interesting for having been a week in the Fitchburg post office.

Curious friends questioned our knowledge of geography, as they always do when we come from Boston through Fitchburg, and go our roundabout ways, but many years' experience has convinced us there is more beauty in a curved than a straight line. We have taken longer journeys, and had better weather, but we shall always remember the journey of last summer as one of the pleasantest.

CHAPTER IV.

MOOSILAUKE AND FRANCONIA NOTCH.

"You did not take your drive this year, did you? I have seen nothing of it in the papers." This oft-repeated query, and many similar hints, suggest that we have kept the pleasant incidents of our last summer's drive to ourselves long enough; and the kindly interest of friends we know, and some we do not know, should be sufficient incentive to prompt our pen to tell you all about it.

Only those who have traveled by carriage nearly four thousand miles, within a radius of two hundred miles, in twelve successive summers, can appreciate the difficulty which increases each year in deciding which way to go. Railway travelers escape that difficulty, for they can only go where the rails are laid; but we belong to the great company of tramps who wander aimlessly, and rarely know in the morning where they will rest at night. We had only one definite idea when we decided to go somewhere, and that was, not to go to the seashore, because it was hot there last year; we believe in having a reason, however senseless it may be.

During the small hours of the morning of July 13th we found ourselves packing. Packing for a carriage journey means looking over once more the "must haves" which have been carefully selected, to see how many can be dispensed with in order to reduce the quantity to the amount of "baggage allowed" in a phaeton. This allowance is so small that, however limited one's ward-

robe may be, it looks plentiful after a month's absence from it. This fact may well be mentioned as one of the decided advantages which a journey by carriage has over almost every other kind of summer traveling. The fewest things possible having been condensed into the smallest space possible, we were ready for a start at eight o'clock; but the clouds hung heavy, and we waited awhile for the sun to find its way through them; then said "good morning" to friends and were off. We drove to Fitchburg because we like to start north, and from there we went to Ashburnham. Before we left Fitchburg the sun forgot all about us and hid behind the clouds, which had no consideration for our desire not to get wet the first day, and poured their contents on us unsparingly until we got to Ashburnham, where we stopped an hour or two. With seeming maliciousness the rain ceased during our stay, and began with renewed energy directly we were on our way again; and as we drove on through Winchendon the thunder and lightning rapidly increased. We had quite enjoyed the distant rumbling, but it was getting unpleasantly near. The freshness of all our equipments was decidedly marred when we drove to the hotel in Fitzwilliam, and waterproofs and blankets were despatched to the kitchen fire to dry.

We devoted the evening to an earnest debate on "Why did we come to Fitzwilliam?" We had not even the reason we had for going to Fitchburg, and wherever we might drive, it did not seem as if Fitzwilliam was likely to be on our way. We do not know yet how it happened, unless the thunder and lightning so diverted us that we

did not look on the map to see that Fitzwilliam was not on the way to anywhere. It is indeed delightful enough to be a terminus, and we were well cared for and ready for an early start when the bright morning greeted us. We faced toward Jaffrey, but were not out of sight of the hotel when we noticed our horse was lame. We drove on, thinking he might have stepped on a stone, and would soon be all right; but instead he grew worse, and, as we could not discover the cause after careful examination, we settled into a walk, and decided to stop at the first hotel we came to.

This was a new experience, and it looked serious. We found such slow traveling tiresome, and stopped for an hour in a very inviting spot by the wayside, where the rocks, under the shade of a large tree, seemed to be arranged for our especial comfort. We had luncheon from our basket, and read aloud, and watched between times the movements of a little green snake that evidently considered us intruders and was not disposed to give us absolute possession of the place.

We were refreshed, but Charlie was no better, and we were glad when we came to a hotel so pleasantly located that we felt we could spend Sunday there very comfortably, and hoped Charlie would be well by that time. Of course our limping condition interested the bystanders, and their wise opinions were freely volunteered. One said it was a sprain; another, strained cords of the right foot; a third thought the difficulty was in the left foot; when the landlord removed his pipe from his mouth and wisely declared he did not know, and as he resumed his smoking his manner indicated that the horse was as well

as he ever would be. The best of care was promised, and to make sure of hitting the right place, the faithful hostler compressed both legs.

We established ourselves comfortably in a large front room facing Monadnock, a mountain we never tire of, and tried to enjoy as much as other people do who go to places to stay, instead of being always on the wing as we are. The afternoon and evening passed pleasantly, although we occasionally grew retrospective and thought of our usual good time and how some people would say, "That comes of starting on Friday." Should we have to go home? and where would we be if Charlie had not been lame? Sunday morning we went quietly into the back pew of the little church across the green; then we read and read, and after that we read some more. Charlie seemed a little better at night, and Monday morning the landlord said he thought it would be well to drive him. (We think he expected parties to take our room.)

We started towards East Jaffrey, and tried to think he was better, but it was of no use. There was serious trouble somewhere. Having the day before us, we concluded to try to get to Peterboro, an easy drive if a man had not carelessly given us a wrong direction, which took us a long way over hard hills instead of along the pretty river road. Poor Charlie! he did his best; and so did we, for, despite the heat, we walked much of the way and dragged him. We looked and felt forlorn as lost children, but our wits were sharpened by our discouragements, and we concluded he had sand or gravel under his shoe. We did wish we had had a blacksmith instead of a compress at Jaffrey!

We hobbled into Peterboro in course of time, and asked to have Charlie taken directly to a blacksmith, who said we were right, but he feared the trouble was not discovered in season for immediate relief. We again settled down to await our fate. The hotel was very nice, but the outlook was a poor exchange for Monadnock; nothing but stores, the signs on which we read until it seemed as if we could never forget them, as our eyes wandered up and down the street in search of something restful. All things have an end, so had this unsatisfactory day. We made an early call, next morning, on the blacksmith, who said we had better let Charlie rest that day, and take him down to the shop Wednesday morning.

Another day! Our diary record for that day is, "We do not like this way of taking a carriage journey." Before the sun set we were driven to an extremity never reached before, in all our journeyings—an afternoon nap to kill time. After breakfast Wednesday morning, in desperation, we took matters into our own hands, went to the stable, led Charlie out, and trotted him about the yard. He was certainly better, and as we were determined not to act upon any advice, we asked none, but paid our bill and packed our traps before we drove to the blacksmith's shop—a model establishment, by the way. The humblest one has a charm; but this shop was the most luxurious one we had ever seen, and everything was in harmony, from the fair, genial face of the proprietor to the speck of a boy who earned two cents a horse, or twelve cents a day, for brushing flies while the horses were being shod. We watched anxiously while

the examination went on, and when the man looked up with a face worthy a second Collyer and said it was all right, we felt like having a jubilee. He carefully protected the injured spot, reset the shoes, and pronounced the horse ready for use. We added this Boston-born blacksmith to our list of never-to-be-forgotten friends and began our journey anew.

Was this an inspired creature we were driving? On he sped, and his eyes were in every direction, looking for some adequate excuse to jump. Surely, the limping Charlie was a myth! Bennington and Antrim were left behind, and night found us at Hillsboro Bridge, twenty miles from our good blacksmith, the pleasantest remembrance we had of Peterboro.

Now we were really going somewhere, we must fix upon some place to meet letters from home. We took the map and cast our eyes up and down New Hampshire, but whether we fled to the borders or zigzagged through the interior, there was no escaping familiar routes. Being unanimously persistent in facing north, we bethought ourselves of the transformed "Flume," and immediately fixed upon Plymouth for a mail centre. Charlie's spirits were unabated the next day, and we rested him at Warren. It was useless to ask directions, for everybody was determined we must take the great highway to the mountains, through Concord. This we were not going to do, and as a first digression we drove around Mt. Kearsarge in Warner and spent a night at the Winslow House, a very attractive hotel half way up the mountain. A slight repentance may have come over us as we left the main road and attacked the hills that lay between us

and the house on the mountain, especially as we felt compelled to walk, lest the hard pull prove too much for Charlie. Just before we reached the Mountain House we got into our phaeton, and all signs of repentance must have fled, for a lady on the piazza exclaimed, as we drove up, that we must be the ladies she had read of in the Transcript, for we looked as if we were having such a good time!

Once there, no one could have any regrets. The night was perfect. We asked leave to change our seats at the supper table, in order to add the sunset to our bill of fare; and in the evening we were cordially welcomed by the guests, who gathered around the open fire in the large parlor. At ten o'clock we all went out to see the moon rise over the mountain. A gentleman coming up the mountain saw it rise several times, and we got the effect of these repetitions by walking down a little way.

The morning was as lovely as the night, and the view simply beautiful, satisfying in all moods. There was no sensation of awe or isolation, but a feeling that one could be content forever. Kearsarge is about three thousand feet high. We were already fifteen hundred feet up, and directly after breakfast we started for the summit. No other parties were ready for a climb that morning, so full directions for the bridle path and walking sticks were given us, and with maps, drinking cup and revolver strapped about us, we were ready for any emergency.

There is nothing more bewitching than an old bridle path, and we enjoyed every moment of the hour it took us to reach the summit. If the lovely, woodsy ascent and final scramble over the rocks had not fully rewarded

us, the view itself must have more than repaid our efforts. With the aid of a little book we studied out the various mountain peaks and traced our route along the country to Moosilauke. We drank our fill of the beauty, then leisurely descended, and reached the Winslow House just in season to prepare for dinner, which means to people traveling without their wardrobe, a dash of water, a touch of the whisk broom and a little rub on the dusty boots.

We were just tired enough to enjoy a drive of twenty miles to Bristol in the afternoon—twelve miles up and down hills, and eight miles by a beautiful river. Our remembrance of Bristol is that we slept in one hotel and ate in another, that the moon rose two hours earlier than on Kearsarge, and that by some unaccountable mistake we arose an hour earlier than we thought, hastened to the office with our letters on the way to our refreshment hotel, where we supposed we had the dining-room to ourselves because we were last instead of first, wondered what could have happened to our watch, and did not discover that the watch was all right and we all wrong until we stopped, as we drove out of the village, to inquire the way to Plymouth, which would take us seven miles by the shore of Newfound Lake. It happened very well, however, for if we had been an hour later we should have missed the guardianship of that kindly couple who chanced to come along just in season to accompany us in passing a large company of gypsies, whom we had been following for some time, dreading to pass them in such a lonely place, lest they should think we had something they might like.

We had a "way" now, if we were going to Moosilauke, and Plymouth was eight miles out of our way, but we had to go there to get our letters. One or two we expected had not arrived, and we requested the postmaster to keep them until we called or sent for them. The good words we got from home shortened the eight miles extra to Rumney, which proved to be the loveliest part of our day's drive.

Rumney is quiet and just the place we wanted for Sunday. We were the only guests at the little hotel, and everything was cosy as possible. We watched the people going to church, and after the last straggler had disappeared we put on our hats and followed, taking seats in the back pew of the smallest of the three small churches in that small place, where we heard a thrilling discourse on the atonement.

Sunday night there was a heavy shower, and Monday was just the day for Moosilauke, so bright and clear. Before we left Rumney we learned the gypsies had traveled while we rested, and were again in our path. We drove on, looking for them at every turn, and when we finally overtook them no guardian couple came along, and we tucked our wraps and bags out of sight, looked at the revolver's hiding-place, and decided to brave it. They were scattered all along the road with their lumbering wagons, and Charlie pricked up his ears and refused to pass them. Immediately a brawny woman appeared, and saying, "Is your horse afraid?" took him by the bit and led him by the long procession. We kept her talking all the way, and when she left us we thought, surely this is the way with half the anticipated troubles

in life; they are only imaginary. At another point, a large tree had fallen across the road during the rain and gale of the night. An old man was hard at work upon it, and had just got to the last limb which obstructed our way as we drove up; with a cheery word he drew it aside, and as neither gypsies nor gales had succeeded in detaining us, we now looked hopefully towards the summit of Moosilauke.

It is twelve miles from Rumney to Warren, and five miles from Warren to the Breezy Point House, on the slope of the mountain. This hotel was burned a few weeks after we were there; indeed, it has happened to so many hotels where we have been in our journeyings, that one would not wonder we never sleep when we travel, until we have packed "in case of fire," and when we are up very high, we plan our escape; then rest as peacefully as if warranted not to burn.

The drive to Breezy Point House was very like that to the Winslow House on Kearsarge—partly walking. We got there before noon, and again we were the only persons to go to the top. As it takes three hours for the drive to the summit, we had no time to wait for dinner, so had a lunch, and a buckboard and driver were ordered for us. We had been warned to take plenty of wraps, and before we went to lunch had laid them aside, leaving the things we did not wish to take in the office. Everybody was waiting to see us off as we came from the dining-room, and the clerk said, "Your wraps are all right, under the seat." We always envy everybody on a buckboard, and now we had one all to ourselves, a pair of horses equal to two mountain trips a day,

and a chatty little driver ready to answer all our questions. It was a perfect summer afternoon, and we were delighted at every turn until we reached the "Ridge," when a cold blast struck us, and the soft breezes suddenly changed to wind that threatened to take our hats off, if not our heads. Now for the wraps; and will you believe it? the man had put in the things we did not want, and those we did want were probably on the chair in the parlor, where we had left them. Between us we had one veil and one neckhandkerchief, with which we secured our hats and heads. There were one or two light sacques and a basque! Thinking of our warm wraps at the hotel did no good, so we dressed up in what we had, and with a little imagination, were comfortable.

The narrow and comparatively level stretch, sloping on either side, and the sudden ascent to the highest point on the mountain, suggest a ride upon the ridgepole of a house and final leap to the top of the chimney; once there, we went into the cosy house, something like the old one on Mt. Washington, and tied everything a little tighter before we dared face the gale. We then started out, and, actually in danger of being blown away, we united our forces by taking hold of hands, and ran along the daisy-carpeted plateau to what looked like the jumping-off place to the north. There is a similarity in mountain views, but each has at least one feature peculiar to itself. Mt. Washington has not even a suggestion of the beautiful meadows seen from Mt. Holyoke; and from one point on Moosilauke there is a view of mountain tops unlike any we have seen; just billows of mountains, nothing else, and the hazy, bluish tint was only varied

by the recent land slides on Mt. Liberty and Flume Mountain, which looked like silver cascades. Charming pictures meet the eye in every direction, but none more lovely than that along the Connecticut River near the Ox Bow.

We took mental possession of the whole scene in a very few minutes, and, with a last look at the "billows," sought shelter under some rocks long enough to recover our breath and gather our pockets full of daisies; then returned to the house. A very frail-looking elderly lady was sitting by the fire, and we wondered how she ever lived through the jolting ride up the mountain, and how she could ever get down again. But our own transportation was the next thing for us, and we found some impatient parties had started off with our driver and left us to the mercy of another. We were disappointed at first, but when we found the new driver was just as good and wise as the other, and that his was "the best team on the mountain," we were reconciled.

As we drove along the Ridge, he said he did not often trot his horses there, but when the wind blew so hard he wanted to get over it as soon as possible. We held on to each other and the buckboard, and believed him when he told us that, a few days before, he took a young man up in a single team, and the horse and buckboard were blown off the road, and the breath of the young man nearly forsook him forever. We enjoyed even that part of the ride, and when we got down a little way the frightful wind subsided into gentle zephyrs, so warm and soft that not a wrap was needed. Our driver was in no haste, and we stopped to gather ferns and flowers by the way.

The knotted spruce sticks he cut and peeled for us now have bright ribbon bows, and adorn our parlor. We lost all fear as we watched the horses step down the very steep pitches with as much ease as Charlie takes a level road, and wished the ride was longer.

After a half-hour at the Breezy Point House, we packed our unused wraps into the phaeton and prepared for our return drive to Warren, where we spent the night. Practical people again advised us to return to Plymouth if we wished to visit the Flume; but, remembering what happened to Lot's wife for turning back, we proposed to keep straight on. The first time we stopped to make an inquiry, an old lady looked sorrowfully at us and said, "There are gypsies ahead of you;" but we borrowed no trouble that time, and wisely, for we did not see them. We drove thirty-one miles that day, and for some distance followed the Connecticut River and looked across into Vermont, where we could follow the road we drove along on our way to Canada two years ago. After leaving the river, we followed the railroad very closely. We were once asked if our horse is afraid of the "track." He is not, even when there is an express train on it, under ordinary circumstances; but a wooden horse might be expected to twinge, when one minute you are over the railroad, and the next the railroad is over you, and again you are alongside, almost within arm's reach. In one of the very worst places we heard the rumbling of a train, and as there was no escape from our close proximity, we considered a moment, and decided we would rather be out of the carriage; "just like women," I can hear many a man say. But never mind;

our good Charlie had expelled us unceremoniously from the carriage once since our last journey, and we did not care to risk a repetition nearly two hundred miles from home. He rested while we jolted up and down Moosilauke the day before, and all the morning his ears had been active. A broken-down carriage with an umbrella awning by the side of the road was an object of so great interest to him that we had to close the umbrella, before he was even willing to be led by. A boy said it belonged to a man who had met with an accident, and we thought how much he might have escaped if he had "got out" as we did.

As the heavy train came thundering along almost over our heads, so close is the road to the high embankment, controlling our horse seemed uncertain; but to moral suasion and a strong hold on the curb he peacefully submitted, and in a few minutes we were on our way again, the carriage road, railroad and river intertwining like a three-strand braid. Night found us at Lisbon, and a small boy admitted us to a very new-looking hotel, and told us we could stay, before the proprietor appeared, with a surprised look at us and our baggage, and said the house was not yet open. That was of little consequence to us, as he allowed us to remain; and, after being in so many old hotels, the newness of everything, from bedding to teaspoons, was very refreshing.

We took the next day very leisurely, read awhile in the morning, then drove Charlie to the blacksmith's to have his shoes reset before starting for Franconia via Sugar Hill, which commands as fine a view of the Franconia Mountains as Jefferson affords of the Presidential range.

We remembered very pleasantly the house in Franconia where we were cared for two years ago, when night overtook us on our way from Littleton, and by two o'clock we were quite at home there again. It is away from the village, and directly opposite the house is an old wooden bridge. Sheltered by the high wooden side of the bridge is an old bench, where one can sit hours, rocked by the jar of the bridge to the music of horses' feet, reveling in day dreams, inspired by the lovely view of the mountains, peaceful rather than grand, and the pretty winding stream in the foreground. We did not leave the charmed spot until the last sunset-cloud had faded, and darkness had veiled the mountain tops. We retired early, full of anticipation for the morning drive from Franconia to Campton, which has such a rare combination of grandeur and beauty, and is ever new. We drove up through the "Notch" several years ago, but the drive down would be new to us, for when we drove down two years ago, we might have fancied ourselves on a prairie, were it not for the ups and downs in the road. Not even an outline of the mountains was visible; everything was lost in the hazy atmosphere which preceded the "yellow day."

We took an early start, and passing the cheery hotels and boarding-houses of Franconia, were soon in the Notch, of which Harriet Martineau says, "I certainly think the Franconia Notch the noblest mountain pass I saw in the United States." However familiar it may be, one cannot pass Echo Lake without stopping. We did not hear the cannon which is said to be echoed by a "whole park of artillery," but a whole orchestra seemed

to respond to a few bugle notes. At Profile Lake we left the carriage again, to see how the "Old Man" looked when joined to earth. He hung in mid-air when we saw him last—enveloped in mist. We were too impatient to explore the new Flume to spare half an hour for the Pool, which was still fresh in our minds; and leaving Charlie to rest we started at once, with eyes opened wide to catch the first change in the famed spot. For some distance all was as we remembered it; but the scene of devastation was not far off, and we were soon in the midst of it. We had heard it said, "The Flume is spoiled," and again, "It is more wonderful than ever." Both are true in a measure; before it suggested a miracle, and now it looked as if there had been a "big freshet." Huge, prostrate trees were lodged along the side of the gorge high above our heads, and the mighty torrent had forced its way, first one side, then the other, sweeping everything in its course, and leaving marks of its power. Nothing looked natural until we got to the narrow gorge where the boulder once hung, as Starr King said, "Held by a grasp out of which it will not slip for centuries," and now it has rolled far down stream like a pebble, and is lost in a crowd of companion boulders. The place where it hung is marked by the driftwood which caught around it and still clings to the ledges. A long way below we saw a board marked "Boulder" placed against an innocent-looking rock, which everybody was gazing at with wonder and admiration, but we also noticed a mischievous "A" above the inscription, which gave it its probable rank. A workman told us he thought he had identified the real boulder farther down amidst the debris; but it

matters little, for it was not the boulder which was so wonderful, but how it came to be suspended so mysteriously. After seeing the Flume in its present condition, the charm which always clings to mystery is lost, but one is almost overpowered with the thought of the resistless force of Nature's elements.

After climbing over the rocks till tired, we found a cosy place away from the many parties who were there, and in our little nook discovered a new boulder more mysteriously hung than the old one. It was a little larger than a man's head, and firmly held between two larger rocks by two small pebbles which corresponded to ears. A flat rock had lodged like a shelf across the larger rocks, half concealing the miniature boulder. The old boulder was no longer a mystery to us, for we could easily imagine how, no one knows whether years or ages ago, a mountain slide like the one in June rolled the old rock along until it lodged in the gap simply because it was too large to go through. But for a time this little one baffled us. When the mighty torrent was rushing along, how could Nature stop to select two little pebbles just the right size and put them in just the right place to hold the little boulder firmly? We puzzled over it, however, until to our minds it was scientifically, therefore satisfactorily solved; but we are not going to tell Nature's secret to the public. We call it "our boulder," for we doubt if any one else saw it, or if we could find it again among the millions of rocks all looking alike. We longed to follow the rocky bed to the mountain where the slide started, a distance of two miles, we were told, but prudence protested, and we left that till next time. We

stopped to take breath many times on our way back to the Flume House, and after a good look at the slides from the upper piazza, we sought rest in our phaeton once more.

We forgot all about Lot's wife this time, and looked back until it seemed as if our necks would refuse to twist. The ever-changing views as you approach Campton exhaust all the expressions of enthusiastic admiration, but the old stage road through the Pemigewasset Valley has lost much of its charm by the railroad, which in several places has taken possession of the pretty old road along the valley, and sent the stage road up on to a sand bank, and at the time we were there the roads were in a shocking condition. The many washouts on the stage and rail roads had been made barely passable, and there was a look of devastation at every turn. We spent the night at Sanborn's, always alive with young people, and were off in the morning with a pleasant word from some who remembered our staying there over night two years ago.

From Campton to Plymouth is an interesting drive. We had a nice luncheon by the wayside, as we often do, but, instead of washing our dishes in a brook or at a spring as usual, we thought we would make further acquaintance with the woman who supplied us with milk. We went again to the house and asked her to fill our pail with water that we might wash our dishes; she invited us into the kitchen, and insisted on washing them for us—it was dish-washing time—which was just what we hoped she would do to give us a chance to talk with her. She told us about the freshets as she leisurely washed

the tin pail, cups and spoons, and laid them on the stove to dry. Our mothers had not taught us to dry silver in that way, and we were a little anxious for the fate of our only two spoons, and hastened our departure, with many thanks for her kindness.

As soon as we reached Plymouth we went to the post office, eager for our letters. The deaf old gentleman was at his post, and we asked for letters and papers. He glanced up and down something, we do not know what, then indifferently said, "There are none." Usually there is nothing more to be said; but not so in our case, for we were too sure there ought to be letters, if there were not, to submit to such a disappointment without protest. Perhaps he had not understood the names. We spoke a little louder, and asked if he would please look once more. He looked from top to bottom of something again, and with no apology or the least change of countenance, handed out a letter. This encouraged us, and we resolved not to leave until we got at least one more. "Now," we said very pleasantly, "haven't you another hidden away up there, somewhere?" He looked over a list of names and shook his head. We told him our mails were of great importance to us as we were traveling and could not hear from home often, and we were sure our friends had not forgotten us, and there must be one more somewhere. His patience held out, for the reason, perhaps, that ours did, and he looked up and down that mysterious place once more and the letter was forthcoming! The one or two witnesses to our conversation showed manifest amusement, but there was no apparent chagrin on the

part of the obliging postmaster. We thought of the scripture text about "importunity," and went to the carriage to read our letters which had barely escaped the dead-letter office. We were amused when we read that a package had been mailed with one of the letters, and went to the postmaster with this information. He declared there was no package, and knowing that packages are frequently delayed a mail, we did not insist on having one, but requested it forwarded to Weirs.

The annual question, "Shall we go to Weirs?" had been decided several days before; and we now set forth on the zigzag drive which we cannot make twice alike, and which always gives us the feeling of being on the road to nowhere. The day was bright, and we did not need ginger cookies to keep us warm, as we did the last time we took this drive, but there was no less discussion as to whether we ought to go, and whether the last turn was wrong or right. We always feel as if we had got home and our journey was ended, when we get to Weirs. As usual, many familiar faces greeted us, and it was particularly pleasant, for until we got there we had not seen a face we knew since the day after we left home. Even our minister was there to preach to us, as if we were stray sheep and had been sent for. Lake Winnipiseogee was never more beautiful, but looked upon with sadness because of the bright young man who had given his life to it, and whose body it refused to give up. Although we always feel our journey at an end, there is really one hundred miles of delightful driving left us, and Monday morning, after the adjournment of the grove meeting, we

ordered our horse, and while waiting walked to the station to have a few last words with our friends who were going by rail and boat.

Directly we leave Weirs we go up a long hill, and are rewarded by a very fine view of the lake and surrounding mountains. We drove into a pasture to gain the highest point, saw all there was to be seen, then down the familiar road to Lake Village and Laconia. At a point where the road divided, two bright girls were reclining in the shade, and we asked them the way to Tilton; one answered, "The right, I think," and in the same breath said, "We don't know. Are you from Smith's? We are staying at——'s, but we thought you might be staying at Smith's, and we want to know if that is any nicer than our place." Their bright faces interested us, and we encouraged their acquaintance by telling them we were not staying anywhere, but traveling through the country. This was sufficient to fully arouse their curiosity, and a flood of questions and exclamations were showered upon us. "Just you two? Oh, how nice! That's just what I like about you New England ladies; now, we could not do that in Washington. Do you drive more than ten miles a day? Is it expensive? Where do you stay nights? Do you sketch? Why don't you give an illustrated account of your journey for some magazine? Oh! how I wish I could sketch you just as you are, so I could show you to our friends when we go back to Washington!" and so on until we bade them good morning.

We crossed a very long bridge, and afterwards learned that it was to be closed the next day and taken down, being unsafe. We found a man at a little village store

who would give Charlie his dinner. We declined going into the house, and took our books under the trees just across the way. A shower came up, and as we ran for shelter, we saw our carriage unprotected; no man was to be seen, so we drew it into an open shed, and there stayed until the sun shone again.

We went through Franklin and Boscawen to Fisherville, where we saw a pleasant-looking hotel. We had driven twenty-six miles, and thought best to stop there. We were hungry and our supper was fit for a king. We went to bed in Fisherville, but got up in Contoocook, we were told. What's in a name? A five-miles' drive after breakfast brought us to Concord, where we passed several hours very delightfully with friends. In the afternoon, despite remonstrances and threatening showers, we started for Goffstown over Dunbarton hills. We remembered that drive very well; but the peculiar cloud phases made all new, and disclosed the Green Mountains in the sunlight beyond the clouds like a vision of the heavenly city. We left the carriage once, ran to the top of a knoll and mounted a stone wall. The view was enchanting, but in the midst of our rapture great drops of rain began to fall, and we were back in our carriage, the boot up and waterproofs unstrapped just in time for a brisk shower. As we passed an aged native, radiant in brass buttons, we asked him some questions about the mountains, but he knew nothing of them, which reminded us of the reply a woman made whom a friend asked if those distant peaks were the White Mountains. "I don't know; I haven't seen nothin' of 'em since I've been here."

Shower followed shower, and we decided to spend the

night in Dunbarton. A few houses, a church, a little common, and a hotel labeled "Printing Office," seemed to comprise the town, but there must be something more somewhere, judging from The Snowflake given us, which was the brightest local paper we ever saw, and our landlord was editor. We went through his printing establishment with much interest. We saw no hotel register, but as we were leaving, the landlady came with a slip of paper and a pencil, and asked us to write our names. After our return home we received copies of The Snowflake containing an item, every statement of which was actually correct, and yet we were entirely unconscious of having been "interviewed" as to our travels.

It is said thirty-seven towns can be seen from Dunbarton; and our own Wachusett, Ascutney in Vermont and Moosilauke in New Hampshire were easily distinguished. We fortified ourselves with the fresh air and pleasant memories of the heights; then asked directions for Shirley Hill and the "Devil's Pulpit," in Bedford, near Goffstown, having replenished our lunch basket, and Charlie's also, for there was no provision for Christian travelers near that sanctuary.

Shirley Hill commands a very pretty view of Manchester; and of the "Pulpit" some one has said, "That of all wild, weird spots consecrated to his majesty, perhaps none offer bolder outlines for the pencil of a Dore than this rocky chasm, the 'Devil's Pulpit'. No famous locality among the White Mountains offers a sight so original, grand and impressive as this rocky shrine." And then the writer describes in detail the stone pulpit, the devil's chamber, the rickety stairs, the bottomless wells, the

huge wash-basin and a punch bowl, lined with soft green moss, and the separate apartments with rocky, grotesque walls and carpets of twisting and writhing roots of trees. An enterprising farmer has cut a rough road to this wonderful spot, a half-mile from the highway, and by paying twenty-five cents toll we were admitted "beyond the gates" and saw no living person until our return. The same enterprise that built the road had left its mark at the "Pulpit." Cribs for horses were placed between trees, and a large crib in the shape of a rough house, with tables and benches, served as a dining-room for visitors. Every stick and stone was labeled with as much care and precision as the bottles in a drug store, and there was no doubt which was the "Devil's Pulpit" and which the "Lovers' Retreat." It was a fearfully hot place, but that did not surprise us, for we naturally expect heat and discomfort in the precincts of his majesty. We unharnessed Charlie, and after exploring the gorge thoroughly and emptying our lunch basket, we sat in the carriage and read until we were so nearly dissolved by the heat that we feared losing our identity, and made preparations to leave. It was an assurance that we had returned to this world when the gate keeper directed us to Milford and said we would go by the house where Horace Greeley was born. He pointed out the house and we thought we saw it; but as we did not agree afterward, we simply say we have passed the birthplace of Horace Greeley.

It was nearly dark when we got to Milford, and we rather dreaded the night at that old hotel, where we had been twice before. The exterior was as unattractive as ever, but we were happily surprised to find wonderful

transformation going on inside, and we recognized in the new proprietor one of the little boys we used to play with in our early school days. We were very hospitably received and entertained, and the tempting viands, so well served in the new, cheery dining-room, were worthy of any first-class hotel. Our horse was well groomed, carriage shining like new, and the only return permitted —hearty thanks.

"There is no place like home," and yet it is with a little regret that we start on our last day's drive. A never-ending carriage journey might become wearisome, but we have never had one long enough to satisfy us yet. As we drove through Brookline and crossed the invisible State line to Townsend, then to Fitchburg and Leominster, we summed up all the good things of our three week's wanderings and concluded nothing was lacking. Perfect health, fine weather and three hundred and fifty miles' driving among the hills! What more could we ask? Oh! we forgot Charlie's days of affliction! But experiences add to the interest when all is over.

CHAPTER V.

CONNECTICUT, WITH SIDE TRIP TO NEW JERSEY.

Early in the afternoon of one of the hottest days in August, Charlie and our cosy phaeton stood at the door waiting for us, and we had with us our bags, wraps, umbrellas, books, the lunch basket, and never-used weapon. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is verified in that phaeton, and in little time all were stowed away, and we were off on our thirteenth annual drive.

We had expected that our drive must be omitted this year, and so suddenly did we decide to go, that, to save trying to plan, we turned towards Barre, where we spent the first night of our first journey, thirteen years ago. It proved a pleasant beginning, for when we got up among the hills of Princeton the air was cool and refreshing. We drove very leisurely, and it was quite dark when we found our way to the hotel.

After supper we began our geography lesson for the morrow. We had two questions to answer—"Shall we drive on towards the western part of the state, and visit some of the lovely spots among the Berkshire Hills, which we did not see when we drove there some summers ago?" or, "Shall we take a new direction, and turn southward?" After much deliberation, for Berkshire is like a magnet, we decided to gratify the friends who are always asking why we have never driven into Connecticut.

Our lesson having been disposed of, we slept soundly and awoke reconciled to a wandering in Connecticut, only we wished we knew the places of interest or had some reason for going to one place rather than another. The wish was soon gratified by a friend we met before leaving Barre, who spoke very enthusiatically of Tolland, as she recalled a visit there many years ago. This was enough for us; we had a connecting link with somebody, and took direction accordingly.

We rested Charlie at Ware, after our morning drive. We remembered the pleasant driving in this vicinity, but towards Palmer it was new to us. The thunder was muttering all the afternoon, and it was our good fortune to find ourselves in a comfortable hotel at Palmer an hour earlier than we usually stop, for we had only reached our room when the rain fell in sheets, and the lightning flashed at random.

Palmer is so associated with the Boston and Albany railroad, that it seemed as if only the spirit of opposition could prompt us to take a short cut to Hartford without paying our respects to Springfield; but we declare independence of railroads when we have our phaeton, and as we "did" Springfield so thoroughly a few years ago, we did not diverge, but aimed straight for Connecticut.

The morning was bright and fresh after the shower, and we left Palmer early, with a little book sounding the praises of Connecticut, handed us by the clerk, which proved quite useful. We drove on through Monson, but before we got to Stafford Springs, where we intended to stop, we came to a place too tempting to be passed by —such a pretty rocky hillside, with inviting nooks under

the trees, and a barn just opposite, where very likely Charlie could be cared for.

"Oh, yes!" a woman said, when we asked her. "Leave your horse tied there, and——will take care of him when he comes to dinner." The rocky hillside was also granted us, and we took our wraps and lunch basket and prepared for a two-hours' rest.

The time passed only too quickly, and on we drove, but saw no place in Stafford Springs that made us regret our pretty camp; the time for repentance had not come. "Seven miles to Tolland," we were told, and if we remember aright it was up hill all the way. Why have we always heard people say "down" to Connecticut? Seriously, that is one reason we never drove there before. "Up" to New Hampshire and Vermont sounds so much cooler and nicer. We wondered then, and the farther we drove the more we wondered, until one day we spoke of it, and a man said—"Why, did you come to Connecticut expecting to find anything but hills?"

We like hills, and were very glad to find it was "up" to Tolland. When we entered its one broad street, on a sort of plateau, and saw all Tolland at a glance, we exclaimed, "Just the place we want for Sunday!" And when we were cosily fixed in a corner parlor bedroom on the first floor of a hotel, something like the old "Camperdown" on Lake Memphremagog, we were confirmed in our first impression, and felt perfectly happy. Comfort and an abundance of good things was the aim of the kindly proprietor. We sat at the supper table, happy in thinking all was well, perhaps, unconsciously rejoicing; for it was just at this stage of our journey last year that

Charlie became so lame, not from rheumatism, strained cords, etc., as they said, but from sand under his shoe. That was our first unpleasant experience, and a second was at hand; for as we came from the dining-room, a man was waiting to tell us our horse was very sick. We hurried to the stable yard, where he lay in great distress, refusing to stand up. What could have happened to him? Surely, that generous farmer at whose place we "camped" must have over-fed him when he was warm. Now we repented in good earnest, but little good that did Charlie. The proprietor was as thoughtful of our horse as of us, and sent a man to walk him about. We followed on and pitied him as he was kept moving, despite every effort he made to drop upon the green grass. After a time he seemed a little better, and the man took him back to the stable. We could not feel easy and went to see him again, and finally took him ourselves and led him up and down Tolland street for an hour or more (we could not have done that in Springfield), answering many inquiries from the people we met. By-and-by he began to steal nibbles at the grass and to give evidence of feeling better, and when we took him back to his stall we were assured he would be all right in the morning.

We arose early, for Sunday, for we could not wait to know if he was well again. His call as we entered the stable told us our second disagreeable experience was at an end. Now we began the day; read, breakfasted, went to the little church around the corner, wrote letters, walked and enjoyed every hour in that restful place, where it is said no one locks the doors, for thieves do not

break through nor steal there. Perhaps it is because of the peculiarly moral atmosphere that the county jail is located there. At any rate, even the man who was hostler during the day and convict at night won our kindly remembrance.

Monday morning, bright and early, we started for Hartford. Of course there are many things of interest between Tolland and Hartford, but they belong to every traveler, and we are only telling our own experience. We asked at a hotel in Hartford if we could have our horse cared for there, and were told we could by taking him around to the stable; so we "took him round." We then took a walk, instead of stopping at the hotel as we had intended. After our walk we thought we would call on a friend visiting in the city, but it occurred to us that we were hardly presentable, for our dusters were not fresh, and we could not take them off, for then the revolver would show, and we had no place to leave them unless we "took them round" to the stable, too. This matter settled, we wandered about again, and followed some people into what we thought might be a church service, to find ourselves at an art exhibition. Next we spied a park, and strolling through we came to the new capitol building, which we examined from top to bottom.

Somebody we had met somewhere had suggested our spending a night at New Britain, which was just enough off the main route to New Haven to send us on a wrong turn now and then. Our attention was held that afternoon in turn by pretty scenery, chickens, wrong roads and crows. The last-mentioned were having a regular "drill." We saw in the distance a hill, black—as we

thought—with burnt stumps; but soon a section of these stumps was lifted into mid-air, and it was not until this had been repeated several times that we could realize that the entire hill was alive with crows. At regular intervals, and in the most systematic order, section after section sailed aloft as one bird, each section taking the same course—first towards the north, then with a graceful turn stretching in line towards the south, at a certain point wheeling about to the north again, and gradually mounting higher and higher until lost to sight in the distance.

There was no such systematic order observed in the "best" room, which was given us at a hotel in New Britain, and after such a lesson from the crows we could not forbear making a few changes, so that the pretty, old-fashioned desk should not interfere with the wardrobe door, and the bureau and wash-stand should not quarrel for a place only large enough for one of them, when vacant places were pleading for an occupant. Our supper was good, and our room had quite a "best" look after its re-arrangement. It rained all night, and we waited awhile in the morning thinking it would clear away "before eleven," but there was seemingly no end to the clearing-up showers, and we had to brave it. We do not mind rain, usually, but we were not accustomed to the red mud, and it did not seem so clean as our home mud. We had driven thirty miles the day before, and twenty-eight more were between us and New Haven. We were at last on our way with "sides on and boot up," and a constantly increasing quantity of red mud attaching itself to the phaeton. We stopped at Meriden two

hours, and were very courteously received at a hotel there, The afternoon was bright and sunny, and the drive of eighteen miles very delightful. We entered New Haven by State street just at dusk with our terra-cotta equipage, and drove direct to the post office, so sure of letters that, when we found there were none, we hardly knew what to do next. While waiting for letters, and for Charlie to rest, we decided to take a peep at New York. The best of care was promised for Charlie at a hotel, our letters were to be brought to the house, and bags and wraps were locked up safely.

About nine o'clock we went to the boat, which was to leave at midnight. The evening passed pleasantly, and we did not fully realize the undesirable location of the best stateroom we could get until we were under way, when the fog horn sounded directly before our window, and the heat from the boiler, which we could almost touch, increased too much for comfort the temperature of an August night. Sleep was impossible, and we amused ourselves by counting between the fog alarms and opening the window to let in fresh instalments of "boiling air." The intervals lengthened, and finally, when we had counted four hundred and heard no fog horn, we looked out to find it was bright starlight, and returned to our berths for a brief nap.

We landed at Pier 25, East River, just as the electric lights on Brooklyn Bridge were disappearing like stars in the sunlight. At seven we breakfasted on board the boat, and as we proposed spending the day with a friend thirty miles out in New Jersey, our next move was to find our way to Liberty street, North River. We did not

need a carriage, and might never get there if we attempted to go by cars, so we concluded a morning walk would do us good. We crossed the ferry to Jersey City, and were entertained by a company of men "drilling," and a company of young men and maidens dressed up in their best for an excursion somewhere, until the nine o'clock train was announced. An hour or more took us to Plainfield, where the day was given up to visiting in good earnest. We enjoyed it all so much that we were easily persuaded to spend the night.

At ten o'clock next morning we took the train for New York, where we made a call, did a little shopping, walked over Brooklyn Bridge, and spent the night with friends in the city. It rained the next day, and as there was nothing to do we did nothing, and enjoyed it all the morning. After luncheon we found our way to the boat again, and at three o'clock were off for New Haven. It was a pleasant sail, in spite of the showers, and we sat on deck all the way, enjoying everything, and wondering how many letters we should have, and if Charlie was all right. We were due at New Haven at eight o'clock in the evening, and before nine we were at the hotel and had fled to our room, wondering what it meant by our receiving no letters.

We requested everything to be in readiness for us directly after breakfast next morning—Charlie shod, the terra-cotta covering removed from our phaeton, axles oiled, etc. We lost no time on our way to the post office. As we gave our names slowly and distinctly at the delivery box, that no mistake might be made, out came the letters—one, two, three, four—one remailed from

Hartford. As the young man handed out the last, he said, "Please have your mail directed to street and number after this." "We have no street and number, sir, we are tramps," we replied. "Why was not our mail put into the hotel box?" No satisfactory explanation was offered, but when we got to the carriage and looked over our letters, none was needed. Evidently they had not stayed in the office long enough to get into anybody's box. They had traveled from pillar to post, had been opened and reopened, and scribbled over and over in an effort to find an owner for them.

All was well when our letters were written, so we had only to decide on the pleasantest route homeward. A friend in New York wished us to visit Old Lyme, which was made so interesting in Harper's a year or two ago. This was directly in our course if we followed the advice to go to New London before turning north. Charlie was at his best, and we drove thirty miles through towns and villages along the coast, stopping two hours at Guilford, and spending the night at Westbrook, a "sort of Rumney," our diary record says, only on the coast instead of up among the mountains. The recollection uppermost in our mind is, that everybody's blinds were closed, which gave a gloomy look to every town we passed through that day.

We felt a little constrained in Connecticut on Sundays, and thought we should stay in Westbrook quietly until Monday morning; but after breakfast, which we shared with the apparently very happy family, the father asked if he should "hitch up" for us. We said not then, but as it was so pleasant perhaps we might drive on a few miles

in the afternoon. He told us we should have to "ferry" the Connecticut at Saybrook, but he "guessed our horse wouldn't mind." Our old black Charlie was never happier than when crossing the Connecticut without any effort on his part; but this Charlie has entirely different ideas, and if we had known we could not cross by bridge as we did at Hartford we should have deferred Old Lyme until another time. But it was too late now, and we would not mar our lovely afternoon drive by anticipating trouble. Rivers have to be crossed; and we philosophically concluded "Do not cross a bridge until you get to it" is equally applicable to a ferry. Five miles lay between us and the Connecticut River, and we gave ourselves up to quiet enjoyment as if ferries were unknown, until we reached Saybrook, when we had to inquire the way. A few twists and turns brought us to the steep pitch which led to the river, and at first sight of the old scow, with big flapping sail, Charlie's ears told us what he thought about it. With some coaxing he went down the pitch, but at the foot were fishing nets hung up on a frame, and he persistently refused to go farther. We were yet a little distance from the shore, and the scow was still farther away at the end of a sort of pier built out into the river. We got out and tried to comfort Charlie, who was already much frightened; and yet this was nothing to what was before him. What should we do? If it had not been Sunday, there might have been other horses to cross, and he will follow where he will not go alone. But it was Sunday, and no one was in sight but the man and boy on the scow, and a man sufficiently interested in us to hang over a rail on the embankment above watching

us very closely. Perhaps he thought it was wicked to help people on Sunday. At any rate, he did not offer, and we did not ask, assistance. One of us took Charlie by the bit, and trusted he would amuse himself dancing, while the other ran ahead to the scow to see what could be done. The small boy and barefooted old man did not look very encouraging, but we still had faith there was a way to cross rivers that must be crossed. We told our dilemma, and said, "What will you do with him?"

"Oh! he'll come along; we never have any trouble."

"No," we said, "he won't come along, and we shall be upset in the river if we attempt driving him on this pier."

We walked back towards the carriage, the old man saying, "I get all sorts of horses across, and can this one if he don't pull back. If he does, of course I can't do anything with him."

This was small comfort, for we knew that that was just what he would do. We asked about unharnessing him, but the old man objected. We knew Charlie too well, however, and did not care to see our phaeton and contents rolling over into the river. Our courage waning a little at this point, we asked how far we should have to go to find a bridge. "Oh, clear to Hartford! sixty miles!" When Charlie was unharnessed, the old man took him by the bit, and said to one of us, "Now you take the whip, and if he pulls back, strike him. Boy, you take the carriage." This was simply impossible without help. It was a grand chance for our one spectator, but without doubt he believed in woman's right to push if not to vote, so we pushed, and a good push it had to be, too. We did not envy those bare feet so near Charlie's uncertain steps,

but the constant tingling of the whip so diverted him, and warned him of a heavier stroke if he diverged from his straight and narrow way, that he kept his head turned that side, and before he knew it he was on the scow and had never seen the flapping sail. His head was then tied with a rope. The phaeton followed with more difficulty, but less anxiety. When that was secured, our voyage began, and it seemed never-ending; for in spite of all the caressing and comforting assurances, Charlie placed his fore legs close together and trembled just like a leaf as the little sailboats flitted before his eyes. Then came the "chug" into the sand as we landed. A kindly old man left his horse to help us harness, and five minutes after we were off, Charlie was foamy white, and looked as if he had swum the Atlantic.

We did not find the hotel at Old Lyme attractive, and had plenty of time to drive farther; but, after all the trouble we had taken to get to the place, we did not leave it without taking a look at the quaint old town, its rocky pastures and cosy nooks so lovely in illustrated magazines.

"Yes," we said, "this is pretty; but, after all, where is the spot to be found that cannot be made interesting by the ready pen and sketching pencil of one who has eyes to see all there is to see in this lovely world?"

Nothing could be more delightful than the crooked ten miles from Old Lyme to Niantic. If you look at the map, and see all the little bays that make the coast so rugged, you can imagine how we twisted about to follow what is called the shore road. We say "called," for most of the shore and river roads we have ever driven over from

Connecticut to Canada are out of sight of water. A few glorious exceptions come to mind, like the four miles on the border of Willoughby Lake in Vermont, the Broad Brook drive near Brattleboro and seven miles by Newfound Lake in New Hampshire. It was up and down, and now when "up" we could catch a glimpse of the Sound dotted over with white sails, and when "down" we found such flower-fields as would rival the boldest attempts at fancy gardening—the cardinal flower, golden-rod, white everlasting and blue daisies in richest profusion. We met the family wagons jogging along home from church, and the young men and maidens were taking the "short cut" along the well-worn footpath over the hills, with their books in hand, that lovely Sunday afternoon; but where the church or homes could be we wondered, for we saw neither. We knew nothing of Niantic, and were surprised to find it quite a little seaside resort. It was early evening, and it was very pleasant to have brilliantly lighted hotels in place of the dark woody hollows we had been through the last half-hour. We drove to the end of the street, passing all the hotels, and then returned to the first one we saw, as the most desirable for us. It was located close by the water, and our window overlooked the Sound. Uniformed men were all about, and we soon learned that it was the foreshadowing of muster. We slept well with the salt breezes blowing upon us, and after breakfast we followed the rest of the people to the garden which separated the house from the railroad station, and for a half-hour sat on a fence, surrounded by tall sunflowers, to see the infantry and cavalry as they emerged from the cars. "Quite

æsthetic," one of the boys in blue remarked. We do not go to muster, but as muster came to us we made the most of it, and watched with interest the mounted men of authority as they gave their orders to the men, who looked as if they would like to change places with them and prance about, instead of doing the drudgery.

The morning hours were too precious for driving to be spent among sunflowers and soldiers, and we got down from the fence and went in search of the landlord. He gave us directions for getting to New London when everything was ready, and we found that what we thought was the end of the street was the beginning of our way, and a queer way it was, too. No wonder we were asked if our horse was afraid of the cars, for apparently the railroad was the only highway, as the water came up quite close on either side. "Surely this must be wrong," we said; "there is no road here." Although we had been told to follow the railroad, we did not propose to drive into the ocean, unless it was the thing to do. We turned off to the left but were sent back by a woman who looked as if we knew little if we did not know that was the only way to New London. Not satisfied, we stopped a man. "Yes, that is the way," he said. "But it looks as if we should drive right into the ocean." "I know it," he replied, "and it will look more so as you go on, and if the tide was in you would." Luckily for us the tide was not in, for even then the space was so small between the water and the railroad that Charlie needed as much diversion with the whip as in ferrying the Connecticut. Next came a little bridge, and as we paid the toll, which was larger than the bridge, we asked if it was for keeping the

road we had just come over in repair. "Yes, it is washed twice a day." We asked if the ocean got the fees, and drove on.

It was only six miles to New London, and it was too early to stop there for dinner, and it would be too late to wait until we got to Norwich; so, after driving about the principal streets for a half-hour, we filled our lunch basket and got some oats, trusting to find a place to "camp." Just at the right time to halt we came to a village church on a little hill, all by itself, and we took possession of the "grounds," put Charlie into one of the sheds, taking refuge ourselves in the shadow of a stone wall. We hung our shawls over the wall, for the wind blew cool through the chinks, spread the blanket on the ground, and gave ourselves up to comfort and books. The lofty ceiling of our temporary parlor was tinted blue, and the spacious walls were adorned with lovely pictures, for our little hill was higher than we realized. We had taken the river road, and we knew that by rail from New London to Norwich we followed the river very closely; but this was, like most "river" roads, over the hills.

We reluctantly left our luxurious quarters and journeyed on to Norwich. We had found on our map a town beyond Norwich which we thought would serve us for the night; but when we inquired about hotels there, people looked as if they had never heard of the place, and in fact there was none by that name. We were advised to go to Jewett City. After a little experience we learned that in many cases towns on the map are but names, and if we wanted to find the places where all business interests centred, we must look for a "city" or

"ville" in small italics touching the railroad. Niantic was an "italic" resort. This lesson learned, we had no difficulty. The hotel at Jewett City looked as if it would blow over, and if it had we think our room would have landed on the railroad; but the breezes were gentle, and we had a safe and restful night after our thirty-miles' drive.

We were directed next morning via one "ville" to another "ville," and the delightful recollections of our "sky" parlor tempted us to try camping again, and we got another bag of oats. We had not driven far before we came to the largest lily pond we ever saw, and a railroad ran right through it. It looked as if we could step down the gravel bank and get all the lilies we wanted. We tied Charlie by the roadside, and ran to the railroad bank to find they were just provokingly beyond our reach. A company of men were working on the road, and one said, "I would send one of my men to get you some; but a train is due in ten minutes, and these rails must be laid." His kindly words softened our disappointment, and we went back to the carriage. It seemed as if there was no end to the pond, and surely there was an endless supply of lilies, but we knew that the stray ones so close to the shore were only waiting to entice somebody over shoes, and perhaps more, in water, and we passed them by. We camped on a stone wall under a tree, a spot so perfectly adapted to our convenience that it developed the heretofore latent talent of our "special artist," and a dainty little picture is ever reminding us of our pleasant stay there. We spent the night at Putnam, and as a matter of course, we went for oats just before leaving, as if we had

always traveled that way, instead of its being an entirely new feature. A pine grove invited us this time, with a house near by where we bought milk, and we stopped for a half-hour again in the afternoon, by a bewitching little brook, and made ourselves comfortable with our books among the rocks and ferns, for it was a very hot day. Our drive that day took us through Webster and Oxford and brought us to Millbury for the night. Our remembrance of that night is not so pleasant as we could wish, and we are going again some time to get a better impression.

The next day was one of the hottest of the season, and we availed ourselves of the early morning to drive to North Grafton, where we had a chatty visit with a friend. We dreaded to begin our last twenty-five miles, for it would be so hard for Charlie in the heat. We delayed as long as we dared, then braved it. We drove very leisurely to Worcester, and made one or two calls, then took the old road over the hill as we left the city towards home. We seemed to be above the heat and dust, and had one of the most charming drives of our whole journey. We are so familiar with the road that we did not mind prolonging our drive into the evening, with a full moon to illumine our way. The seven miles from Sterling to Leominster were so pleasant we made them last as long as possible. The moon was unclouded and it seemed almost as light as day; the air was soft and we did not need the lightest wrap. We enjoyed just that perfect comfort one dreads to have disturbed. But all things have an end, it is said, and our pleasant journey ended about nine o'clock that evening, but it was close on to the

"wee sma' hours" before the "doings" in our absence were all talked over with the friends who welcomed us home.

This story, written out in a week of Fridays, on the way to Symphony Rehearsals, will assure you that a phaeton trip loses none of its charms for us by many repetitions.

CHAPTER VI.

DIXVILLE NOTCH AND OLD ORCHARD.

A Colorado friend recently sent us a paper with an interesting account of "Two Women in a Buggy—How two Denver ladies drove five hundred miles through the Rockies." Now, "Two Ladies in a Phaeton," and "How they drove six hundred miles through, beyond and around the White Mountains," would be laid aside as hardly worth reading, compared with the adventures of two women driving through the "Rockies;" but, for actual experience, we think almost everybody would prefer ours. We all like ease, comfort and smooth ways, and yet disasters and discomfort have a wonderful charm somehow in print. Our two weeks' drive in Connecticut last year seemed small to us, but we have been asked many times if it was not the best journey we ever had, and as many times we have discovered that the opinion was based on the hard time we had crossing the Connecticut by ferry, the one unpleasant incident of the whole trip. Now if we could tell you of hair-breadth escapes passing "sixers and eighters" on the edge of precipices, and about sleeping in a garret reached by a ladder, shared by a boy in a cot at that; or better yet, how one day, when we were driving along on level ground chatting pleasantly, we suddenly found ourselves in a "prayerful attitude" and the horse disappearing with the forward wheels, the humiliating result being that the buggy had to be taken to pieces, and packed into a Norwegian's wagon and we

and it transported to the next town for repairs—if we could tell you such things like the Denver ladies, we should be sure you would not doubt our last was our best journey. How we are to convince you of that fact, for fact it is, when we did not even cross a ferry, is a puzzle.

Before we really begin our story we will tell you one or two notable differences between the Denver tourists and ourselves. They took their "best" bonnets and gowns, and such "bibbity bobbities" as "no woman, even were she going to an uninhabited desert, would think she could do without;" bedding and household utensils, too, so of course had baggage strapped on the back of the buggy, and they had a pail underneath, filled, "woman fashion, with everything, which suffered in the overturns," but, will you believe it, they had no revolver! Were they to meet us, they would never suspect we were fellow travelers, unless the slight "hump" under the blanket or duster should give them an inkling that we had more "things" than were essential for a morning's drive. Helpless and innocent as we look we could warrant "sure cure" to a horse whatever ill might befall him, and we could "show fire" if necessary. The last need not have been mentioned, however, for like the Denver tourists, we can testify that we receive everywhere the "truest and kindest courtesy."

You may remember that one of the peculiar features of our journeys is that we never know where we are going, but last summer we thought we would be like other people, and make plans. As a result we assured our friends we were going straight to Mt. Washington via the Crawford Notch, but, as Mr. Hale has a way of saying in

his stories, "we did not go there at all." Why we did not fulfil so honest an intention we will reveal to you later.

We started in good faith, Tuesday, July 7, driving along the familiar way through Lunenburg and Townsend Harbor, crossing the invisible State line as we entered Brookline, and spending the night, as we have often done, at the little hotel in Milford, N. H., journeying next day to Hooksett, via Amherst, Bedford and Manchester. Nothing eventful occurred except the inauguration of our sketchbook, a thing of peculiar interest to us, as neither of us knew anything of sketching. The book itself is worthy of mention, as it is the only copy we have ever seen. It has attractive form and binding, and is called "Summer Gleanings." There is a page for each day of the summer months, with a charming, and so often apt, quotation under each date. The pages are divided into three sections, one for "Jottings by the Way," one for a "Pencil Sketch,—not for exact imitation, but what it suggests," and a third for "Pressed Flowers." As it was a gift, and of no use but for the purpose for which it was intended, we decided it must be taken along, although one said it would be "awfully in the way."

We enjoyed camping at noon by the roadside so much last summer, when the hotels were scarce, that we planned to make that the rule of this journey, and not the exception. We thought the hour after luncheon, while Charlie was resting, would be just the time to try to sketch. Our first "camp" was under a large tree, just before we crossed into New Hampshire. We looked about for something to sketch, and a few attempts convinced us that, being ignorant of even the first rules of perspective,

our subjects must be selected with reference to our ability, regardless of our taste. We went to work on a pair of bars—or a gate, rather—in the stone wall opposite. We were quite elated with our success, and next undertook a shed. After this feat, we gathered a few little white clovers, which we pressed in our writing tablet, made a few comments in the "jotting" column, and the "Summer Gleanings" began to mean something.

We cannot tell you all we enjoyed and experienced with that little book. It was like opening the room which had "a hundred doors, each opening into a room with another hundred," especially at night, when our brains, fascinated and yet weary with the great effort spent on small accomplishment, and the finger nerves sensitive with working over unruly stems and petals, we only increased a thousandfold the pastime of the day by pressing whole fields of flowers, and attempting such sketching as was never thought of except in dreamland. A word or two about the quotations, then you may imagine the rest. What could be more apt for the first day of our journey than Shelley's

> "Away, away from men and towns
> To the wild wood and the downs,"

or, as we came in sight of the "White Hills," Whittier's

> "Once more, O mountains, unveil
> Your brows and lay your cloudy mantles by."

and

> "O more than others blest is he
> Who walks the earth with eyes to see,
> Who finds the hieroglyphics clear
> Which God has written everywhere,"

as we journey along the Connecticut. Especially apt were the lines by Charles Cotton, when we had driven several miles out of our way to spend Sunday in Rumney, because we remembered the place so pleasantly:

"Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love at liberty
By turns to come and visit ye!"

Once more, as we drove along the Saco—

"All, all, is beautiful.
What if earth be but the shadow of heaven."

If you think we are writing up a book instead of a journey, let us tell you that the book cannot be left out if the journey is to be truly chronicled, for it was never out of mind, being constantly in sight, nor was it any trouble. In this respect, too, we fared better than the Denver ladies, for they were real artists, and never had any comfort after the first day, for their "oils" would not dry, even when they pinned them up around the buggy.

We should have been miserable if we had stayed in Hooksett all the time we have been telling you about the sketch book, but we were off early in the morning for Concord, and as we drove into the city, Charlie knew better than we which turn to take to find the welcome which always awaits us. The clouds were very black when we left our friends at four o'clock, feeling we must go a few miles farther that day; and when we had driven a mile or two a sudden turn in the road revealed to us

"cyclonic" symptoms. We saw an open shed, and asked a portly old man if we could drive in, as it looked like rain. "Yes, and quick too," he said, hobbling ahead of us. We were scarcely under cover before the cloud burst, and such a gust of wind came as it seemed must have overturned our phaeton if we had been exposed to it. We threw our wraps over our heads and ran to the house, where we were kindly received, amid the banging of doors and crackling of glass. The rain fell in sheets and the lightning flashes almost blinded us, but in an hour, perhaps less, we were on our way again, dry and peaceful, the sun shining and the clean, washed roads and prostrate limbs of trees simply reminding us there had been a shower. We spent the night at Penacook, formerly Fisherville.

By this time we had decided we would deviate from our straight course to Mt. Washington just a bit, only a few miles, and spend a night at Weirs. We remembered very well our last drive from Weirs to Penacook via Tilton and Franklin, and thought to take the same course this time. Franklin came to hand all right, but where was Tilton? We were sure we knew the way, but were equally sure Tilton should have put in an appearance. We inquired, and were much surprised when told we had taken a wrong turn, or failed, rather, to take the right one seven miles back. We had not only lost our way to Weirs, but we were off our course to Mt. Washington, and there is no such thing as going "across lots" in that part of the country. Not knowing what to do, we said we would have luncheon, and take time to accept the situation.

At this point we discovered that our diary was left twenty miles back at Penacook. Our first dilemma paled before this, for that diary means something; indeed, it means everything. Without it, life would not be worth living—even were it possible. We must have it. But how should we get it? We went back to the man in the garden, and he told us a train would go down directly, and we could get back the same afternoon, he thought. We considered it only a moment, for having lost our way and the diary, we feared losing each other or Charlie next. We returned to the carriage, unharnessed Charlie, tied him to a telegraph pole, then took our luncheon. After a good rest our way seemed clear, and we started on towards Bristol, resolved that we would make no more plans, but give ourselves up to the guidance of Fate. We find in the "jotting column" for that day, "A criss-cross day." Our honest intention to go straight to Mt. Washington was overthrown, and we found ourselves at night castaways on the shores of Newfound Lake, while our letters awaited us at Weirs, and the diary was speeding its way to Plymouth, in response to a telegram.

Eleven miles driving the next morning brought us to the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, just in season to telephone our mail from Weirs on the one o'clock train. We felt like embracing the express boy who handed us the precious sealed package from Penacook. Thanks and a quarter seemed a poor expression of our real feelings. Perfect happiness restored, where should we go to enjoy it over Sunday? Fate suggested Rumney, and we quickly assented, remembering its delightful quiet, and

the lovely drive of eight miles. We could go across from Plymouth to Centre Harbor, and thence to Conway, as we had planned, but we would not. We had been defeated and determined to stay so. The drive along the valley was as lovely as ever, and a look of pleasant recognition was on the face of our hostess at the "Stinson House" in Rumney. After supper we took our sketch book and strolled through the meadow to the river bank, quite artist like. We spent the next day quietly in our room, reading and writing, until towards night, then drove two miles to call on a lady who had found us out through the Transcript, and assured us a welcome if we ever drove to Rumney again. We had a delightful hour with our new friends, and left them with a promise to return in the morning for a few days.

It would fill the Transcript if we were to tell you all we enjoyed in that little visit, the adventures, pedestrian excursions, camping on islands, nights in caves and barns, related by our friends, which made us long to explore for ourselves the region about Rumney. Some of the Transcript readers may remember a letter two years ago (Feb. 15, 1884), from one of a party of six who braved Franconia Notch in winter. We read it with great interest at the time, and wondered from which house in Rumney so brave and jolly a party started. Our curiosity was more than gratified by finding ourselves guests in the hospitable home, and by meeting several of the party, two of whom arrived from Boston while we were there. One morning we bowled in the loft of the ideal barn, and one rainy afternoon we had lessons in perspective. Miss D. proved a good instructor, and we

thought we were fair pupils as we talked glibly of the station point, point of sight, base and horizontal lines, and the vanishing point, and reproduced Mrs. Q.'s desk by rule.

We reluctantly left our friends to their camping preparations, while we traveled over once more the route of the sleighing party. This was our fourth drive through the Pemigewasset Valley, but its beauty is ever new. We took two hours' rest at the entrance of a cathedral-like archway of trees, which now adorns our parlor in "oils." We tried to sketch properly, but, alas! all our points were "vanishing points" without Miss D. at hand, and we returned to the ways of ignorance. We spent the night at "Tuttle's," and heard from the cheery old lady and "Priscilla" the story of the sleighing party who were refused shelter at the Flume House, and though half-perished with cold had to drive back seven miles to spend the night with them. She told us how sorry she was for them, and how she built a roaring fire in the old kitchen fireplace, and filled the warming-pans for them. We imagined how good they must have felt buried in the hot feathers that cold night.

We did not visit the Flume this time, but just paid our respects to the Old Man, took breath and a sketch at Echo Lake, and gathered mosses as we walked up and down the steep places through the Notch. We spent the night in Bethlehem, and enjoyed a superb sunset. We went several miles out of our way the next day to see the Cherry Mountain slide, which occurred the week before, We were introduced to the proprietor of the ruined farm, caressed the beautiful horse, pitied the once fine cow,

which now had scarcely a whole bone in her body, and learned many interesting details from the daughter, a bright girl. It was a forlorn spectacle, and a striking contrast to the drive we had after retracing our steps to Whitefield. Charlie had traveled far enough for such a hot day, but we knew the Lancaster post office had something for us, and we could not wait, so started leisurely, promising to help poor Charlie all we could. He understood us well enough to stop at the foot of every hill, and at the top of very steep ones, to let us get out and walk. We were repaid a thousand times by the magnificent views of the Franconia range until we reached the highest point, when the glories north opened before us. We were now facing new scenes for the first time since we left home, and yet we felt at home in Lancaster, for another Lancaster is our near neighbor. The postmaster looked relieved to find owners for his surplus mail, and as he handed out the seventh letter with a look of having finished his task, we said, "Is that all?" for one was missing. "I think that will do for once," he said. Two weeks later we sent him a card and the missing document came safely to hand down in Maine.

Fate knows we like to drive north, and led us onward. We followed the Connecticut through the lovely valleys, crossing it and driving in Vermont one afternoon, enjoying the new country until we had left the White Mountains sixty miles behind us. We then turned directly east, and ten miles along the Mohawk River brought us to the entrance of Dixville Notch. We were bewildered by its beauty, grander even than the Franconia Notch. We reached the Dix House, the only habi-

tation in that wild spot, at three o'clock, and as soon as we could register our names we hastened away for Table Rock, a narrow peak 800 feet above the meadow in front of the Dix House and 3150 feet above the sea. It was the roughest climb we ever attempted—almost perpendicular, and everything we took hold of seemed to give way.

Once at the top we looked aghast at the narrow path, hardly four feet wide, then with open arms rushed across and embraced the flagstaff on Table Rock. It seemed as if the foundation was rocking beneath us, but after a little time we went back and forth confidently. The air was clear and the view very fine. Just below the summit, a tiny path, with scarcely a foothold, led to an ice cave, and we refreshed ourselves by looking into its cooling depths. When safely at the foot again we cut some spruce walking sticks for souvenirs and stripped the bark as we walked back to the Dix House.

It rained the next day and the mountains were visible through the mist only now and then. We sketched Table Rock and the Notch profile in instalments, reading and writing between times, and enjoyed the very lonesomeness of the place. The clouds made way for the moon at night, but we were disheartened next morning to find they had settled down closer than ever, although the rain was over. We could not wait another day, and packed up, hoping it would all come out right, as many times before. Our wildest hopes were more than realized when we entered the Notch, and found it clear ahead. The clouds had driven through and settled about the meadows. It is two miles through

the Notch, and we walked nearly all the way. Everything is moss-grown and marked with decay. The Notch has its Old Man, its Flume and Cascades, and our exclamations burst forth at every turn. Such mosses, such high, ragged bluffs, such babbling brooks, and all so fresh after the rain! Was ever anything so beautiful? Suddenly we found ourselves in open space again, and driving along the Clear Stream meadows, we passed the little enclosure where are the graves of the first two inhabitants of this lonely region. Six or eight miles more brought us to Errol Dam, where we left Charlie in good care, while we took a five hours' trip on a tiny mail steamer. We thought we were to be the only passengers, but a young woman with an invalid brother, bound for the Rangeley Lakes, came at the last moment. We steamed along the Androscoggin River until within a half mile of Lake Umbagog, then turned into the Magalloway. In course of time the little Parmachenee pushed up against a bank and we were landed in the glaring sun, to wait while the mail was carried two or three miles, and the two men had dinner.

Fortunately we had a luncheon with us, or we should have had to content ourselves with crackers and molasses, and "bean suasion" with the brother and sister, at the only house in sight. We were back at Errol Dam at four o'clock, and as we paid the four dollars for our little trip the man said, "Too much, but we have to live out of you folks."

There is a stage route from Errol Dam to Bethel, Me., but we preferred to follow the Androscoggin, so that eventful day finished off with a fourteen-miles drive

through the forest, over a road badly washed, with the river rushing madly along, as if bent on its own destruction, then taking breath for awhile and looking placid as the Connecticut, but directly in a turmoil again as the rocks obstructed its course. Just as the sun dropped, we emerged from the forest into a broad plain, and four houses, widely separated, were in sight—the first habitations we had seen since we left Errol Dam. We knew one of them must be Chandler's, where we had been directed for the night. It was a lonesome place, and we did not feel quite comfortable when we found ourselves in a room on the first floor, having four windows and two doors, with no means of fastening any of them, and a "transient" man in the room adjoining. I am not sure but the Denver ladies' "loft" and "boy" might not have seemed preferable, only we had a revolver. Suffice it to say, our experience since we left Dixville Notch in the morning had been sufficiently fatiguing to insure rare sleep, in spite of open doors, barking dogs and heavy breathing of the "transient," and after a very palatable breakfast we took our leave, grateful for such good quarters in such a benighted country.

We drove thirty miles that day, following the Androscoggin all the way. Berlin Falls and the Alpine Cascades, along the way, are worth going miles to see. We camped at noon between Berlin Falls and Gorham and had a visit from five boys of various nationalities, some with berries and some with empty pails. They sat down on the ground with us and showed much interest in our operations, jabbering in their several dialects. "I know what she's doing; she's making them mountains,"

one whispered. We looked quite like traveling parties we have seen, with Charlie munching his oats, and we asked them if they did not think we were gypsies. "No, indeed, we never thought such a thing; we thought you were ladies from Gorham." With this compliment we drove on toward Gorham, dropped our mail, and then turned directly eastward with the Androscoggin, to enjoy for the first time the drive from Gorham to Bethel, called the North Conway drive of that region. We spent a night at Shelburne, almost as nice as Rumney, and another at Bethel.

With much regret we now parted from the Androscoggin, and aimed for the Saco at Fryeburg. The heat was so intense that we stopped, ten miles sooner than we intended, at Lovell, driving the next day to Hiram, and the next to Hollis, so full of delightful recollections of the wonderful hospitality of stranger friends a few years ago. That charmed circle is now broken by death and change, but a welcome was ready for us from those who had heard about our visit there, and we were at home at once. There were many summer guests, but a cosy little attic room, full of quaint things, was left for us. The Saco runs just before the house, and we took the little walk to the "Indian's Cellar" where the river rushes through the narrow gorge, and it charmed us as much as before.

We not only felt at home in Hollis, but really at home, for all between us and home was familiar, whatever route we might take. We eagerly drove towards Saco, for that was our next mail point, and the letters that came direct, and those that followed us around the

country, came to hand there. We talked over their newsy contents as we drove miles on Old Orchard Beach that afternoon. We spent the night at Bay View, and part of the next day, for the thunder showers followed one after another so closely, we could not get an order to the stable, and time for a dry start in between. We finally ordered Charlie harnessed after one shower, and brought to the door after the next. This plan worked too well, for after all our hasty packing off, sides on, boot up, all ready for a deluge, it never rained a drop. We called at the Saco post office again, and then took a road we thought would take us by the house of a friend in Kennebunkport, but it proved to be a lonely road with neither friends nor foes, and before we knew it Kennebunkport was left one side, and we were well on our way to Kennebunk. Despite our muddy and generally demoralized condition, we called on friends there before going to the hotel for the night. We drove thirty-seven miles the next day, through Wells, York and Portsmouth, to Hampton. Ten miles the next morning took us to Newburyport, where we stopped over Sunday for a visit.

All was well at home, so we thought we would still follow the ocean, as this was a sort of water trip. (We had followed the Merrimac, Pemigewasset, Connecticut, Mohawk, Androscoggin and Saco rivers.) The old towns, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich and Essex, are always interesting, and Cape Ann is so delightful we could not resist the temptation to "round" it again, and have another look at Pigeon Cove, one of the loveliest places we have ever seen.

We drove on through Gloucester to Rockport on the Cape, and there passed the night. We were hardly out of sight of the hotel in the morning before it began to rain, and the thunder rumbled among the rocks as if it would unearth them. We did not enjoy it, and just as it reached a point unbearable, and the rain was coming in white sheets, we saw a private stable and begged the privilege of driving in. We were urged to go into the house, but declined, thinking the shower would soon be over. For a full half hour we sat there, rejoicing after each flash that we still lived, when a man appeared and insisted we should go in, as the rain would last another hour, and it would be better for our horse to have his dinner. We declined dinner for ourselves, but the delicious milk the good wife brought us was very refreshing. and if we had not accepted that boiled rice, with big plums and real cream after their dinner, it would have been the mistake of our lives.

Soon after noon the sun came out in full glory, and we left our kind host and hostess with hearty thanks, the only return they would accept. Everything was fresh after the shower, and the roads were clean as floors. Full of enthusiasm we drove on and by some mistake, before we knew it, Cape Ann was "rounded" without a glimpse of the "pretty part" of Pigeon Cove. We had no time to retrace our way, so left Pigeon Cove, and Annisquam friends, for the next time, and hurried on through Gloucester, anticipating the wonderfully beautiful drive of twenty miles before us. At Magnolia we inquired for friends, and were directed to the cottage struck by lightning that morning. The waves dashed angrily on the

rocks at Magnolia Point, and the surf at Manchester-by-the-Sea would have held us entranced for hours. It was the time for driving and we met all the fine turnouts and jaunty village carts as we went through Beverly Farms, with the tangled slopes and bewitching little paths or cultivated terraces with broad avenues, the stately entrances assuring you that both paths and avenues lead to some princely "cottage."

A night at Beverly was followed by a crooked wandering through Salem and Marblehead Neck, then on through Swampscott and Lynn to Maplewood, where we spent an hour or two, then drove into Boston. The city was draped in memory of General Grant. We drove through the principal streets down town, then over Beacon Hill and through Commonwealth avenue to the Milldam, winding up our day's drive of nearly forty miles by pulling over Corey Hill on our way to Brighton, where we gave Charlie and ourselves a day's rest. As we were packing our traps into the phaeton for the last time on this trip, for we usually drive the forty miles from Boston, or vicinity, to Leominster in one day, our friend gave the phaeton a little shake and said, "This will wear out some day; you must have driven two thousand miles in it." "Oh! yes," we said, and referring to that encyclopedic diary, exclaimed, "Why, we have driven over five thousand miles!" He complimented its endurance, but we thought of the "one hoss shay."

It was a bright day, and the familiar roads seemed pleasant as we drove along through Newton, Watertown and Stow, leaving Lexington and Concord one side this time. We found a very pretty spot for our last "camp,"

and there we squared our accounts, named our journey and pressed a bright bit of blackberry vine for the sketchbook. The afternoon drive was even more familiar. We let Charlie take his own time, and did not reach home until eight o'clock, and finding everybody and everything just as we left them nearly five weeks before, gradually all that had come between began to seem like one long dream.

"Summer Gleanings" lies on our table, and we often take it up and live over again the pleasant days recorded there in "timely jottings," crude little sketches, and pretty wayside flowers, and then we just take a peep into the possibilities of the future by turning over a leaf and reading—

"To one who has been long in city pent,"

and think what a nice beginning that will be for our fifteenth "annual."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATSKILLS, LAKE GEORGE AND GREEN MOUNTAINS.

In answer to the oft-repeated queries, "Did you have your journey last summer?" and "Where did you go?" we reply, "Oh, yes; we had a delightful journey. We were away four weeks and drove five hundred and seventy-five miles. We went all through Berkshire, up the Hudson, among the Catskills, then on to Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain and home over the Green Mountains."

Lovers of brevity, people who have no time or fondness for details, and those who care more for the remotest point reached than how we got there, will stop here. Those of more leisurely inclination, who would enjoy our zigzagging course, so senseless to the practical mind, and would not object to walking up a hill, fording a stream or camping by the wayside, we cordially invite to go with us through some of the experiences of our fifteenth annual drive.

We were all ready to go on the Fourth of July, but Charlie does not like the customary demonstrations of that day, and for several years he has been permitted to celebrate his Independence in his stall. There were three Fourth of Julys this year, and we waited patiently until Independence was fully declared. All being quiet on Tuesday, the sixth, we made ready, and at a fairly early hour in the morning everything had found its own place in the phaeton and we were off. As usual, we had

made no plans, but our thoughts had traveled Maineward, until at the last moment the Catskills were suggested. The heat which often lingers about the Fourth was at its height, and the thought of Princeton's bracing air was so refreshing we gladly started in that direction. We drove leisurely, taking in the pretty views and gathering flowers, camped by the roadside two hours at noon, and then on through Princeton to Rutland. We visited that pretty town three years ago, when the Mauschopauge House was being built, and we resolved then to spend a night some time under its roof. It is finely located, commanding extensive views, and is in every way a charming place to spend a scorching summer night. The cool breezes blowing through our room, the glorious sunset, and the one lone rocket, the very last of the Fourth, that shot up seemingly from a dense forest, two miles away, and impressed us more than a whole program of Boston pyrotechnics, calling forth the remark, "How much more we enjoy a little than we do a great deal," to which a lady, kindly entertaining us, replied, "Oh, you are too young to have learned that," all these are fresh in our memory.

Just as we were leaving in the morning, our kindly lady introduced us to a stately looking Boston lady, and told her of our habit of driving about the country. "Oh," she says, "that is charming. I do not like woman's rights, but this is only a bit of Boston independence."

It was hot after we left breezy Rutland, and we drove the twelve miles to North Brookfield very leisurely, taking our lunch before we visited our friends there, and at once declaring our determination to leave before

supper, as it was too hot to be any trouble to anybody. We sat in the house and we sat in the barn, but there was no comfort anywhere. Late in the afternoon we resisted the protests, but not the strawberries, and started off for the eleven miles to Ware. Our dread of the heat was all wasted, for we had a very pleasant drive, but, when we were once in that roasting, scorching hotel, we almost wished we had not been so considerate of our friends.

Twenty-five miles driving the next day, stopping at the comfortable hotel in Belchertown for dinner, brought us to Northampton. We drove about its lovely streets an hour before going to the hotel, and passed the evening with friends, who took us through Smith College grounds by moonlight, on our way back to the hotel. The luxuries of Northampton offset the discomforts of Ware, and we were filled with the atmosphere which pervades the country all about, through Mr. Chadwick's glowing descriptions, as we followed along the Mill River, marking the traces of the disaster on our way to Williamsburg. Up, up we went, until we found ourselves on the threshold of Mr. Chadwick's summer home, in Chesterfield. He took us out into the field to show us the fine view, with a glimpse of old Greylock in the distance. We were on the heights here, and went down hill for a while, but it was not long before we were climbing again, and after six miles of down and up we sought refuge for the night in Worthington.

There was rain and a decided change in the weather that night, and a fire was essential to comfort during the cheerless early morning hours. We took the opportunity

to rest Charlie and write letters, and the ten miles' drive to Hinsdale in the afternoon was quite pleasant. It was refreshing for a change to be chilly, rather than hot and dusty. At Peru, six miles from Worthington, we reached the point where the waters divide between the Connecticut and the Housatonic.

The night at Hinsdale was without special interest, but the drive from there to Stockbridge will never be forgotten. Could it be that only two days before we were dissolving with the heat, and now we needed our warmest wraps. The dust was laid, all Nature fresh, Charlie was at his best, and away we sped towards the lovely Berkshire region, with its fine roads, beautiful residences, cultivated estates and the superb views along the valley of the Housatonic, in the grand old towns of Pittsfield, Lenox, Lee and Stockbridge. Mr. Plumb, the well-known proprietor of the quaint old inn in Stockbridge, remembered our visit there eleven years ago, and asked us if we found our way to New York that time. He said he remembered telling us if we had found our way so far, we should find no difficulty in crossing the State line. Somehow, we were afraid of the New York State line then, but we have so far overcome it, that, after we crossed this year, we felt so much at home that the revolver was packed away a whole day, for the first time since we have carried it.

Any Berkshire book will tell you all about Mr. Plumb's inn, the Sedgwick burial place, Jonathan Edwards and all the rest, and we will go on, leaving enough to talk hours about. We cannot go through Great Barrington without

lingering a bit, however, giving a thought to Bryant and the lovely poems he wrote there, before we are diverted by the wonderful doings of Mrs. Mark Hopkins. An imposing structure puzzled us. "What is it?" we asked a man. "It is a mystery," he said. We afterward were told that it was designed for Mrs. Hopkins's private residence at present, but would be devoted to art some time in the future. We cannot vouch for the latter statement, but we can for the magnificence of the edifice, as well as for the church with its wonderful Roosevelt organ and royal parsonage, largely due to Mrs. Hopkins's liberal hand. Many travel by private car, but Mrs. Hopkins has a private railroad, and when she wishes to visit her San Francisco home, her palace on wheels is ordered to her door, as ordinary mortals call a cab.

Sheffield had even more attractions than Great Barrington and Mrs. Hopkins, for there we got home letters. Next comes Salisbury, and now we are in Connecticut. We spent the night at an attractive hotel in Lake Village, and fancied we were at Lake Winnipiseogee, it was so like Hotel Weirs. Perhaps you think we forgot we were going to the Catskills. Oh, no; but we had not been able to decide whether we would go to West Point and drive up the Hudson, or to Albany and drive down, so we concluded to "do" Berkshire until our course was revealed. The turnpike to Poughkeepsie was suggested, and as we had reached the southern limit of the so-called Berkshire region, it met our favor, and we went to Sharon, then crossed the New York State line, which is no more formidable than visible. Still there

was a difference. It seemed as if we were among foreigners, but the courteous answers to inquiries and manifest kindly feeling won us at once.

Turnpikes are too public for a wayside camp, and as there was no hotel at hand, and Charlie must have rest, we asked permission of a farmer to drive into a little cosy corner where we could all be very comfortable. He would leave his dinner, although we protested, and helped unharness Charlie, then he brought us milk and luscious cherries, and when dinner was over, his wife came and invited Charlie to eat some of the nice grass in her front yard. We led him to his feast, and had a very pleasant chat with her, while he reveled in New York hospitality. This was in Armenia. From there we drove over the mountain to Washington Hollow, where we had a comfortable night in a spacious, old-fashioned, home-like hotel. The twelve miles to Poughkeepsie were very pleasant, and after we had nearly shaken our lives out over the rough pavement in search of a guidebook of the Catskills, we were ready for dinner and a two-hours' rest at a hotel. The afternoon drive of seventeen miles to Rhinebeck on the old post road from New York to Albany was fine.

This was our first drive along the Hudson; but were it not for the occasional glimpses of the farther shore through the wooded grounds, we might have fancied ourselves driving through Beverly-Farms-by-the-Sea. The stately entrances and lodges of these grand old estates, with their shaded drives, towards the turrets and towers we could see in the distance, looked almost familiar to us.

It rained very hard during the night at Rhinebeck and

until ten o'clock in the morning. While waiting for the final shower, we discussed our route for the day, and somehow inclination got the better of wisdom, and we left the old post road for one which we were told would take us near the river. When shall we learn that river roads are rarely near the river? We hope we learned it for life that day, for repentance set in early, and has not ceased yet, because of our compassion for Charlie.

The roads grew heavier every hour, and the twenty-six miles seemed endless. We scarcely saw the river, and the outline of the Catskills was all there was to divert us. We will touch as briefly as possible on the dinner at Tivoli. "Driving up the Hudson must be charming," our friends wrote us with envy, but we forgot its charms when we were placed at the table which the last members of the family were just leaving, and the "boiled dish" was served. We were near the river, however, for which we had sacrificed comfort for the day. We survived the ordeal, smothering our smiles at the misery our folly had brought us, and with renewed avowals that we would never be enticed from a straightforward course by a river road again, we went on our wretched way. Thunder clouds gathered and broke over the Catskills, but the grumbling thunder was all that crossed the river to us. The fact that somehow the river was to be crossed, and exactly how we knew not, did not make us any happier. You may remember Charlie is particular about ferries.

Is there no end to this dragging through the mud, we thought, as the showers threatened, the night came on and no one was near to tell us whether we were right or

wrong, when we came to turn after turn in the road. We were about lost in mud and despair, when we heard a steam whistle, and came suddenly upon express and freight trains, a railway station and ferryboat landing all in a huddle. Charlie's ears were up and he needed all our attention. We drove as near as he was willing to go, then went to inquire the next step. No old scows this time, happily, but a regular ferryboat, and the ferryman has a way of whispering confidentially to timid horses which wins them at once, so we were soon safely landed into the darkness and rain on the other side. We spent the night in Catskill Village, and gave the evening up to study of the ins and outs of the Catskills. The heavy rain all night and half the morning prepared more mud for us, and we were five hours driving twelve miles. The wheels were one solid mass of clay mud, and we amused ourselves watching it as it reluctantly rolled off.

We took directions for the old Catskill Mountain House, but, luckily for Charlie, we guessed wrong at some turn where there was no guide-board, or place to inquire, and brought up at the Sunny Slope House at the foot of the mountain instead of at the top. We walked two miles after supper and were tempted to stay over a day and walk up the four-mile path to the famous Kaaterskill House, but it was a beautiful day to go through Kaaterskill Clove, and it seemed best to make sure of it. It was up hill about four miles, and as interesting as Franconia and Dixville notches, with its Fawn's Leap, Profile, Grotto, Cascades and superb views. All this we should have missed if we had gone over the mountain. We dined at Tannersville and fancied we

were in Jerusalem, for every hotel in the place was full of Jews. The afternoon drive along the valley was very restful, after the morning's rough climb.

We were now in a country entirely new to us, and we little dreamed that the Schoharie Kill or Creek driving would eclipse the Hudson. We had at last found a river road which followed the river. The shore scenery was simply exquisite. Miles of hills—mountains we should call them—with cultivated grain fields even to the summit. Surely we had never seen anything more lovely. The roads were not like the post road on the Hudson; indeed, they were the worst roads we ever encountered. Annual overflows undo the repairs which are rarely made, and in many places the highway is simply the bed which the creek has deserted. At home we improve roads by clearing the stones from them, but there they improve them by dumping a cartload of stones into them. We learned this fact by hearing an enterprising citizen declare he would do it himself, if the town authorities did not attend to their duty, and we can testify to the truth of it, having been over the roads.

Our hotel experiences were new, too. We spent one night at Lexington, and when Charlie was brought to the door and all was ready for our departure we noticed something wrong about the harness. Investigation proved that things were decidedly mixed at the stable, and probably a part of Charlie's new harness had gone to Hunter, ten miles back, after the skating rink frolic of the night before. We had suspected our choice of hotels for that night was not a happy one, but the landlord did his best. He despatched a man to Hunter, and took our

bags back to our room, saying we should stay till the next day at his expense. We resumed our reading and writing, the stray harness returned that night, and early next morning we shook the dust of Lexington from us and were on our way again..

We drove twenty-six miles that day over the crazy roads close by the Schoharie all the way. We had been hemmed in for some time, with the creek on one side and overhanging rocks on the other, when we came suddenly to a ford, the first we had chanced to come across in our travels, and we feared it might be more objectionable to Charlie than a ferry, for he is really afraid of water. Only a few rods to the right was a leaping, foaming cascade seventy-five or one hundred feet high, which was a real terror to him, but he seemed to take in the situation and to see at once, as we did, that escape or retreat was impossible and the stream must be crossed. Oh, how we dreaded it! but we drew up the reins with a cheering word to him and in he plunged, pulling steadily through in spite of his fright. "Well, that is over, what next?" we wondered.

We wanted to drive to Middlebury for the night, but a fatherly old man we saw on the road said, "I wouldn't drive eight miles more tonight if I were you; it will make it late, and you better stop at Breakabean." We asked the meaning of the unique name and were told it signified rushes, but we saw none. Things were rushing, however, at the speck of a hotel, which was undergoing general repairs and cleaning. The cabinet organ was in the middle of the sitting-room and everything socially clustered around it. Out of two little rooms up stairs we managed

to get things convenient. To be sure we had to pin up a shawl for a screen in our dressing-room, and a few such little things, but we assured our hostess we could be comfortable and should not be annoyed by the brass band of native talent which would practise in the little dancing-hall close by our rooms. When we went down to supper all was peaceful; the organ had retired to its corner and things were "picked up" generally.

There were two ways we could take the next day, but to avoid the mountain we were strongly advised to take the ford. We objected, but yielded at last, being assured it was by far our best course. If it was the best we are heartily glad we took it, and we got through the morning safely, but we are never going there again. We reached the ford in time, but had we not known it was a ford by directions given and unmistakable signs, we should as soon have thought of driving into the sea. The water was high, current strong—how deep we knew not —and it was quite a distance across. Charlie was sensible as before. We tucked our wraps in close, for where roads are made of rocks you cannot expect a smooth-running ford, and in we plunged again. Directly the water was over the hubs, and we felt as if it would reach the carriage top before we could get across. We held our breath in the spot where the current was strongest, but Charlie pulled steadily and all went well.

We understood our course would be level after the ford. The man must have forgotten the tow-path. From the ford we went right up on to the side of a cliff, and for a mile or more we were on the narrowest road we ever drove on, with the cliff fifty to one hundred feet straight

up on our left, and a hundred feet down on our right was the river, or Schoharie Creek, with nothing to hinder our being there at short notice, not even a stick for protection. When we got to a rational road we inquired if we had been right, and were told "Yes, if you came by the tow-path; you would have had to ford three times if you had kept the valley."

We told you at the outset that the Schoharie Valley is very beautiful. It lies now like a picture in our memory, and despite rocks, fords and tow-paths, we were very reluctant to leave it, but we were aiming for Saratoga, and at Schoharie we were advised to go by the way of Albany. It was the week of the bi-centennial celebration, and nothing but Albany was thought of, so we fell in with the multitude, and with a last look at Schoharie, turned east. The country was dull by contrast for a while, but became more interesting as we drew nearer the Hudson. We spent the night at Knowersville, and after everybody else had boarded the crowded excursion train to the Capital we leisurely started off via the plank road. Every grocer's wagon or coal cart we met had a bit of ribbon, if no more, in honor of the occasion; and miles before we reached the city, strips of bunting adorned the humble dwellings. The city itself was one blaze of beauty. The orange, generously mixed with the red, white and blue, made the general effect extremely brilliant. We drove through all the principal streets and parks, dodging the processions—which were endless—with their bands and gay paraphernalia, to say nothing of the "trade" equipages, which suggested that all the business of Albany was turned into the streets.

We went all over the Capitol building and had a fine view of the surrounding country from its upper rooms; then, feeling we had "done" the bi-centennial to our satisfaction, we drove nine miles up the Hudson to Cohoes for the night. When the porter brought our bags in, he said, with evident delight, "He's given you the best rooms in the house," and they were very nice; but luxuries are not always comforts, and we have not forgotten sitting bolt upright on the top of a marble table, with our book held high, in order to get near enough to the gaslight to read.

Everybody we saw the next day was dressed up and bound for Albany, for the President was to be there, but we were impatient for our letters at Saratoga and went on. The twenty-five miles was easily accomplished, and we found a large mail. In the evening we strolled about, enjoyed the fireworks in Congress Park, and talked over our plans for the next day. We had seen all the attractions about Saratoga in previous visits, except Mt. McGregor. We had thought to let Charlie rest, and go by rail, but were told we could drive up without the least difficulty, and that it was right on our way to Glen's Falls. This seemed our best course, and we tried it, only to find, when too late, that the road had been neglected since the railroad was built, and was in a very rough condition. One led Charlie up and down the mountain, and the other walked behind to pick up any bags or wraps which might be jolted out on the way. The view from the hotel and the Grant Cottage is very pretty, and if we had been free from encumbrance, we should have enjoyed the walk up and down very much. As it was, we

could only laugh at ourselves and say, "Poor Charlie!" We had been to Mt. McGregor, however, and that is something, and it chanced to be the anniversary of General Grant's death.

We spent the night at Glen's Falls, and tried in vain to find some one who could tell us how to go home over the Green Mountains. We knew the way from Lake Champlain, having driven up that way several years ago, and finally concluded the longest way round might be the pleasantest way home. We had been to Lake George, and that was one reason we wanted to go again; so off we skipped over the nine miles' plank road, and sat for two hours on the shore in front of the Fort William Henry House writing letters, which ought to have been inspired, for we dipped our pens in the waters of the beautiful lake. When we went to the stable for Charlie, we found an old man who knew all about the Green Mountains, and if we had seen him at Glen's Falls we should have been on our direct way home. Our last plan was too pleasant to repent of now, and we took directions towards Lake Champlain. We had to retrace our way on the plank road several miles, then go across country to Fort Ann, a distance of sixteen miles. It is perplexing when you leave the main roads, there are so many ways of going across, and no two people direct you the same, which makes you sure the road you did not take would have been better.

At Fort Ann we had comforts without luxuries, in the homeliest little old-fashioned hotel, and stayed until the next afternoon to give Charlie a rest, then drove twelve miles to Whitehall, where we had a good-looking hotel

and no comforts. There were things enough, but they needed the touch of a woman's hand. It must have been a man who hung the looking-glass behind the bed. We rearranged, however, and borrowed a table and chair from an open room near by, and got along very well. These were trifles compared with the pouring rain, which was making mud out of the clayey soil which the Catskills could hardly compete with. We almost repented, but would not turn back when only fourteen miles were between us and friends. We think the men who held a consultation as to our best way to Benson must have conspired against us, or they never would have sent us by the Bay road. The rain ceased, but the mud, the slippery hills and the heathenish roads every way! We turned and twisted, stopped at every farmer's door to ask if we could be right, and more than once got the most discouraging of all answers, "Yes, you *can* go that way." The spinning of a top seems as near straight as that drive did. I know we could not do it again, and I am surer yet we shall not try.

When, at last, we struck the stage road, things seemed more rational, and Charlie's ears became very expressive. As we drove into Benson he tore along and nearly leaped a ditch in his haste to turn into our friend's stable, where Cousin Charlie fed him so lavishly with oats seven years ago. No one seemed to know exactly how we got there, but our welcome was none the less hearty.

Now we were all right and needed no directions, for from this point our way over the Green Mountains was familiar, and after a short visit we turned towards home,

anticipating every bit of the one hundred and fifty miles' drive. At Fairhaven we lunched with another cousin while Charlie rested, and then had a most charming drive to Rutland. We now follow the line of the Central Vermont and Cheshire Railroad quite closely all the way to Fitchburg; but, fine as the scenery is by rail, one gets hardly a hint of its beauty by the carriage road. We rode seven miles on the steps of a car when returning from Saratoga later in the season, hoping for a glimpse, at least, of the beautiful gap between Ludlow and Chester, which compares favorably with Dixville Notch or Kaaterskill Clove, but a good coating of dust and cinders was the only reward. For more than a mile the carriage road winds through the gorge, the mountains high and very close on either side, and apparently without an opening.

One of the delights of our wanderings is to stop at a strange post office, and have a whole handful of letters respond to our call. Chester responded very generously, for here the truant letters, which were each time a little behind, and had been forwarded and reforwarded, met the ever prompt ones and waited our arrival. A few miles from Chester we found lovely maidenhair ferns by the roadside, and were gathering and pressing them, when an old man, in a long farm wagon, stopped and asked if we were picking raspberries. We told him it was rather late for raspberries, but we had found pretty ferns. To our surprise this interested him, and he talked enthusiastically of ferns and flowers, saying he had one hundred varieties in his garden, and asking if we ever saw a certain agricultural journal which was a

treasure-house of knowledge to him. Still he was not a florist, but a vegetable gardener, and we learned ever so much about the business, and for a while could talk glibly of Angel of Midnight corn and Blue-eyed (?) pease and so on. He gave quite a discourse, too, on the advantages of co-operation and exchange of ideas. He told us how much he enjoyed a fair at the New England Institute Building, and was interested to know that we saw it when in flames. Our pleasant chat was brought to a sudden stop, just as he was telling us of his ambitious daughter and other family details, by other travelers, for whom we had to clear the road.

We spent a night pleasantly at Saxton's River, and received the courtesies of friends, then on through Bellows Falls and Keene towards Monadnock. We wanted to go to the Mountain House for the night, but it was several miles out of our way, and we were tired as well as Charlie, with thirty miles' driving in the heat, so contented ourselves with recollections of two delightful visits there, and stopped at Marlboro, five miles from Keene.

When we were packing up in the phaeton, the next morning, a lady brought us three little bouquets, the third and largest for Charlie, we fancy. It was a very pleasant attention to receive when among strangers and gave us a good send-off for our last day's drive. Forty miles is a long drive at the end of a long journey, but Charlie seemed fully equal to it, and all went well as we journeyed along the familiar route through Troy, Fitzwilliam, Winchendon, Ashburnham and Fitchburg. We dined at Winchendon and visited the friends in Fitchburg

from whom we have a standing invitation for our last tea out. The five miles from Fitchburg to Leominster Charlie never counts. He knows his own stall awaits him. Our last day, which began so pleasantly with a floral testimony from a stranger, ended with a night-blooming cereus reception in our own home.

"Did you take Summer Gleanings," do I hear some friend ask? Oh yes, we took it, but not one sketch did we add to it. The fever for sketching ran high last year and spent itself, but every day of the July pages is radiant with pressed flowers and ferns. One more trip and the book will be full, "a thing of beauty," which will be "a joy forever."

CHAPTER VIII.

NARRAGANSETT PIER AND MANOMET POINT.

"Think on thy friends when thou haply seest
Some rare, noteworthy object in thy travels;
Wish them partakers of thy happiness."

We thought of omitting our annual lettter to the Transcript, believing that vacations in everything are good; but, even before the journey existed, except in mind, a report of it was assumed as a matter of course, as the part belonging to our friends, who have not found opportunity to travel in our gypsy fashion. Then, too, we remembered the lines above, quoted by Andrew Carnegie, as we journeyed with him in his "Four in Hand through Britain," and still more delightful "Round the World," all in a hammock in those scorching July days, without a touch of fatigue or sea-sickness. Even a carriage journey on paper has some advantages, no dust, no discomfort of any kind; but we prefer the real thing, and enjoyed it so much we will change our mind and tell you a little about it. The places are all so familiar, and so near the "Hub" of the universe, that when you get to the end you may feel, as we did, as if you had not been anywhere after all. We did, however, drive four hundred miles, and had a very delightful time.

Before we really start, we must introduce to you the new member of our party. With deep regret and many tender memories we tell you we parted with our Charlie last spring, and a big, strong Jerry came to take his place.

A friend in cultured Boston said, "Why, how will Jerry look in the Transcript?"

We did not go until September, and, like every one else, you may wonder why we waited so late, when we have often started as soon as the "crackers" were fired off. Well, Jerry had not become used to our climate, although July was hot enough for any Southerner. Then the company season came, and various things made it advisable to wait until September. We were quite reconciled, because you know all those "conjunctions" of the planets were to culminate in August, and it seemed likely the world was to be turned upside down. We thought it would be so much pleasanter to be swallowed up by the same earthquake, or blown away by the same cyclone as our home friends.

Jerry waxed in strength, the world still stood, the last summer guest had departed, and on the afternoon of Sept. 8, we started for Stow. "What on earth are you going there for?" and similar comments reveal the impressions of our friends; but we knew why, and do not mind telling you. We were going to Boston to begin our journey, and we could not go beyond Stow that afternoon, without going farther than we liked to drive Jerry the first day, for he is young and we were determined to be very considerate of him. We knew we should be comfortable at the little, weather-beaten hotel, and that Jerry would have the best of care.

How lovely that afternoon drive! It was the day after those terrific storms and gales, the final "conjunction," probably, and there was an untold charm in everything. As we drove leisurely along, gathering flowers to press

for "Summer Gleanings," we thought of our friends who were speeding their way back to New York just at the time when the country is loveliest, and knew they were envying us. Still, somehow it did not seem as if we were traveling, but only going to drive as we had been doing all summer. Perhaps we missed the July heat and dust!

"Still as Sunday" gives no idea of the quiet of Stow. It seemed as if one might live forever there, and perhaps one could, if permitted, for just as we were leaving the hotel for a little stroll, our landlady was saying to some "patent medicine man," "We don't have any rheumatism here, nobody ever dies, but when they get old they are shot."

We had not walked far before we came to a cemetery, and, remembering the landlady's remark, we went in to read the inscriptions. No allusion was made to shooting, but if it was a familiar custom the omission is not strange. We noted a few epitaphs which interested us:

"When I pass by, with grief I see
My loving mate was taken from me.
Taken by him who hath a right
To call for me when he sees fit."

"A wife so true there are but few,
And difficult to find,
A wife more just and true to trust,
There is not left behind."

"A while these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day,
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay."

"Friends and physicians could not save
My mortal body from the grave."

There were six stones in close proximity bearing these familiar lines—

> "Stop, traveler, as you pass by,
> As you are now, so once was I.
> As I am now, so you must be.
> Prepare for death and follow me."

All that night was lost, for we never woke once. Was it the stillness? or was it that cosy, bright room, with its very simple, but effective, "homey" touches? Be that as it may, we were fresh as the morning, and ready to enjoy every mile of the drive to Boston, gladdening our hearts with the sight of friends as we tarried now and then. We in Boston and our Boston friends in the country was something new, but a room at the B. Y. W. C. A. is next to home, and we heartily recommend it to homeless ladies traveling as we were, or on shopping expeditions. The night, with the unceasing din of the horse cars, and the thousand and one noises peculiar to the city, was a marvelous contrast to Stow, but in time we became adjusted to our environments, and were lost in sleep.

How delightful to be in Boston, and know that there were only two things in the whole city we wanted—a Buddhist catechism and a horn hairpin. These procured, we went for Jerry and began the day, which was to be devoted to making calls. We went spinning along over the smoothly paved Columbus avenue on our way to the Highlands, and rattled back on cobble-paved Shawmut avenue. Dinner over, off we started for Allston, Somerville and Cambridge, and as it was not yet five o'clock when we came back over the Mill-dam, we could not resist turning off West Chester Park, and hunting up

some friends in Dorchester, returning in early evening. Jerry seemed perfectly at home; perhaps he has been used to city life in Kentucky. The day was long and full of pleasant things, but the diary record was brief; for just this once we will confess we were tired. Secured the catechism and hairpin, and oh! we forgot, a bit of embroidery we got at Whitney's, and mailed to a friend who asked us to do so if we "happened to be near there," drove eighteen miles and made twelve calls, that was all.

During the day we decided to stay over Sunday, as a cousin we wanted to see was coming. Jerry rested all day, and we did, except the writing of many letters, dining with a friend, and attending service at the only church we saw lighted on the Back Bay in the evening. We thought of many things to do and places to go to, and wondered how we should like to take a carriage journey and spend all the nights in Boston. There would be no lack of pleasant driving, and if we missed the variety in hotels, we could easily remedy that by going from one to another. Boston would supply that need for a while, and we are sure Jerry would be more than glad to find himself at Nims's in Mason street, day or night. But we had other things in view for this journey, and, the cousin's whereabouts being wrapped in mystery, we left Boston early Monday morning.

Now, we will take you by transit, hardly excelled in rapidity by the feats of occultism, to Narragansett Pier, and while you are taking breath in our charming room in that vine-covered hotel at the jumping-off place, with the surf rolling up almost under the windows, we will just tell you a bit about the journey as we had it; driving

all day in the rain on Monday and enjoying it, making hasty doorstep calls, spending the night at Lake Massapoag House in Sharon, and on through the Attleboros to Pawtucket the next day, dining Wednesday with friends in Providence, then on to East Greenwich for the night. A drive of twenty-one miles Thursday morning, and we are with you again at the Pier, where our first exclamation was, "Oh! let's stay here!" We like the mountains, but the ocean is quite satisfying if we can have enough of it, and as our host said, here there is nothing between us and Europe, Asia and Africa. We wrote letters all the afternoon, with one eye on the surf, and the next morning we drove to Point Judith, where we investigated the wrecks, went to the top of the lighthouse, and were much interested in hearing all about the work at the life-saving station. We took a long walk, and visited the Casino in the afternoon.

We were still enthusiastic about the Pier, but the next morning was so beautiful it seemed wise to enjoy it in Newport. The captain could not take our horse across from the Pier, and we drove twelve miles back to Wickford to take the ferryboat. It was quite cool, but with warm wraps it was just right for a brisk drive. We had time for dinner before going to the boat. The hour's sail was very delightful, and at half after two we were in Newport, with nothing to do but drive about the city until dark. We saw all there was to be seen, even to the hydrangea star described in the Transcript by "M. H." We did not know which was Vanderbilt's and which Oak Glen, but that mattered little to us, for to all intents and purposes they all belonged to us that bright afternoon,

and are still ours in memory. We fell into the grand procession of fine turnouts on the prescribed ocean drive, but the people generally did not look as if they were having a good time. They had a sort of "prescribed" look, except one young lady we met several times, perched in a high cart, with a bright-looking pug for company; she really looked as if she was enjoying herself.

The charm of Newport fled when we were inside the hotel. The fountain in the park below our window was very pretty, but it could not compete with our ocean view at the Pier, and we had to sit on the footboard of the bed, too, in order to see to read by the aspiring gaslight.

We walked around the Old Mill and went into the Channing Church and then left Newport for Fall River. There we called on several friends, then inquired for some place to spend a night, on our way to Plymouth, and were directed to Assonet. We had never heard of Assonet before, but we did not mind our ignorance when the widow, who "puts up" people, told us the school committee man where her daughter had gone to teach had never heard of it. Our good woman thought at first she could not take us, as she had been washing and was tired, but as there was no other place for us to go, she consented. When she saw our books, she asked if we were traveling for business or pleasure, and as F—— drove off to the stable she remarked on her ability; she thought a woman was pretty smart if she could "turn round." We had a very cosy time. People who always plan to have a first-class hotel lose many of the novel experiences which make a pleasant variety in a journey

It is interesting occasionally to hear the family particulars and be introduced to the pet dogs and cats, and walk round the kitchen and backyard, where the sunflowers and hollyhocks grow from oldtime habit, and not because of a fashion.

The Samoset House at Plymouth seemed all the more luxurious after the modest comforts at Assonet. We "did" Plymouth once more, this time taking in the new monument, and having plenty of time, we drove down to Manomet Point for a night. The Point is quite a resort for artists, but as we have given up sketching, we did not delay there, but returned to Plymouth and on to Duxbury. We did not ask Jerry to travel the extra miles off the main route to take in Brant Rock and Daniel Webster's old home, as this was our second drive in this vicinity, and rather than drive two miles to a hotel possibly open, we took up with the chances near by. We found oats at a grocery store, but it was too cold to camp; indeed, we did not have one of our wayside camps during the entire journey. There was no hotel, no stable, no "put-up" place or available barn, but the grocer, appreciating our dilemma, said he could easily clear a stall back of his store, and while he was helping us unharness, we saw a large house perched on a high bluff not far away. Although it was a private boarding-house we made bold to cross the fields, mount the many flights of steps and ask for dinner, which was willingly granted.

You will surmise we are bound for Boston again, and will not be surprised to find us with friends on the Jerusalem Road, after enjoying the beauties of this road from

Cohasset to Hingham, where we went for a handful of letters only equalled by that parcel at Providence.

Oh, how cold it was the next day! The thought of Nantasket Beach made us shiver, and preferring to think of it as in "other days," we turned our faces inland and drove a pretty back way to South Hingham. Of course we could have driven right into Boston, but it was Saturday, and we thought we would have a quiet Sunday somewhere and go into the city Monday. After protracted consultation we agreed on a place, but when we got there there was no room for us, as a minstrel troupe had taken possession. Hotels four, eight and nine miles distant were suggested. In consideration of Jerry we chose the four miles' drive. We will not tell you the name of the town, suffice it to say we left immediately after breakfast. It was a beautiful morning—far too lovely to be spoiled by uncongenial surroundings. We intended to drive to the next town, where we had been told there was a hotel. We found none, however, but were assured there was one in the next. So we went on, like one in pursuit of the end of the rainbow, until the last man said he thought there was no hotel nearer than the Norfolk House!

Here we were almost in Boston, Sunday, after all the miles we had driven to avoid it. "All's well that ends well," however, and a little visit with the "Shaybacks" at home, not "in camp," could not have been on Monday, and before we reached the Norfolk House we were taken possession of for the night by a whole household of hospitable friends.

Monday morning we drove into the city proper, and hovered in its vicinity several days, calling on friends we did not see before and driving here and there, among other places to Middlesex Fells, so often spoken of. We ended our journey as we began it, searching for our clerical cousin, but all in vain. We did see so many of our friends of the profession, however, from first to last, that privately we call it our "ministerial" journey.

Everything must have an end, but we did wish we could go right on for another month. The foliage was gorgeous and the yellowish haze only made everything more dreamy and fascinating. We prolonged our pleasure by taking two days to drive home, straying a little from the old turnpike, and driving through Weston, spending the night in Framingham, and then on through Southboro to Northboro, Clinton and Lancaster to Leominster. The country was beautiful in contrast with flat, sandy Rhode Island. We gathered leaves and sumacs until our writing tablet and every available book and newspaper was packed, and then we put a great mass of sumacs in the "boot." Finally our enthusiasm over the beauties along the way reached such a height that we spread our map and traced out a glorious trip among the New Hampshire hills, and home over the Green Mountains, for next year.

"Summer Gleanings" is now complete, and the last pages are fairly aglow with the autumn souvenirs of our sixteenth annual drive.

CHAPTER IX.

BOSTON, WHITE MOUNTAINS AND VERMONT.—A SIX HUNDRED MILE DRIVE.

In self-defence we must tell you something of our seventeenth annual "drive," for no one will believe we could have had a good time, "on account of the weather;" and really it was one of our finest trips. We regret the sympathy, and pity even, that was wasted on us, and rejoice that now and then one declared, "Well, I will not worry about them, for somehow they always do have a good time, if it does rain."

If two friends, with a comfortable phaeton and a good horse, exploring the country at will, gladly welcomed and served at hotels hungry for guests, with not a care beyond writing to one's friends, and free to read to one's heart's content, cannot have a good time, whatever the weather may be, what hope is there for them?

Why has no one ever written up the bright side of dull weather? The sun gets all the glory, and yet the moment he sends down his longed-for smiles, even after days of rain, over go the people to the other side of the car, the brakeman rushes to draw your shutter, the blinds in the parlor are closed, and the winking, blinking travelers on the highway sigh, "Oh, dear, that sun is blinding," and look eagerly for a cloud. Then, if the sun does shine many days without rain, just think of the discomfort and the perpetual fretting. Clouds of dust choke you, everything looks dry and worthless, the little brooks are mop-

ing along, or there is only a dry stony path that tells they once lived, and the roadsides look like dusty millers. Now, fancy a drive without the sunshine to blind your eyes, no dust (surely not, when the mud fairly clogs the wheels), every tree and shrub glistening and all the little mountain streams awakened to life and tearing along, crossing and recrossing your path like playful children; indeed, all Nature's face looking like that of a beautiful child just washed. Really, there is no comparison.

Perhaps you are thinking that is a dull day drive. Now, how about a drive when it pours. Oh, that is lovely—so cosy! A waterproof and veil protect you, and the boot covers up all the bags and traps, and there is a real fascination in splashing recklessly through the mud, knowing you have only to say the word and you will come out spick and span in the morning.

We have purposely put all the weather in one spot, like "Lord" Timothy Dexter's punctuation marks, and now you can sprinkle it in according to your recollection of the September days, and go on with us, ignoring the rain, as we did, excepting casual comments.

Our journey was the fulfilment of the longing we felt for the mountains, when we were driving home from our Narragansett Pier and Newport trip one year ago. Perhaps you remember those hazy, soft-tinted days, the very last of September. The air was like summer, as we drove along through Framingham to Southboro, gathering those gorgeous sumacs by the wayside, and wishing we could go straight north for two weeks.

The morning of Sept. 6th, 1888, was very bright, just the morning to start "straight north," but with our usual

aversion to direct routes we turned our faces towards Boston. We could not stop at Stow this time, for the old hotel, where we slept so sweetly our first night one year ago, is gone, and only ashes mark the spot. Waltham had a place for us, however. A cold wave came on during the night, and we shivered all the way from Waltham to Hull, except when we were near the warm hearts of our friends on the way.

The ocean looked cold, but nothing could mar that quiet drive of five miles on Nantasket Beach just before sunset. We were lifted far above physical conditions. We were just in season to join in the last supper at The Pemberton, and share in the closing up. We were about the last of the lingering guests to take leave in the morning, after dreaming of driving through snowdrifts ten feet deep, and wondering if we should enjoy the mountains as well as we had fancied. The weather, however, changed greatly before noon, and it was very sultry by the time we reached Boston. Prudence prompted us, nevertheless, to add to our outfit, against another cold wave. We found all we wanted except wristers. Asking for them that sultry afternoon produced such an effect that we casually remarked, to prove our sanity, that we did not wish them to wear that day.

Night found us at Lexington, pleading for shelter at the Massachusetts House. Darkness, rain and importunity touched the heart of the proprietor, and he took us into the great hall, which serves for parlor as well, saying all the time he did not know what he should do with us. We wanted to stay there, because we do not often have a chance to stay in a house that has traveled. The signs

are over the doors just as when it stood on the Centennial grounds, and many things seem quite natural, although we did not chance to be among the distinguished guests entertained under its roof when in Philadelphia.

Our stay there was made very pleasant by a lady who gave us interesting accounts of her journeys by carriage with "Gail Hamilton" and her sister.

Here ended our one hundred miles preliminary, and bright and early Monday morning we were off for the mountains. The day was just right for a wayside camp, and just at the right time we came to a pretty pine grove, with seats under the trees. We asked a bright young woman in the yard opposite if we could camp there, and were given full liberty. She said Jerry might as well be put into the barn, then helped unharness and gave him some hay. Jerry was happy.

He does not have hay—which is his "soup," I suppose —when he camps. We went to the grove with our little pail filled with delicious milk, and a comfortable seat supplied by our hospitable hostess. When we went to pay our bill, everything was refused but our thanks. We said then, "If you ever come to Leominster you must let us do something for you."

"Oh, do you live in Leominster? Do you know——?"

"Oh, yes, she is in our Sunday-school class."

This is only one of the many pleasant incidents of our wanderings.

We spent that night at Haverhill and had one more camp, our last for the trip, this time on the warm side of a deserted barn.

Two and a half days' driving up hill and down to Dover, and over a good road through Rochester and Farmington, brought us to Alton Bay, where we all went on board the Mt. Washington for the sail of thirty miles to Centre Harbor. Jerry was tied in the bow, and as we got under way the wind was so strong we should have had to wrap him up in our shawls and waterproofs if the captain had not invited him inside. We braved it on deck, for Lake Winnipiseogee is too pretty to lose.

We "did" Centre Harbor some years ago, so drove on directly we landed. At Moultonboro we stopped to make some inquiries, and while waiting, the clouds grew very mysterious, looking as if a cyclone or something was at hand, and we decided to spend the night there. The people were looking anxiously at the angry sky; and the Cleveland flag was hastily taken down; but no sooner were we and the flag under cover than the sun came out bright, dispelling the blackness. We wished we had gone on as we intended, and looked enviously on the Harrison flag, which waved triumphantly, not afraid of a little cloud.

We saw a large trunk by the roadside as we drove through the woods next morning. We gave all sorts of explanations for a good-looking trunk being left in such an out-of-the-way place, but, not being "reporters," we did not "investigate" or "interview," but dismissed the matter with, "Why, probably it was left there for the stage." We do not feel quite satisfied yet, for why any one should carry a trunk half a mile to take a stage when we had no reason to think there was any stage to take, is still a mystery.

We got all over our disappointment at stopping early for the cloud, for the drive, which was so lovely that bright morning, would have been cold and cheerless the night before. It seemed as if we went on all sides of Chocorua, with its white peak and pretty lake at the base. Why has somebody said—

> "Tired Chocorua, looking down wistfully into
> A land in which it seemed always afternoon."

One might spend a whole summer amid the charming surroundings of North Conway, but we had only a night to spare. There were many transient people about, as is usual in the autumn. The summer guests had departed, and now some of the stayers-at-home were having a respite. We wished all the tired people could try the experience of an old lady there, who said she "could not make it seem right to be just going to her meals and doing nothing about it."

Oh, how lovely that morning at North Conway! This was the day we were to drive up Crawford Notch; and what about all the prophecies of our seashore friends? Where were the snowdrifts we dreamed of? The air was so soft we put aside all wraps, and, as we leisurely drove along the bright, woodsy road, I wonder how many times we exclaimed, "This is heavenly!" We fairly drank in the sunshine, and fortunately, for it was the last we had for a full week.

We dined at the hotel in Bartlett, and strolled about the railway station near by, so tempting to travelers, having a pretty waiting-room like a summer parlor, with its straw matting and wicker furniture. We took our time

so leisurely that we found we could not get to the Crawford House in season to walk up Mt. Willard, as we had planned, so stopped at the old Willey House, this side. It was quite too lovely to stay indoors, and, after we had taken possession of the house, being the only guests, we took the horn our landlady used to call the man to take care of Jerry, and went down the road to try the echo, as she directed us. It was very distinct, and after we got used to making such a big noise in the presence of those majestic mountains, we rather liked it. We gathered a few tiny ferns for our diaries, and took quite a walk towards the Notch, then came "home," for so it seemed. We had chosen a corner room in full view of Mt. Webster, Willey Mountain, and the road over which we had driven, and where the moon would shine in at night, and the sun ought to look in upon us in the morning. The moon was faithful, but the sun forgot us and the mountains were veiled in mists.

Will there ever be another Sunday so long, and that we could wish many times longer? We had the warm parlor to ourselves and just reveled in a feast of reading, watching the fluffy bits of mist playing about Mt. Webster, between the lines. Just fancy reading "Robert Elsmere" four hours on a stretch, without fatigue, so peaceful was it away from the world among the mountains. After dinner we drove to the Crawford to mail a letter and back to the Willey, having enjoyed once more in the short one hour and a half one of the grandest points of the whole mountain region, the White Mountain Notch. We were now fresh for another long session with Robert and Catherine. It was raining again, and

steadily increased through the night until it seemed as if there would not be a bridge left of the many we had crossed the day before.

We were interested in the fate of the little bridges, for we were to retrace our steps, seventeen or eighteen miles, to Glen station. We had driven up through the Notch because—we wanted to; and we were going back all this distance because we wanted to go on the Glen side of the mountains; for with all our driving, we had never been there. What a change from the drive up on Saturday! How lively the streams; and the little cascades were almost endless in number.

The foliage looked brighter, too. The roads were washed, but the bridges all stood. We dined once more at Bartlett, then on to Jackson via Glen Station. We had not thought of Jackson as so cosily tucked in among the mountains.

Again we were the only guests at the hotel, and the stillness here was so overpowering, that it required more courage to speak above a whisper in the great empty dining-room than it did to "toot" the horn in Willey Notch.

We usually order our horse at nine, but when it pours, as it did at Jackson, we frequently dine early and take the whole drive in the afternoon. These rainy stop-overs are among the pleasant features of our journeys. Who cannot appreciate a long morning to read or write, with conscience clear, however busy people may be about you, having literally "nothing else to do"? It does not seem to trouble us as it did the old lady at North Conway. It was cool in our room, and we took our books down stairs,

casually remarking to the clerk, who apparently had nothing to do but wait upon us, that we had been looking for the cheery open fire we saw in the reception room the evening before. He took our modest hint, and very soon came to the parlor, saying we would find it more comfortable in the other room, where there was a fire.

Early in the afternoon we were off, full of anticipation of a new drive, and by many the drive from Jackson to Gorham through Pinkham Notch and by the Glen House is considered the finest of all. The foliage was certainly the brightest and the mud the deepest of the whole trip, and we enjoyed every inch of the twenty miles. We fully absorbed all the beauty of the misty phases of the mountains, and did not reject anything, thinking instead how we would some time reverse things and drive from Gorham to Jackson on a pleasant day.

Another famed drive is the one from Gorham to Jefferson. Part of this was new to us, too, and we must confess that the "misty phases" were too much for our pleasure that time. Not a glimpse of the peaks of the Presidential range was to be had all that morning. Even the Randolph Hills were partly shrouded in mists. We dined at Crawford's at Jefferson Highlands, and one of the guests said Mr. Crawford had promised a clear sunset, but what his promise was based on we could not imagine.

It does not seem as if anything could entirely spoil the drive from the Highlands to the Waumbek at Jefferson, and from Jefferson to Lancaster the views are wonderfully beautiful. The clouds relented a little as we slowly climbed the hills, and just as we reached the highest

point we turned back once more for a last look at the entire White Mountain range, and we had a glimpse of the peak of Mt. Washington for the first time since the morning we left North Conway.

A moment more, and the Summit House glistened in sunlight, a stray ray from behind a cloud. As we began to descend, what a change of scene! Sun-glinted Washington was out of sight behind the hill, and before us were threatening clouds, black as midnight, and the mountains of northern New Hampshire looked almost purple. The sky foreboded a tempest rather than Mr. Crawford's promised sunset, but while we were thinking of it there was a marvelous change. Color mingled with the blackness, and as we were going down the last steep hill into Lancaster, there was one of the most gorgeous sunset views we ever witnessed. We drove slowly through the broad, level streets to the outer limit of the town, and then turned back, but did not go to the hotel until his majesty dropped in full glory below the horizon.

The sun set that night for the rest of the week, and the clouds were on hand again in the morning. We went to Lancaster just for a look towards Dixville, but we made this our turning-point. The drive to Whitefield is very like the one just described, only reversed. There were no sun-glints this time, but memory could furnish all the clouds refused to reveal, for that ride was indelibly photographed on our minds.

From Whitefield we drove to Franconia, and as we went through Bethlehem street we thought it seemed pleasanter than ever before. The gray shades were becoming, somehow.

Having driven through Franconia Notch five times and seen the "boulder" before and after its fall, we did not fret about what the weather might be this time. We had been through in rain and sunshine, in perfect, gray, and yellow days, and never failed to find it charming. This time it poured in torrents. We dined at the Flume House, and watched those who were "doing" the Notch for the first time, and almost envied them as they gayly donned their waterproofs and were off for the Pool and Flume. One party declared they had laughed more than if it had been pleasant, and all in spite of that ruined Derby, too, which the gentleman of the party said he had just got new in Boston, and intended to wear all winter. They had passed us in the Notch in an open wagon, with the rain pelting their heads.

The drive to Campton that afternoon was one of those "cosy" drives. It never rained faster, and the roads were like rivers. Memory was busy, for it is one of the loveliest drives in the mountains. It was dark when we reached Sanborn's, at West Campton, but it is always cheery there, and the house looked as lively as in summer.

One might think we had had enough of mountains and mists by this time, but we were not yet satisfied, and having plenty of time, we turned north again, just before reaching Plymouth, with Moosilauke and the Green Mountains in mind. A happy thought prompted us to ask for dinner at Daisy Cottage in Quincy, and unexpectedly we met there one of the party who braved Franconia Notch in winter a few years ago, and who told the tale of their joys and sorrows in the Transcript. We

mailed our cards to the friends whose house was closed, and then on to Warren, near Moosilauke. We experienced just a shade of depression here, perhaps because the hotel, which had been full of guests all summer, was now empty and cold, or possibly the sunshine we absorbed at North Conway—"canned" sunshine, Mr. Shayback calls it—was giving out. Be that as it may, our enthusiasm was not up to the point of climbing a mountain to see what we had seen for eight successive days,—peaks shrouded in white clouds. The sun did shine in the early morning; but it takes time to clear the mountains, and the wind blew such a gale we actually feared we might be blown off the "ridge" on Moosilauke if we did go up. We waited and watched the weather, finished "Robert Elsmere," and began for a second reading, and after dinner gave up the ascent. By night we were reconciled, for we had the most charming drive of twenty miles to Bradford, Vt., crossing the Connecticut at Haverhill, and saying good-by to New Hampshire and its misty mountains.

A new kind of weather was on hand next morning, strangely like that we have become accustomed to, but not so hopeless.

These dense fogs along the Connecticut in September are the salvation of vegetation from frosts, we were told, but they are fatal to views. We drove above and away from the fog, however, on our way over the hills to West Fairlee, but it rested in the valley until nearly noon. It was encouraging to learn that fair weather always followed.

A "bridge up" sent us a little way round, but we

reached West Fairlee just at dinner time, and while Jerry was at the blacksmith's we strolled about the village with friends. The afternoon drive to Norwich on the Connecticut—a pretty, old university town—was very pleasant. We were directed to the hotel, but when a lady answered the door bell, we thought we must have made a mistake, and were asking hospitality at a private mansion. There was no sign; the yard was full of flowers, and the big square parlor, with the fire crackling under the high old mantel, the fan-decorated music-room through the portieres—everything, in fact, betokened a home. And such in truth it was, only, having been a hotel, transients were still accommodated there, as there was no other place in Norwich. When the very gallant colored boy ushered us into a room the size of the parlor below, with all the homey touches, we felt really like company. The delicious supper, well served from the daintiest of dishes, confirmed the company feeling.

We started out in the densest of fogs from our luxurious quarters in Norwich, but soon left it behind, and the drive along White River was very lovely. We had to dine at a "putting-up" place, with another fellow-traveler, in a kitchen alive with flies; and at Bridgewater, where we went for the night, we were received by a woman with mop and pail in hand—a little "come down" after our fine appointments. We must not forget our pleasant hour in Woodstock that afternoon. We drove through its pretty streets, called on friends, and took a look at the fair grounds, for everybody was "going to the fair."

Fine appointments are not essential to comfort, and

when we were all fixed in our little room, with a good book, waiting once more for it to simply rain, not pour, we were just as happy as at Norwich. After dinner we challenged the weather, and set forth for Ludlow. We overtook the little Italian pedler, with what looked like a feather bed on his back, who had sat at table with us, and was now ploughing his way through the mud. His face was wreathed in the most extravagant smiles in response to our greeting. The rain had spent itself, and we enjoyed walking down the mountain as we went through Plymouth. It seemed an unusual mountain, for there was no "up" to it, but the "down" was decidedly perceptible.

Ludlow was as homelike as ever, and the Notch drive on the way to Chester as interesting. The foliage, usually so brilliant at that season, had changed scarcely at all; only a touch of color now and then, but the streams were all up to danger point.

Bellows Falls was unusually attractive. We drove down the river, then crossed to Walpole, N. H., for the night.

The washouts here were quite serious, and we repented leaving Vermont to go zigzagging on cross-roads and roundabout ways in New Hampshire. I wish we had counted the guideboards we saw that day that said, "Keene eleven miles." We had Brattleboro in mind, but after making some inquiries at Spofford Lake, we decided to put Brattleboro out of mind and Keene guideboards out of sight, and go to Northfield. We dined that day in a neat little hotel in the smallest town imaginable, and expected country accommodations at Northfield, but

some of the Moody Institute young ladies directed us to the new hotel "everybody was talking about." What a surprise to find ourselves in an elegantly furnished hotel on a high hill, with a commanding view. The steam heat and general air of comfort and luxury were truly delightful.

Another mountain was in our way, and the long, slow climb seemed endless. Near the summit we saw an old lady who said she had lived there twelve years, and added that it was pretty lonesome at the time of the big snowstorm last winter, for the road was not broken out for a week. We think we prefer a blockade at Southboro, in a warm car, with plenty of company.

A gentleman, speaking of an extended tour by carriage some years ago, said he thought Erving, Mass., the most forlorn place he was ever in. We fully assent. We were cold after coming over the mountain, and that dreary parlor, without a spark of fire or anything to make one in, and a broken window, was the climax of cheerlessness. The dinner was very good, but the waiting was dreary. We walked to the railway station, but that was no better, so we went to the stable for our extra wraps, and then tried to forget the dreary room and lose consciousness in a book. This was not a good preparation for a long drive, but a little hail flurry as we drove through Athol took some of the chill out of the air, and the drive to Petersham was more comfortable. At the little hotel in that airy town, fires were built for us up and down stairs, and Erving was forgotten.

And now comes our last day's drive, for although Jerry had traveled already over six hundred miles on this

trip, he was fully equal to the thirty miles from Petersham to Leominster. We forgot to ask to have the phaeton washed, and it looked so bad we stopped at a watering-trough in the outskirts of the town and washed off the shields with newspapers. After this we felt so respectable and self-confident that we did not heed our ways, until a familiar landmark in the wrong direction brought us to the certain knowledge that we were decidedly off our road.

We saw a young man and he knew we were wrong, but that was all he knew about it, so we turned back and presently came across an older and wiser man, who said, pityingly, "Oh, you are wrong, but if you will follow me, I will start you right." We meekly followed for a mile and a half perhaps, but it seemed twice that, then he stopped and directed us to Princeton. We had no more difficulty, but were so late at the Prospect House that a special lunch was prepared for us, dinner being over.

It grew very cold, and was dark before we got home, but Jerry knew where he was going and lost no time. Although he had been through about ninety towns, and been cared for at over thirty different hotels, he had not forgotten Leominster and his own stall. Do you suppose he remembers, too, his old Kentucky home?

CHAPTER X.

BY PHAETON TO CANADA—NOTES OF A SEVEN HUNDRED MILES TRIP.

Where shall we begin to tell you about our very best journey? Perhaps the beginning is a good starting point, but we must make long leaps somewhere or the story will be as long as the journey. We have taken a great many phaeton trips—we think we will not say how many much longer—but we will say softly to you that two more will make twenty. They are never planned beforehand, so of course we did not know when we started off on the morning of July 8th that we were going to "skip to Canada." When the daily letters began to appear with little pink stamps on them, some were so unkind as to doubt our veracity, and declare a solemn belief that we meant to go there all the time, for all we said we really did not know where we would go after we got to Fitchburg. If it was in our inner mind, the idea never found expression until we had that chance conversation at Burlington, a full week after we left home.

That week alone would have been a fair summer "outing." The first one hundred miles was along a lovely, woodsy road, taking us through Winchendon, Fitzwilliam, Keene, Walpole, Bellows Falls and Chester to Ludlow. The gap between Chester and Ludlow would be a charming daily drive in midsummer. From Ludlow the fates led us over Mt. Holly to Rutland, where we

have been so many times and then seemed to leave us entirely, unless the faint whisperings that we might go to Benson to make a wedding call beforehand, and then decide on some route north, was intended for a timely hint.

Whatever sent us or drew us there, we were glad we went, and once there talking it all over with friends, who knew how to avoid the worst of the clay roads, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to go right on to Burlington, spending Sunday so restfully at Middlebury. Had we doubted our course we should have been reassured, when we learned from the cousin whose aching head was cured by the sudden shock of our appearance, that we were just in season for the commencement exercises that would make of a mutual cousin a full-fledged M. D. The evening at the lovely Opera House was a pleasant incident.

Here again we came to a standstill, without a whispering, even. As we were "doing" Burlington the next day, with cousin number one for a guide (cousin number two took early flight for home, and missed the surprise we planned for him), visiting the hospital, Ethan Allen's monument, and so on, we talked one minute of crossing Lake Champlain, and going to Au Sable Chasm, and the next of taking the boat to Plattsburg, then driving north. We did get so far as to think of the possibility of leaving Jerry at Rouse's Point, and taking a little trip to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence to call on a friend who said to us at her wedding, "You must drive up to see me next summer." But we did not think to explore the Canadian wilds with no other protector than Jerry; for we had

strange ideas of that country. We went to the different boat-landings and made all sorts of inquiries; then returned to the hotel for dinner and decision on something.

The city was so full of M. D.'s and their friends that the washing of our phaeton had been neglected, and as the proprietor stood at the door when we drove to the hotel, we thought we would appeal to his authority in the matter. "Why," he said, "are you driving yourselves; where are you going? Come right into the office and let me plan a trip for you." We took our map and followed along, as he mentioned point after point in northern Vermont where we would find comfortable hotels; and he seemed to know so much of the country about that we asked finally how it would be driving in Canada? Would it be safe for us? "Safe! You can go just as well as not. You can drive after dark or any time —nicest people in the world—do anything for you." Then he began again with a Canadian route via St. Armand, St. John, St. Cesaire, St. Hilaire, and we began to think the country was full of saints instead of sinners as we had fancied. We ran our finger along the map as he glibly spoke these strange-sounding names and found he was headed straight for Berthier, the very place we wanted to go to. We stopped him long enough to ask how far from St. Hilaire to Berthier.

"Berthier! Drive to Berthier! Why, bless me, your horse would die of old age before you got home!"

Evidently he had reached his limits. Berthier was beyond him. We, however, could see no obstacles on our map, and it was only "an inch and a half" farther (to be

sure, our map was a very small one), and Jerry is young and strong—why not try it, any way?

We ordered Jerry sent round at three o'clock, and in the meantime we dined, and went with our helpful friend to the Custom House, as we could not drive into Canada without being "bonded." Whatever sort of an operation this might be, we ascertained it could not be effected until we got to St. Albans.

At three Jerry appeared, with the phaeton still unwashed and another "M. D." excuse. We never knew it took so many people to take care of doctors.

We went first to see the cousin who had piloted us to see the wharves and stations, to tell her the labor was all lost, for we were going to Canada. We then went to the post office, and got a letter containing information of special interest to us just then; for while we had been driving leisurely up through Vermont, friends from Boston had whizzed past us by rail, and were already at Berthier.

We drove only fourteen miles that afternoon, and did not unpack until very late at the little hotel under a high bluff on one side, and over the rocky Lamoille River on the other, for there was a heavy thunder shower and we inclined to wait. The next morning we proceeded to St. Albans to get "bonded." It proved a very simple process. One went into the custom house and the other sat reading in the phaeton. Presently three men came out and apparently "took the measure" of Jerry. He only was of any consequence evidently. The occupant of the phaeton was ignored, or trusted. A little more time

elapsed, and we were "bonded" at a cost of twenty-five cents, and all right for Canada. We wonder if the papers are good for another trip, for they have not been called for yet.

We crossed the invisible line that afternoon, and never knew just where the deed was done, but when we were directed to a little one-story house, well guarded by jabbering Frenchmen, as the hotel in St. Armand, we realized we were out of the States. We felt like intruders on a private family, outside, but once inside we became members. All seemed interested in our welfare, and asked about our "papers," advising us to have them looked at, as in case we had any difficulty farther on we would have to return there.

There was some delay in giving us a room, for it had been cleared ready for the paperhanger, and the bed had to be set up, etc. Our hostess seemed so sorry to put us into such a forlorn place, and the rolls of paper in the closet looked so tempting, we had half a mind to surprise her by saying we would stop over a day and hang it for her. We gave that up, however, but once in our room we had to "stop over" till morning, for two men occupied the room adjoining—our only exit. If the house was small, the funnel-holes were large, and we were lulled to sleep by the murmuring of voices in the room below us. We caught the words "drivin'," "St. John" and "kind o' pleasant," and felt as if we were not forgotten.

Our interview with the officer was very reassuring. He said no one would molest us unless it was some mean person who might think, "There's a Yankee 'rig'!" That

did not frighten us, for we never come across any mean people in our travels, and then a clear conscience in this case gave confidence, for we surely did not wish to part with Jerry; and trading horses seemed to be the only thing to be suspected of.

We found a pretty woody camp that first noon, quite Vermontish, but for the remainder of our two weeks' sojourn in Canada it would have been like camping on a base-ball ground. We needed no "line" to make us realize we were in a different country. No windings and twistings among the hills, but long stretches of straight level roads, clayey and grassgrown, sometimes good, but oftener bad, especially after a rain, when the clay, grass and weeds two or three feet in length stuck to the wheels, until we looked as if equipped for a burlesque Fourth of July procession.

After leaving St. Armand, to find an English-speaking person was the exception, and as English is the only language we have mastered, our funny experiences began. If we wanted a direction, we named the place desired, then pointed with an interrogatory expression on the face. If we wanted the phaeton washed and axles oiled, we showed the hostler the vehicle with a few gesticulations. The oiling was generally attended to, but the clay coating of the wheels was evidently considered our private property, and it was rarely molested.

At the larger hotels we usually found some one who could understand a little English, but in one small village we began to think we should have to spend the night in the phaeton, for we could not find anything that looked

like a hotel, or any one who could understand we wanted one. After going to the telegraph office, a store, and in despair, attacking a man sawing wood—most hopeless of all, with his senseless grin—we found two or three boys, and between them we were directed to a little house we saw as we drove into the village, with the inevitable faded sign, and thanked fortune we had not to stay there. "Well, you wanted to drive to Canada, so you may go and see what you can do while I stay with Jerry" (the most unkind word on the trip). With feigned courage the threshold of the wee hotel was crossed. In Canada we usually enter by the bar-room, and those we saw had an air of great respectability and were frequently tended by women. All the doleful misgivings were dispelled the moment we entered this tiny bar-room and glanced through the house, for unparalleled neatness reigned there. Three persons were sent for before our wants were comprehended. The bright-faced girl from the kitchen proved an angel in disguise, for she could speak a very little English, although she said she did not have much "practix." A gem of a boy took Jerry, and in half an hour we were as much at home as in our own parlor. We were shown to a little room with one French window high up, from which we watched the Montreal steamer as it glided by on the Richelieu in the night. The little parlor was opened for us; it was hardly larger than a good-sized closet, but radiant with its bright tapestry carpet, Nottingham curtains and gay table-cover. There was a lounge in one corner and a rocking-chair before the large window,

thrown open like a door, from which we looked out upon a tiny garden in "rounds" and "diamonds," full of blossoms, and not a weed. This was like a bit of paradise, and we now thanked fortune we were there. Our supper would make one wish always for Canadian cooking. We left with regret and were very glad to stop there again a week later, on our return trip. We were welcomed like old friends, and the changes we had made in the arrangement of furniture had been accepted.

At another much larger hotel we were under great obligations to a Montreal traveling merchant, who received us, answered all our questions about mails and routes, and gave our orders for supper and breakfast. He spoke English well, only he did say several times he would not "advertise" us to go a certain route, as it would be out of our way.

We dined at the Iroquois, on the "mountain," the resort of Canada. It is a large English hotel with all the appointments, and a pretty lake is seen a little farther up the mountain, through the woods. We illustrated the Canada Mountains we saw, to a friend in New Hampshire, by placing balls of lamp-wicking on her table; they have no foothills and look like excrescences.

One night in quite a large hotel, we had no fastening on our door. We were assured we were perfectly safe, but our room could be changed if we wished. We did not like to distrust such hospitality as we had met continually in Canada, so we kept our room, but, lest the wind should blow the door open, we tilted a rocking-chair against it, with a bag balanced on one corner, and so arranged the lunch basket, with the tin cups attached,

that if the door opened a half-inch the whole arrangement would have fallen with a crash, and everybody else would have been frightened if we were not.

The last forty miles to Sorel, where we crossed the St. Lawrence to Berthier, we drove close by the river Richelieu. We had left Montreal twenty miles to our left, as we were bound to a point fifty miles farther north. There were villages all along on either side of the river, the larger ones marked by the cathedrals, whose roofs and spires are dazzlingly bright with the tin covering, which does not change in the Canadian atmosphere. In the smaller villages we saw many little "shrines" along the wayside; sometimes a tiny enclosure in the corner of a field, with a cross ten or twelve feet high, and a weather-beaten image nailed to it; and again a smaller and ruder affair. Life in all the little villages seemed very leisurely; no rush or luxury, save of the camping-out style. The little houses were very like the rough cottages we find by lakes and ponds and at the seashore. We were charmed by the French windows, which open to all the light and air there is. The living-room was, without exception, spotlessly neat, and almost invariably furnished with a highly polished range, which would put to shame many we see in the States; and frequently a bed with a bright patched quilt in one corner. The little yards and the space under the piazza, which is usually three or four feet from the ground, were swept like a parlor. Touches of color and curtains of lace reveal a love of the beautiful. The men in the field often had wisps of red or white around their big straw hats, but the women wore theirs without ornamentation. We saw

them loading hay and digging in the field; those at home were spinning by the door. If we came across a group of men "loafing," they would cease their jabbering, raise their hats and stand in silence while we passed. We missed these little attentions when we got back to the States.

By the time we reached Sorel we felt quite at home in Canada. We found there a mixture of nationalities. The host of the Brunswick, where we stopped for dinner and to wait two or three hours for the boat to Berthier, was a native of the States, and we were well cared for. We were well entertained while waiting, for it was market-day, and men and women were standing by their carts, arms akimbo, as they traded their vegetables for straw hats and loaves of bread—so large, it took two to carry them off. We had been meeting them all along, the women and children usually sitting on the floor of the rude carts, with their purchases packed about them.

At four o'clock Jerry was driven to the door in visiting trim, well groomed, and the phaeton washed. We went to the boat, and there for the first time we thought we had encountered that "mean person," attracted by our "Yankee rig," for a fellow stepped up where we stood by Jerry in the bow of the boat, as he was a little uneasy, and began to talk about "trading horses." The young woman who had him in charge soon called him away, however, and we heard no more from him.

The sail of nearly an hour among the islands, which at this point in the St. Lawrence begin to be quite numerous, was very pleasant, and when we came in sight of Berthier, marked by its twin shining spires, we

thought it the prettiest village we had seen in Canada. The main street is alongside the river, and as we stood on the deck, we caught sight of Mr. —— and Ruthie walking down street, and waved a salute with our handkerchiefs. In a few moments more we landed, and perching Ruthie on the top of our bags, we drove back to a charming home, walking in upon our somewhat surprised friends as if it was an every-day occurrence.

Rowing is the thing to do there, and we had a feast of it, exploring the "Little Rivers" with so many unexpected turns. Then too, of course, we rowed out to take the wake of the big boats, all of which recalled vividly gala times farther up the river, in days before carriage journeys were dreamed of even.

When we at last faced about and said good-by to our friends, we realized we were a long way from home. We knew now what was before us; indeed, could trace the way in mind way back to the State line, and then the length of Vermont or New Hampshire, as the case might be. At all events we must take in the Shayback camp on Lake Memphremagog before we left Canada, and as a direct course promised to take us over hills too large to illustrate by lamp-wicking, we followed the Richelieu again, revisited the Saints Hilaire and Cesaire, and turned east farther south. Our hosts along the way who had directed us to Berthier, were now confirmed in their belief that "we could go anywhere." When we turned east, after leaving St. Cesaire, we felt we were going among strangers once more, so we prepared ourselves by stopping in a stumpy land, uninhabited even by beasts, and blacking our boots by the wayside.

We drove over a mountain that was a mountain before we reached the level of Lake Memphremagog. We had been told we could save quite a distance by going to Tuck's Landing, where we could be taken across to Georgeville, instead of driving to Newport. We went by faith altogether, having no idea what sort of a raft we should find; we only knew if it was not there we were to signal for it.

As we slowly picked our way down the last steep pitch, we saw something coming towards the landing. It moved so slowly we could only tell which way it was going by the silver trail which we traced back to Georgeville. We reached the landing just in season to go back on its last regular trip for the night, and were greatly interested in this new, but not rapid transit. Jerry was impressed with the strangeness, but is very sensible and never forgets himself. We think he would really have enjoyed the trip had it not been for the continual snapping of a whip as a sort of mental incentive to the two horses, or outlines of horses, which revolved very slowly around a pole, thereby turning a wheel which occasioned the silent trail that indicated we moved. A man, a boy, and a girl alternated in using the incentive which was absolutely essential to progress, and we chatted with them by turn, recalling to mind the points on the lake, and hearing of the drowning men rescued by this propeller.

The Camperdown, that charming old inn at Georgeville, has been supplanted by a hotel so large no one wants it, and its doors were closed. We were directed to a new boarding-house standing very high, where we

were soon quite settled in an upper front room with two French windows, one opening on a piazza and the other on a charming little balcony, with the lake before us in all its beauty. This was to be our home for several days; of course our friends wanted to know how we got there, and when we told them how we crossed the lake, they exclaimed, "Oh! you came on the hay-eater!" The "hay-eater!" Well-named, surely. Late in the evening, as we were watching the lake bathed in moonlight, we saw again that silver trail, and knew the hay-eater must have been signalled. Morning, noon and night those outlines of horses walked their weary round, and the hay-eater faithfully performed its work of helpfulness.

It is a mile from the village to the Shayback camp, and before walking over, we went down to the wharf to see the Lady come in—one of the things to do in Georgeville. We were at once recognized by one of the campers who had just rowed over, and who invited us to go back with them in the boat. They had come over for three friends, and as the gentleman only was there, we were substituted for his two ladies, and we did not feel out of the family, as we soon learned he was a relative, dating back to the Mayflower. Mrs. Shayback did not quite take in the situation when we presented ourselves, but she is equal to any emergency, and soon recovered from her surprise.

How can we condense into the limits of the Transcript the delights of Camp-by-the-Cliff, when we could easily fill a volume! Twelve years' experience on Lake Memphremagog have resulted in ideal camping, with a semi-circle of tents, a log cabin, boats, books and banjos and

a happy party of twenty; nothing is lacking. We spent the nights in our "home" and the days in camp, going and coming by land or water, having first a row, and next a lovely walk over the hill. We enjoyed every moment as all good campers do, whether wiping dishes, spreading bread for supper, watching the bathers, trolling for lunge, cruising about with Mr. Shayback in the rain for driftwood, or drifting in the sunshine for pleasure, not to forget the afternoon spent in the attic of the log cabin, writing to far-away friends.

The attic consisted of a few boards across one end of the cabin, reached by a ladder, and afforded a fine view of the lake through a tiny square window, and an ideal standpoint for taking in the charms of the cabin, which is the camp parlor. The fire-place, swing chair, hammock, lounges, large round table with writing materials and latest magazines, and touches of color here and there, suggest infinite comfort and delight.

The Sunday service in the chapel of cedars, to the music of the water lapping against the rocks, was a pleasure too. There was no thought of tenets and dogmas, in this living temple—only a soul-uplifting for the friends of many faiths who had come together on that bright morning.

Monday came, and with it the Maid—the "hay-eater" would not do for a trip to Newport. A delegation of campers rowed over to see us off, and by ten o'clock we were seated on the forward deck, despite the crazy wind, ready to enjoy the two-hours' sail.

At Newport we set foot on native soil, after our two weeks' sojourn in Canada. The post office was our first

interest, and there we got a large package of letters, tied up, just ready to be forwarded to Georgeville when our countermand order was received. They had been following us all through Canada, reaching each place just after we left it. The contents were even more eagerly devoured than the dinner at the Memphremagog House.

Next in order was "How shall we go home?" By a little deviation to the left we could go to the lovely Willoughby Lake and down through the Franconia Notch; or by a turn toward the right we could go down through Vermont into the Berkshire region, and call on a friend in Great Barrington. As we had deviated sufficiently, perhaps, for one trip, we decided on a drive through central Vermont, which was the most direct route, and the only one we had not taken before. This route would take us to Montpelier, and through a lovely country generally; such a contrast to the Canada driving.

The next ten days were full of interest; a good wetting was our first experience after leaving Newport. The shower came on so suddenly that we used a waterproof in place of the boot, and did not know until night that the water stood in the bottom of the phaeton and found its way into our canvas grip. The large rooms we were fortunate in having in that old ark of a hotel were turned into drying rooms, and were suggestive of a laundry. Our misfortune seemed very light when we read the disasters of the shower just ahead of us. We passed, the next day, an old lady sitting in the midst of her household goods on one side of the road, and her wreck of a house, unroofed by the lightning or wind, on the other.

We begged the privilege of taking our lunch in a barn

that day, as it rained again. We tried to be romantic and bury ourselves in the hay with a book, but the spiders and grasshoppers drove us to the carriage. We spent a night at Morristown on the lovely Lamoille River, and again revived delightful memories of a week spent there before carriage-journey days; especially the twenty miles' drive on the top of a stage in the heaviest thunderstorm of the season, and a day on Mt. Mansfield.

We had another look at the Winooski River, which we saw first at Burlington, and the day after our visit to Montpelier we followed Wait's River, which ought to have a prettier name, from its infancy, in the shape of a tiny crack on a hillside, through its gradual growth to a rarely beautiful stream, and its final plunge into the Connecticut. We forgot the rain in studying the life of a river.

In one little hotel the dining-room was like a greenhouse; plants in every corner, in the windows, on the top of the stove, and in seven chairs. The air was redolent of tuberoses instead of fried meats, and we were reminded of the wish expressed by a friend in the Newport package of letters, that we might live on perfumes.

At another hotel in Vermont we did not at first quite like the clerk, and we think he was not favorably impressed with us, for he conducted us past several pleasant unoccupied rooms, through a narrow passage way to a small back room with one gas jet over the washstand. We accepted the quarters without comment, except asking to have some garments removed, as we do not follow Dr. Mary Walker's style of dress. We then improved our appearance so far as possible and went to

supper. When we came out of the dining-room, we very politely asked the clerk if he could give us a room with better light, as we had some writing to do. He looked at us a moment and then said he would see what he could do. We followed him by all these rooms, which would have been perfectly satisfactory, until, in another part of the house, he ushered us into what must be the bridal suite—an elegantly furnished apartment, with dressing-room and bath, a chandelier, piano, sofa and every luxury. We expressed not the least surprise, but quietly thanked him, saying, "This is much more like."

We stayed over a half-day at one place, to rest Jerry, and as we were sitting with our books under a tree in the yard, a traveling doctor, who was staying at the same house, came rather abruptly upon us, asking many questions. We do not know his name or his "hame," nor does he know nearly as much of us as he would if our civil answers had contained more information. Evidently he was leading up to something, and after he had tried to find out whether we were married or single, where we lived, what we should do if we were attacked on the road, or if a wheel should get "set," as his did the other day, etc., etc., etc., out it came: "Well, what do you take with you for medicine?" The "nothing but mind-cure," which spoke itself as quick as thought, was a cruel blow, and too much for his patience. The hasty gesture which waived the whole subject and a gruff "you ought to have something" was followed by the opportune dinner bell, and we never saw him more. He fasted until we were off.

As we journeyed south we found we should be just in

time to take in the last Sunday of the grove meeting at Weirs, and we thought Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence River, Lake Memphremagog and Lake Winnipiseogee would make an interesting water outline for our trip. This little plan was, however, delightfully frustrated, for as we drove along Saturday morning on our way to Plymouth, we saw our Great Barrington friend sitting at the window of her New Hampshire home, and in less than five minutes Jerry was in the barn and we were captured for a Sunday conference at Quincy. There was only one thing to regret, the delay in getting to Plymouth for our mail, and it was suggested one of us might go down on a train between five and six, and there would be just time to go to the post office before the return train. There was a terrific thunder shower early in the afternoon, but it had passed, and so we decided to go, although we confess it did seem more of an undertaking than the trip to Canada. Our courage nearly failed when we stood on the platform of the little station and saw, as we looked up the valley, that another shower was coming and seemed likely to burst in fury upon us before we could get on board the train. We should have given it up, but while waiting we had discovered another Mayflower relative going farther south, and we faced it together. Repentance came in earnest when the conductor said there would not be time to go to the post office. Being in the habit of reckoning time by the fractions of minutes, we took out our watch and asked for time-table figures; but do our best we could not extort from him the exact time the train was due to return. We kept ahead

of the shower the six or seven miles to Plymouth, and before we got to the station he came to say that by getting off at the crossing, and going up a back street, there might be time. A young man got off at the same place, and said, as we hastened up the street, "the shower will get there before you do!" We distanced the elements, however, but imagine our dismay at sight of the delivery window closed. It was an urgent case, and we ventured to tap on the glass. No answer, and we tapped again, trembling with the double fear of the liberty taken, and of losing the train. A young man with a pleasant face —how fortunate it was not the deaf old man we once battled with for our mail, for taps would have been wasted on him—lifted the window a crack, and with overwhelming thanks we took the letters. By this time the office was full of people who had sought shelter from the shower, which had got there in dreadful fury. Waterproof and umbrella were about as much protection as they would be in the ocean. Like a maniac, we ran through the streets, and smiled audibly as we waded rubberless, to the station under the Pemigewasset House. If we had dropped right out of the clouds upon that platform, alive with men, we should not have been received with more open-eyed amazement. Out of breath and drenched, we asked if the train had gone to Quincy. "No, and I guess it won't yet awhile, if it rains like this!" Washouts and probable detentions danced through our mind, as the lightning flashed and the thunder roared as if the end had come. In course of time it came out that the "return" train was a freight, which would start after

two other trains had gone. The conductor came along and said, "It is too bad, but the office will be closed now." "Oh, I have been, and have my letters too."

The freight "time" was announced, and the car was reached by a jump down three feet from the platform into water as many inches deep, and a climb on the other side. Every face was strange but one, that of the "drummer" who breakfasted at our table that morning, and who liked the little hotel so much that he was going back to spend Sunday, as we were informed by the waitress. We do not think he mistrusted that the bedraggled passenger was one of the carriage tourists. We wrung out the dress skirt, hung up the waterproof to drain, and then were ready to enjoy the luxury,—the caboose. When we reached Quincy the sun was setting in bright clouds, as if it had never heard of rain.

The prodigal himself was not more gladly welcomed. Our outer self was hung up to dry, and in borrowed plumage we spent a very social evening, with the many friends who had come to us by mail, through tribulation, to swell the company.

We went to Vermont to begin our journey, and we may as well end it in New Hampshire. We must tell you first, however, that this journey has opened the way for many trips that have seemed among the impossible, but which we now hope to enjoy before Jerry is overtaken by old age or the phaeton shares the fate of the proverbial chaise.

CHAPTER XI.

OUTINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

"Too bad you did not have your trip this year," and "You did not have your usual drive, did you?" from one and another, proves that others besides ourselves thought we did not "go anywhere" just because we did not drive seven hundred miles, and cross the borders into Canada as we did last year. But we will remind you as we have reminded ourselves, that a little is just as good as a great deal so long as it lasts, and that no one need go to Canada thinking to find finer driving than right here in Massachusetts. Indeed, the enchantment of Canadian roads is largely that lent by distance.

Seriously, it is not that we did not go to Canada or to the mountains, that the impression has gone abroad that we did not go anywhere, but because of the mountains or obstructions that lay across our path all July and August, and threatened September. Scripture says mountains can be removed by faith, and perhaps it was due to our faith in believing we should go because we always have been, that the way was suddenly cleared near the middle of September, and we were off without any farewells for just a little turn in Massachusetts.

Our annual outing had a long preliminary of waiting, and our story would be quite incomplete unless we gave you a little account of our doings during the weeks we were—not weeping and wailing—but wondering, and watching the signs of the times and trying to think how

it would seem if we should have to give it up after eighteen summers without a break.

There is a balm for every ill, and a row boat is next to a phaeton, while camping is an indescribable pleasure to those who like it. We do, and joined the first party of ladies who camped in this vicinity. The delightful recollections of our tent life by Wachusett Lake have intensified as time went on, and one year ago they seemed to culminate when the A. family purchased an acre of land by Spec pond, and built a camping cottage.

Probably there are very few Transcript readers who know there is such a lovely spot in the world as Spec, for you cannot see it unless you go where it is.

The passing traveler on the highway would never suspect that these little wood roads lead to such a lovely sheet of water, clear and very deep, a half mile perhaps from shore to shore, and so thickly wooded all around that all you can see of the outer world is just the tip of Wachusett from one place in the pond. Almost adjoining, although entirely hidden, is another pond known as "Little Spec." Spectacle Pond is the correct but never-used name of these waters, about four miles from Leominster, and indeed, four miles from everywhere—Lancaster, Harvard, Shirley or Lunenburg.

Now you know about the pond you may be interested in the cottage, which is reached by a private winding road through the woods after leaving the highway, or by a long flight of easy steps from the little wharf. A clearing was made large enough for the cottage, which is simple in construction, but all a true camper could wish in comfort and convenience. There is one large room, and

a smaller room back for a kitchen, which furnishes ample opportunity for as many to lend a hand as chance to be in camp, for co-operation is specially adapted to such life. Six cosy bedrooms open from these two rooms. There is a broad piazza in front, which serves as an ideal dining-room, from which you seem to have water on three sides, as Breezy Point (it so christened itself one hot summer day) is shaped something like half an egg. The entire front of the cottage can be opened, and what could look cosier than that roomy room, with a large hanging lamp over a table surrounded by comfortable chairs, the walls bright with shade hats and boating caps, handy pin-cushions, and in fact everything one is likely to want in camp—all so convenient? Under a little table you would find reading enough for the longest season, and in the drawer a "register" which testifies to about seven hundred visitors, among them Elder Whitely from the Shaker community we read about in Howells's "Undiscovered Country," who brought with him a lady from Australia, and an Englishman who was interested to examine a mosquito, having never seen one before—happy man! Hammocks may swing by the dozen, right in front of the cottage; and just down the slope to the left is a little stable, with an open and a box stall, and a shed for the carriage. If you follow along the shore towards the steps, you will find the boats in a sheltered spot.

The hospitality of the A. family is unlimited, and the friend who was "counted in" so many times the first season that she felt as if she "belonged" resolved she would have a boat next season that could be shared with the campers; for you cannot have too many boats. When

the summer days were over, and one would almost shiver to think of Spec, with the bare trees and the cold water beneath the icy surface, the boat fever still ran high, and one of the coldest, dreariest days last winter, we went to Clinton to look at some boats partly built. We ploughed through the snow in search of the boats, and then of the man who owned them, and were nearly frozen when we had at last selected one and given directions for the finishing up. We had an hour to wait in the station, and we said, "Now, let's name the boat!" As quick as thought one exclaimed, "What do you think of 'G. W.'— not George Washington, but simply the 'mystic initials' suggested by date of purchase?" As quick came the answer, "I like it." "Very well, the G. W. it is." Lest we take too much credit to ourselves for quick thinking we will tell you that a little friend said in the morning, "Why, if you get your boat today, you ought to call it George Washington, for it is his birthday, a fact which had not occurred to us.

Now if Jerry could tell a story as well as Black Beauty, he would fill the Transcript with his observations, but he never speaks; that is, in our language. He wears no blinkers, however, and nothing escapes those eyes, and he may think more than if he spent his time talking. I feel positively sure that could he have told his thoughts when we began to speak in earnest of our drive in September, he would have said, "What is the need of those two thinking they must go so far for a good time, making me travel over such roads, sometimes all clay and weeds, or pulling up very steep hills, only to go down again, perhaps tugging through sand, or worse yet, through water

—fording they call it, I call it an imposition—when they have such good times here, and I have only to travel eight miles a day, even if they go home nights, as they usually do; for the regular campers like to have a sort of daily express to bring stores and visitors,—leaving me all the day to rest and enjoy myself?" He would tell you how many pretty ways to go and come, although left to himself he would always take the shortest, if it does go over Rice Hill; of the lovely way by "Alden's" where they stop for ice; and a lovelier yet going home through the woods by "Whiting Gates'," when a view bursts upon you as you suddenly leave the woods, which is like a Berkshire picture; and how discouraging it is, when they take it into their heads to go by way of Lunenburg station, or perhaps Lancaster. He has decided preferences, and his ears and the turn of his head betray him.

He would give you glowing accounts of so many happy days at Spec, beginning with a bright day in April, when we took our paint pots and drove down early, having ordered the boat delivered that day. We waited all day and no boat came, but we had such a good time roaming about the woods and rowing that we overcame easily our disappointment. We issued another order for delivery, and on the second day of May, when we once more took a day, Jerry would tell you how astonished he was to find waiting for us, right at the turn into the woods, two men with a big wagon, and such a big thing on it. His eyes were open all that day, for we tipped the boat up in the shed right beside him and eagerly went to work. What fun it was to put on that bright yellow paint, and then trim it up with black, only the black

flecks would get on to the fresh yellow, and what a mixture, when we tried to remove them! You would have thought we were painting the daintiest panel, by the care we used; and you know it is said a woman never stops as long as there is a drop of paint left, so the four oars were gleaming.

A week later we went again to put on the second coat, and this time we had a friend with us from New York. The little smooth rock on which she inscribed her name and the date in yellow paint still rests in its cosy spot by a tree, just as she left it.

Next came the launching, and later yet the painting of "G. W." in monogram on the stern by the camp artist, and in due time the red cushions, with the monograms in black made by loving friends.

The "G. W." has many friends, and one day in the summer, when we were drifting at the will of the wind and musing, we were startled by the sound of a gong. A horn is the usual summons to return to camp. We caught up the oars, and hastened to solve the mystery. "Don't you wonder how those Lancaster friends ever thought of a beautiful Japanese gong for the 'G. W.' to call the crew together?" they said.

If we are not careful we shall make the "preliminary" as long as Jerry would; but then that covers months, while the journey was only a little over two weeks. Really, we have hardly begun to tell you the good times we had during these weeks of waiting. Sometimes we went to Spec with a carriage full of people, and oftentimes with a wagon full of things; anything and everything from a cream pie to a bale of hay, or a sawhorse.

However we went, or whatever for, it was never so sunny or so cloudy, so hot or so cold, that we could resist taking a turn with the "G. W." even if we had to bail out nearly five hundred dipperfuls first, as we did more than once; you know it has rained now and then for a year or two.

It was always a delight, from the time of the budding of the trees and bushes along the shore to that raw cold day late in November when we had our last row in fur cloak and mittens while waiting for the men to come and put the G. W. on shore for the winter. The hillside of laurel, in its season, is beyond description. You must leave the boat and take a look for yourself. Although close by the shore, it is hidden from the water except in glimpses. Later come the fragrant white azaleas all along the shore, and the beautiful lilies in the coves, then the gorgeous autumn foliage, and lastly the chestnuts, which tempt one to pull the boat into the bushes and just look for a few. We said "lastly." How could we forget that day when we went sleighing to Spec to see how it looked in winter, and just wished we had some skates as we walked about on the ice! How lovely it was that day! How cold it was the day after when the "camp artist" took her chair out on the ice, and tried to finish up a sketch begun in the fall!

Nothing is more enjoyable than to make a complete circuit of the pond, rounding Point Judith, passing Laurel landing, touching at the old club landing if friends are there, then on by Divoll's landing, Spiritualist Point, Sandy Beach, and so on to Breezy Point again. Passing the Lancaster landing reminds us that we have forgotten to tell you that a party of Lancaster gentlemen purchased

five acres adjoining Breezy Point, and have built a cottage, which makes us begin to wonder if Spec will sometime be a fashionable watering place. May the day be far distant!

We must go on, and yet not one word have we told you of the times when we stayed two or three days, and how we spent all our evenings on the water, just dipping lightly the oars, while we watched the sunset clouds, and then were on the alert for the first glimpse of Venus, followed by Mars and Jupiter, and all the rest of the heavenly host, not to mention seeing the moon rise three times in fifteen minutes, one night, by changing our position on the water, after waiting four hours for it; or glorious to tell of, rising early and going out for a row before breakfast. Mrs. Shayback will testify to all we tell you of the joys of camp life, and how even work is play, for she and her friends built a log cabin in their Memphremagog camp last summer and were jubilant over it.

As I live it all over telling you about it, I marvel myself that we think a phaeton trip is better than camping; but we do, and without a pang we turned from it all, and started off in the rain Sept. 13th. We will not trust Jerry to tell you anything of this outing, for his enthusiasm is not sufficient to do it justice. It had rained constantly for five days, and we waited two hours for what we thought might be the "clearing up" shower, but we were only very glad we did not spoil our day's drive, for it continued to rain for five days longer.

You may remember, for we have often spoken of it, that we do not usually plan our journeys beforehand; but

this year, as our time was too limited to permit us to stray away to Canada, or even among the mountains, and as we had a suggestion of months' standing to turn Jerry towards Great Barrington, we decided to revel once more in the delights of Berkshire.

A friend sent us her direct route from our house, but we proved true to our wandering inclinations by going to the extreme eastern part of the state to reach the extreme western portion, simply because we have never been to Berkshire that way. The journey did not open as auspiciously as sometimes, owing less to the rain, to which we have become accustomed, almost attached to, than to the experience of our first night, which we will spare you, as we wish we could have been spared. It was all forgotten, however, when we stole quietly into the back pew of a church near Boston, and were pleasantly taken possession of by friends after service. In the evening we repeated the experience in another suburb twelve or fifteen miles away.

We were not quite ready to face Great Barrington-ward, so went a little farther easterly, then took a genuine westward direction. To know how soon and how often we deviated you should see the little outline maps we made of this trip. We drove west, then southwest to the border line, then up again, taking dinner or spending a night at Medfield and Milford, Uxbridge and Webster, Southbridge and Palmer, having reasons of our own for each deviation, one of which was to make sure we did not get so near home that Jerry would insist upon taking us there.

On the way to Palmer we discovered that the whiffle-

tree was broken. We were trying to secure it with wire, which we always have with us, when an elderly gentleman drove along and asked if he could help us. He examined our work and approved it, but did not seem quite satisfied to leave, and finally said, "Does this team belong 'round here?"

"No, sir; it does not."

"Oh, I see; perhaps you do not care to tell where you came from."

"Oh, yes, we do; we are from Leominster."

A little intimation of business came next and we assured him we were not book agents or canvassers of any kind, but were simply traveling for pleasure. His interest warmed, and when in justice to Jerry, we told him he took us seven hundred miles, to Canada and back, in one month last year, he was greatly pleased, and said, "Well, well, that is good, I will warrant you!" and drove on.

Our repairs were completed just in season for the next shower. The little whiffletree episode came in one of those between-times when the rain seemed to stop to take breath for a fresh start. This last, which proved the clearing shower, was a triumph. How it did pour!

We left Palmer in the morning, after some delay, in glorious sunshine and with a new whiffletree, but minus some of our literature, owing to the washing of the phaeton. The hostler said he knew some of the "papers" went off in "that man's buggy." We do not know who "that man" was, but what he thought when he found himself possessed of a writing tablet, a "New Ideal" and

"The Esoteric" depends upon his intellectual status and attitude of thought. A new world may have been revealed to him.

Our next destination was Springfield, and after dinner at the Massasoit, with our first letters from home for dessert, we drove on, via Chicopee, to Westfield for the night. Here we considered our next deviation from a direct course. As there was some uncertainty about the condition of the roads, we were advised to go to Chester, which gave us a pretty drive along the Westfield River. We got in earlier than usual, and went out for a walk, and amused ourselves—or rather one did, while the other sketched—walking over the swinging wire footbridges. They are precarious looking things, and when half-way across, the rushing of the river many feet below and the swinging motion give one the impression of bridge and all going up stream.

We remembered well the drive from Chester to Lee, a few years ago. It is almost as good as among the mountains just after leaving Chester. Up, up, we go, and every spring, rill, rivulet and cascade is alive. We wish everybody could go through Berkshire after a ten days' storm. After a few miles we changed our course towards Otis and Monterey, and all might have been well if we had not made a turn too soon, which took us over a back road deserted and demoralized; but they say "all is well that ends well," and we reached Monterey in season to climb a hill for a view and take a brisk walk to get warm.

Our only definite plan when we left home was to meet friends at a service in Great Barrington, Sunday after-

noon, Sept. 21. It was now Saturday night, and we were nine miles away, but that distance was easily accomplished Sunday morning, and we reached Great Barrington just in season to get a round dozen of letters at twelve o'clock. We secured delightful quarters at the Berkshire House, and in due time went to the service, as planned. We failed to surprise our friends, as they were not there, but were well repaid otherwise, and went in search of them later. A pleasant call, a promise to visit the next day, a quiet hour at the Berkshire, a service in the Hopkins Memorial Church, especially to hear the wonderful Roosevelt organ, and the day ended. We had a fine view of the Hopkins-Searle castle-like residence from our windows; but we lost all interest in it when we found a high and massive wall was being built the length of the street, which will deprive Great Barrington people of their finest view along the valley.

Our Monday visit was very delightful. We promised to go early and stay late; but withal the day was too short for the visit with our friends and their friends. With the help of those who have tried it twice, driving for months through England and Scotland, we planned a foreign tour, and got all the "points," even to the expense of taking Jerry across. We shall defer it however, until we get a new phaeton, for we prefer to go through the prophesied "one-hoss shay" experience on native soil. Really, crossing the water does not seem nearly so "Spain-like" as crossing the "line," and driving one hundred miles north in Canada would have seemed some years ago; but we will defer anticipation even.

In the afternoon our friends gave us a charming drive,

and revealed to us the attractions of Great Barrington and vicinity. We thought of Bryant as we saw Green River, and felt nearer yet to him when we called on a friend, known there as the historian of Great Barrington, who showed to us the rooms in which Mr. Bryant first kept house. A half-hour passed very quickly with our friend, who has a rare collection of arrow-heads, and a fund of interesting information.

Tuesday we were off again, with a good morning from our friends and the foreign tourists. There is no lovelier driving than through the old town of Stockbridge, with its many noted attractions, on through Lenox, captured by New Yorkers, to Pittsfield; and yet, just because we had been there before, we decided to try a new route. We thought we were enthusiastic over State lines and Shakers, and started off in good faith, dined at West Stockbridge primitively, when Mr. Plumb would have served us royally at the old Stockbridge inn, and took our directions for State line. While we were waiting for a freight train to clear the track, we came to our senses and asked each other why we were going this way, confessed we were being cheerful under protest, repented, and were converted literally in less time than it takes us to tell it. Paul's conversion was not more sudden. Jerry trotted back towards Stockbridge as if he was as glad as we were. We could have gone direct to Lenox, but we were going to Stockbridge, and we have been glad ever since. Our folly only gave us nine miles extra driving on a very lovely day, through a lovely country, and enhanced ten fold the enjoyment of the afternoon drive back to Stockbridge, and then up through Lenox to Pittsfield

where we spent the night, and said many times "Oh, are n't you glad we are not over in York State?"

We busied ourselves quite late that night at Pittsfield making maps of our zigzagging route to send to friends. In order to have them strictly accurate according to Colton, we made use of a table and bed blankets—but how foolish to give away our bright ideas, we may want to get a patent some day!

The next morning we were off in good season for a drive over Windsor Hill (still so glad we were not in York State). We took our lunch by the way that day, and gave Jerry his rest at a farm house. Now we were near Bryant's birthplace, but had to satisfy ourselves with looking at the signboard, "Two miles to Bryant's place," and a look at the library presented by him to Cummington, as we drove by. We surely met a hundred or more vehicles of great variety—the balloons, candy and peanuts giving evidence that everybody had been to the fair. It was the season of fairs, and we had encountered them all the way along. We saw the Palmer people watching the racing in that clearing-up shower, and the Great Barrington people were wondering how they should come out with the track under water. At Westfield we had to go to the hotel "over the river," all because of the fair.

How they did fly around at that little hotel in East Cummington! It had been filled to overflowing the night before with fair guests, and quite a company of young people were still lingering for supper, enjoying while waiting, a banjo and vocal medley. We sat full three

hours in the little sittingroom with hats on, and books in hand, trying to read, before the beaux and banjos were out of the way, and our room was made ready. Peace once restored, not a sound was heard all night.

Our next drive was over Goshen Hill, where we dined and "prospected." One cannot drive anywhere in this vicinity without recalling Mr. Chadwick's enthusiastic descriptions of the rivers and hills. We fully agree with him as regards the justness of Mr. Warner's observation, "How much water adds to a river!" and if we drove over Goshen Hill as often as he does when summering in Chesterfield, we too might like to take a Century along with us, "in order to have plenty of time."

Night found us once more at Northampton, where we always find pleasant quarters, and the moon was just as bright as it was the last time we were there. We spent the evening with a former pastor, who looked at us a moment as he came to the door and then exclaimed, "Why, children, how glad I am to see you!" A real catechism exercise followed between pastor and "children" about everybody in Leominster in those bygone years.

We dined at Amherst the next day, and had a hard pull over the hills in the rain to Enfield in the afternoon. We had never been in Enfield before, and were surprised to find such a pleasant hotel there—more like a home. Sixteen miles next morning took us to the new hotel in Barre, which has quite an "air," with its hard floors, rugs and attractive furnishings. We had no lovelier drive on the trip than the fifteen miles from Barre to the old Mountain House at the foot of Wachusett. The foliage

was brighter than any we had seen and the sunset clouds we enjoyed to the utmost, for we were late that night, having taken the longest way round.

Many happy times were recalled here, where we used to go so much before the carriage road to the summit was made on the other side, by the lake. No road, however, can compete with the charm of that foot-path up the pasture back of the Mountain House, and on through the ferny woods to the summit. We were almost tempted to try it in memory of old times, but this was our last day, and we could not resist a quiet morning in our sunny room, feasting on the extended view, and comparing it with the Berkshire region. We wished our Berkshire friends were with us to see how lovely our part of the state is.

We stayed just as long as we possibly could in the afternoon and then drove the twelve miles to Leominster before dark, going by way of Wachusett Lake to look at our first camping ground and the old chestnut tree on which swung our five hammocks. Years have told upon the old tree, and it looked very scraggy, while a cellar was being dug on the very knoll where our big tent was pitched, that blew down three times one day. The rocks on which we slept so peacefully, even after finding a snake one morning, may be in the cellar wall. How many "auras" will cluster about that dwelling! Whoever occupies it, may their years be as full of happiness as were the days when "we twelve" camped there! Why not stop right here and let our story end in the key it began, "camping." If there was a suggestion of minor at first, when we were almost afraid we could not drive this year,

the end was a joyous major. What a lovely journey, if it was short!

Soon after this journey report appeared in the Transcript, a long and very interesting letter, also photographs, were received from the finder of the "literature" lost at Palmer. "That man" proved to be two ladies just returning from a long trip by carriage, and when they discovered the unknown property, they concluded some man had borrowed their buggy, and driven to Springfield the night before, and left his papers under the cushion! From the character of the magazines, they fancied the "borrower" to be "a clergyman of liberal views, tall, slender, an ascetic—we were sure he wore eyeglasses—and on that night was arrayed in a long natty mackintosh." They sent the "treasure trove" back to the Weeks stable, and drove on "shaking the mud of Palmer off our tires, and vowing that we would never trust our beloved Katrina Van Tassel to a Palmer stable again in Fair time."

CHAPTER XII.

BAR HARBOR AND BOSTON.

Well, we have really celebrated our twentieth anniversary! Twenty consecutive phaeton trips! Nearly eight thousand miles driving through the New England States, New York and Canada! Our phaeton looks a little past its prime, and yet does not seem to feel its age. If, in these days of mysterious communication, it could have a tete-a-tete with the "one-hoss shay," and compare notes, what a garrulous old couple they would be! Some people thought we ought to have a guardian on our first journey, and had we anticipated a twentieth, we ourselves should have felt as if by that time we should need a corps. If all our wanderings had been revealed to us as we drove along the Connecticut, on that first trip, they would have seemed more improbable than Camille Flammarion's excursions among the solar systems; but we live now in an age which has ceased to wonder beyond—what next? and time and space are both out of fashion in the realms we are exploring, when not limited to the range of a phaeton; so a twenty years' look ahead now seems but a passing moment of time.

"Well, well," do I hear you say, "tell us where you went." Do not be impatient; if you travel with us, you must be content to go as we go, and we never know where we are going until we have been. It would spoil the whole story if we should tell you now, for it would seem as if we knew all about it when we started off that

lovely afternoon the last of June, with maps of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, but without the faintest idea which we should use.

If we were to have a journey, we must go somewhere for the first night; and we decided on Groton, as we have been asked so many times if we have ever stayed at the cosy inn kept by two sisters. We found it as pleasant as had been described to us, and it seemed a good opening for our twentieth to find such a pretty new place for our first night. But where next?

Does it seem strange to you, to go off for a three weeks' trip without the slightest idea whether you are bound for mountain or sea shore? Well, our experience is that the best journeys make themselves, as the best books write themselves, for they accomplish what we should never think to plan.

Once more we spread our maps, as we have done so many times, just to find a place for the next night. We pinned Maine on to New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and how big it looked! Surely if we once got into Maine we could roam at will, with no fear of being lost over the borders. It looked very tempting too, for it was a new map, and the colors were bright, while the other maps were faded and worn. As we traced one possible route after another, it really seemed as if Maine was our destination, unless we should encounter the "green-heads," which would send us flying, for Jerry would be frantic. We folded the maps after deciding on Andover for the second night. On our way we left cards at a friend's house in Westford, bought a box of strawberries at Lowell, and had our first camp by the wayside.

At Andover we studied the "way to Maine," as if it was the lesson assigned. Thirty-one miles took us to Hampton, N. H., via Haverhill, where we said "Good morning" to a friend, and later took our luncheon in a pretty grove by a lake.

At Hampton our journey seemed to begin in earnest, for here we began to follow the coast, driving on every beach accessible; Boar's Head, Rye Beach, Jenness Beach, Straw's Point, Foss Beach, and passing "The Wentworth,"which last took us a mile or two out of the direct route, and gave us a look at the old portions of Portsmouth, so like Marblehead in its quaintness. All these favorite resorts we took in on our way from Hampton to York, winding up with the new shore road from York Harbor to Hotel Bartlett on York Beach, where we went for the third night.

A good supper, brisk walk on the beach, refreshing sleep, and another lovely morning dawned. The view of the beach and surf is very fine from "Bartlett's," but we are birds of passage, and fly on, mentally photographing all the beauties by the way, to be recalled and enjoyed at our leisure. Instantaneous views had to suffice for that day, for the next was Fourth of July, and we wanted to reach Ferry Beach, where Jerry as well as ourselves could spend it peacefully, not being inclined to join in the festivities of the bicyclists at Saco. Jerry made easy work of the nearly forty miles, perhaps owing to the three miles' brisk trot on Wells Beach. Just as we left the beach, came the dense fog which hung along the coast for days, but we soon drove out of it into the bright sunshine, and realized, more fully than ever before, that

the sun is always shining beyond the clouds. We dined and made a call in Kennebunk, but had to send our thoughts to our hospitable friend a mile away, and pass by the port rather than overtask Jerry.

Biddeford and Saco were alive with preparations for the Fourth. We got our letters, our first word from home, and gladly turned towards Ferry Beach.

Bay View was spick and span, and Mrs. Manson, the efficient hostess, welcomed us, and gave us her best room. We are almost sure a woman should reign supreme in a hotel as well as in a home. Who would want a man for a housekeeper! There was a homelike look from the bright carpeted office, with a work-basket and sewing-chair, to the easy nook in the upper hall, with the tastefully arranged plants behind the lace draperies.

How we slept, after a two-miles' walk on the beach! Not a cannon, cracker, bell or tin horn, and the morning was like an old-fashioned Sunday. After dinner the children had a few torpedoes and crackers, so we knew our peace was not owing to prohibition. We never knew a hotel where children seem to have so much liberty, which is never abused, as at Bay View. Is this, too, owing to a woman's tact? In the evening we watched the fireworks at Old Orchard, two miles away, and wondered whether we should keep to the coast, or follow up the Kennebec to Augusta, and go home through the mountains.

We got all the information we could, and having rested on the Jewish Sabbath, we drove on Sunday nearly thirty miles, dining at Portland, and spending the night at Royal Rivers, a comfortable little hotel at Yar-

mouth. We got our only wetting on that Sunday afternoon in a spasmodic shower, but we think it cannot be considered a retribution in this enlightened age.

The next day's drive took us through Brunswick to Bath. Here we were at three o'clock, Jerry too tired to go farther, time on our hands, and the Kennebec so alluring! Our letters had not come, and how could we order them forwarded, when we did not know where we were going? We must wait. We shall always feel indebted to that bright girl in the post office, who told us we could go down to Popham Beach for the night, as the Boston boat stopped there daily, leaving Bath at six o'clock. A night away from our phaeton involves quite a little planning and repacking, and where could we do it? We could leave Jerry at a good stable very near the boat landing, but there was no hotel in the vicinity. We had an hour or two, and decided we would see Bath, and when we came across a rural back street we would repack in the phaeton. Bath is more of a city than we hoped, and despairing of finding an uninhabited back street, after we had driven on and up, in and out, without success, we stopped under a tree in a triangular space, and went to work regardless of the few passers-by. Very soon big bags, little bags, shawl cases and writing-tablet were all ready, some to be taken, others left; and we retraced with some difficulty our crooked ways. We bade Jerry good night at the stable, and then had a most delightful sail of an hour and a half down the Kennebec to Popham Beach.

Really, the Boston papers had not exaggerated the charms of that summer resort, and we were glad we were there, even when we learned the morning boat left at

quarter to seven, instead of eight or nine as we were told in Bath. There was no time to be lost, and we hardly did justice to the very delicate fish supper, in our haste to skip down the rocky path to the beach, where we must have walked two or three miles back and forth, not returning until it was quite dark.

We were to breakfast at six instead of eight as usual when we are driving, so retired early. The hotel is on a very high bluff, a "corner lot," where the Kennebec meets the ocean, and we had a corner room. At three o'clock our eyes opened as if by magic, and rested on the most beautiful sky imaginable, stretching out over the ocean, and reflected in the lovely Kennebec. We marked the spot where the sun was soon to rise, and resolved to see him, but the provoking fellow popped up when our eyes had closed for a bit.

The morning sail was as fine as the evening. How we would like to row as well as that sun-browned girl, who signalled the boat with her handkerchief, and, with her three companions, was pulled aboard as they came alongside, the boat being towed to the next landing. We were tempted to go to Augusta, it was so delightful, but Jerry was waiting for us.

Our next point was Boothbay Harbor. We could have reached there in an hour and a half by boat from Bath, but Jerry could not be transported. This was no disappointment, however, as we are always glad to resume our driving. We were assured of a long, hard twenty-five miles, but if we were to "do" the coast, Boothbay must not be passed by. Letters came that morning, and soon we were off, fortified with oats and

well-filled lunch basket, ready to enjoy the day. What a drive it was over rickety toll-bridges, winding and twisting about, up and down such stony pitches, skirting the ragged edges of a bay! We took our lunch on a rocky bluff overlooking the water, and Jerry was invited into a barn and treated to hay. As we were wending our way towards the coast in the afternoon, feeling as if we had left the world behind us, a carriage came in sight, and as it passed a voice shouted to the driver, "Stop!" We, too, stopped, as a young man leaped from the carriage. We were glad to see anyone so glad to see us, even if we did not recognize at first, in the young man on a business tour through Maine, a boy who used to live almost next door to us. He surprised us again two or three days later, rushing out from a hotel as he saw us driving by.

Boothbay Harbor was delightful from our window in the little hotel, which looked as if it had dropped accidently sidewise into a vacant spot on a side hill, and never faced about. After supper we walked up to the top of the hill for a view, through a pasture, to see what was beyond, and back to the hotel by the rocky shore, watching the boats of every description anchored in the harbor.

Writing was next in order, and the tablet was opened, but where was the pen-holder? Gone, surely, and it must have slipped out when we repacked under the tree in Bath! A pen-holder may seem a small loss, but that one was made out of the old Hingham meeting-house, and has written all the Transcript letters and thousands of others. We grieved for it, but could only console ourselves thinking of the fable we read in German long ago, "Is a thing lost when you know where it is?" We re-

placed it with a Boothbay pen-holder, a bright red one for five cents, which is now trying to tell you of our journeyings as was the wont of the Hinghamite.

It just poured that night at Boothbay, and there were no signs of cessation in the morning. We decided to stay until after dinner, and not divide our drive that day. Suddenly it cleared, and we went out on the street to make some inquiries at the boat office about Bar Harbor, for we were getting interested in the coast, and felt inclined to go on indefinitely. A small boy came along with a poor horse and shabby carriage, calling, "Have a ride? See round the Harbor for ten cents!" We had time, and nothing else to do, so jumped in and "did" the Harbor.

The afternoon drive to Damariscotta was very pleasant, and we found the old brick hotel full of hospitable comfort, for all it had such a forbidding exterior. We might have been tempted to stop a bit in Damariscotta if we had known what we learned a few days later, about some recent excavations of interest, but we were within twenty-five miles of Penobscot Bay, and impatient for our first glimpse of it.

We camped that day by a country school-house. Two little fellows were much amused when we stopped there, thinking we had come to see the teacher in vacation time. They were greatly interested in Jerry during the unharnessing and tying to a tiny bush. We were interested in the wild strawberries they had picked in the tall grass over the wall, and one of the little fellows finally concluded he rather have the money offered him than the berries, although he had nothing else for his dinner. His

eyes glowed as he took the money and went to the field again, returning in a little while to ask us if we would not like another quart.

We fared well at Rockland that night, except our room had one too many doors, and our slumbers were disturbed by an impatient rattling of a door key in the spare one. We aroused to the situation just in season to surprise the well-meaning but mistaken man by a hasty closing of the door, with an authoritative request to him to lock it, when his exclamation revealed his discovery of the blunder. When we paid our bill we quietly suggested to the clerk that it is well to have bolts as well as locks on unused doors.

And now comes one of the finest drives we ever had, —twenty-eight miles along Penobscot Bay through Camden and Northport to Belfast. How could anything be more lovely! Crosby Inn, so fine in all its appointments, was in harmony with the day's drive. We had a pleasant chat on the piazza with fellow travelers, who had been following our route for a day or two. These ladies were traveling with a pair of horses and a man, so of course took it for granted we would drive the thirty-five miles to Bangor next day and spend Sunday there. We did not tell them our plans, because we had none; we were only hoping we should find a quiet country hotel before we got to Bangor,—we like it so much better for a Sunday rest.

On we drove, leaving the beautiful bay, and winding along Penobscot River, through Searsport, Stockton, Frankfort and Winterport, but saw no place that tempted us to stop, except a little summer house in a grove, where

we rested at noon. We took note of a singular advertisement over a watering-trough; "An Open Secret, that—— sells Furniture, Burial Caskets, and Shrouds at Lowest Prices."

Hampden was next and last. Unless we found a place there we must go to Bangor. The last part of the drive was very lovely, and we began to wonder what Hampden had in store for us. The main street, with most of the houses facing the river, was very pleasant for a mile before we came to a forlorn-looking old building with a faded sign, "Hampden House," over the door. We passed by, hoping to find a more attractive place, but no—that was the only hotel in Hampden. We recalled our delightful experiences in hotels with dilapidated exterior, both in Canada and the States, and retraced our way to the Hampden House, though with some misgivings we confess. A very pleasant woman met us at the door, which is always a good omen, and sent her little girl to call her father to take the horse. He came leisurely along from the stable, and when we asked him if we and our horse could be cared for, he answered, "I don't know any reason why you can't." To our question, "will all these things be safe in the phaeton?" he as dryly answered, "This carriage may be stolen tonight—never has been one taken." His words were few, but his manner was reassuring, and we already felt at home.

The floor looked old, and the stairs were well worn, but when we and our bags were deposited in the upper front room, we looked about and exclaimed, "This is just one of our places for a Sunday rest!"—rag mats, high bed where you are sure to sink low in feathers, and a purely

country outlook. We had the dining-room all to ourselves, and as our hostess served our supper, she told us how they had come there recently for her husband's health, and taken this old house, which had so run down that no one would stop there. They were intending to fix it up, but had been delayed by sickness, etc., but she told her husband she could keep it clean. She was called away, for the ice cream patrons began to come; and we went out for a twilight stroll on the river bank, which was very high, and gave us a fine view. We next went westward to see the sun set, and a proposition was made to go into the Saturday-night prayer meeting in a little church we passed, but it was not unanimously received, and we returned to our room and books.

The night was as peaceful as Fourth of July at Ferry Beach, and we opened our eyes on a bright Sunday morning, refreshed. Our memory was awake too, and we were sure Hampden, Maine, was one of the places friends used to visit. We asked our hostess some questions, but she knew little of the people. Later in the morning she came to our room and said there was an old sea captain down stairs who knew everybody who ever lived in Hampden. We went down into the little parlor and had a very pleasant hour with him. He told us various stories of Hannibal Hamlin, who had so recently gone, and all about the families we were interested in,—where they were from, had lived, married and died. He told us of one old lady still living, whose house we passed as we came into town.

We went back to our room, and were next interested in watching the coming together of the men in Sunday

attire, to hold a "service" on the steps of the grocery store opposite the hotel. It seemed to be a general conference meeting, and the sentiments were wafted upward on the curling smoke from cigar and pipe.

Dinner came next in order. Our hostess apologized for its simplicity, owing to our coming late Saturday night, but fortunately we do not spend overmuch thought on "the table," and after the ceremony is over it matters little to us. The unexpected ice cream gave a nice finishing touch to our repast that day.

The afternoon passed all too quickly with our books and letter writing, and the Hampdenites began to assemble for evening service. Men only attended, and one by one they came until there were fifteen in a row on the grocery steps. Presently a humpbacked man appeared, dragging Jerry along, looking meekness itself, to the town pump. Suddenly Jerry gave a spring, which greatly surprised the old man, and called forth sallies from the grocery steps, which led us to think they had not advanced to universal brotherhood. Directly attention was withdrawn from the poor old man by the remark, "He's from Boston," referring to Jerry, and immediately rapt attention was given to our friend the sea captain, who looked like a genial presiding elder with his broad hat, white collar and linen duster. Evidently he was entertaining them with some of our driving exploits which had interested him in the morning. Finally one impatient voice broke in with "Well, how did they happen to light on Hampden?"

At this point we walked out of the hotel in face of the whole "congregation," for it was getting late for

us to go in search of the "old lady," whom we really wished to meet. We sauntered along down the pretty country road for nearly a mile before we came to the house that answered the description given us. A young woman came to the door, and told us Mrs. —— had gone "down the road." When we told her who we were, and that we came because we knew her friends, she said we must come in and wait while they sent for her. We were shown into the little parlor, and the hour of waiting passed more than pleasantly as one after another of the household came in to chat with us. Presently it was announced that grandma had come, and would be in soon.

We were entirely unprepared for the overwhelming reception she gave us, all because we knew her friends, for she had never heard even our names. The sea captain had spoken of her as an old lady, and to be sure her hair was white as snow, but all thought of years vanished when she entered the room with the grace and vivacity of youth, her white fluffy hair like a crown of glory, and the old-fashioned crescent which fastened the soft black handkerchief about her neck, flashing in rainbow tints, —and came towards us with open arms. How the time and our tongues did fly! She told us how she celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday, but was she not mistaken? Had our eyes been shut, we should have declared her sixteen, and when we finally said we must go, she seized the lantern her son brought to guide us through the chairs and hammocks in the front yard, and refusing any wraps, or even her son's hat, she put her arms around

us and insisted upon escorting us up the road. On we went for a full half-mile, and then walked back and forth, girl fashion, for she would not let us go back with her, until we had parted so many times she had at last exclaimed, "Well, we shall get tired kissing each other," and with another parting and promise to write to her, we watched her as she turned down the dark, lonely country road with her lantern at ten o'clock at night. What a charming time we did have! And if we should tell you whose "Aunt Sarah" that was, every reader of the Transcript would know; but we are not going to say another word about it, except that she had the promised letter. We like to keep just a few things to ourselves.

Have we told you we were on the way to Bar Harbor? Hampden has put everything out of our minds. We could have crossed the river lower down, but thought we might as well see Bangor when we were so near, and then take the main road straight down to the island, a distance of about sixty miles. We took a last look at Hampden, and after a brisk drive of six miles reached Bangor, where we got our mails, filled our lunch basket, drove about the city a little, and then were off full of anticipation, for we had been told repeatedly that the drive from Bangor to Bar Harbor was "magnificent."

It was a pretty drive over the hills and through the vales to Ellsworth, where we spent the night, and we found a pleasant camping spot at noon. Our Ellsworth proprietor gave us much helpful information about Bar Harbor, and we left, sure that the twenty remaining miles were to surpass anything we had ever seen. It was

hot, the first really uncomfortable day since we left home, and it grew hotter as we came nearer the island. The tide was out as we crossed the bridge connecting Mt. Desert with the mainland, and our enthusiasm was so far abated by the general unattractiveness, that we wondered if the name Mt. Desert did not originally mean something. We were still hopeful, however, but hope waned when we were fairly on the island, shut out from every breath of air, in the midst of stubbed evergreens. Be assured the signboard pointing to "The Ovens" did not tempt us from our main course that morning.

"What unappreciative people!" I fancy Bar Harbor enthusiasts exclaiming. But just wait a minute. Remember we are not there yet. Now we round a corner and the scene changes. The beautiful harbor is before us, dotted with yachts gayly decked, and boats of every description. Lovely villas and charming grounds have supplanted the primitive huts and stubbed evergreens. Fine turnouts, bright girls in tennis, yachting and driving costumes, and now and then a real dude, not forgetting the "men of money" and stately dowagers,—all are here, yes, and processions of four-seated buckboards with liveried drivers seeking patronage,—everything in fact that goes to make a fashionable summer resort is found at Bar Harbor. The great charm of all is the grand combination of mountain and ocean.

As our time was limited, we gave the afternoon to a round trip in Frenchman's Bay, our special object being to touch at Sullivan, where friends declared they looked for us and Jerry every day last summer. We did think about it, and looked it up on the map, but decided it was

quite too far for us to drive. Now here we were, but our friends were far away. No wonder they were charmed with their summer at Sullivan.

Really, aside from its own charms the view of Bar Harbor would compensate one. We touched at several points in the bay, changed boats twice, and were delayed an hour just at sunset, which we enjoyed from the upper deck, and thanks to the delay, had a view of Bar Harbor electric-lighted. Our obliging host had a special supper awaiting us, and our day of varied experience ended with a long look at Green Mountain in the starlight from our window.

While we were waiting for Jerry the next morning, the clerk rehearsed enthusiastically the attractions of Bar Harbor, and asked us if we did not think the drive from Ellsworth very fine. He looked aghast when we frankly told him that, with the exception of the last mile or two, it was the least interesting twenty miles of our two weeks' driving—three hundred and fifty miles. We can readily imagine, however, how delightful it must seem to people who have been pent up in the city, and we do not doubt it would have had more charm for us if it had been a little cooler and the water had been at high tide.

Even the mists, that would not be dispelled, could not dampen our enthusiasm on the famous ocean drive, although we almost despaired of seeing the ocean, and began to think it was like some river drives we have taken, without a river to be seen. When we at last came to the red rocky bluffs, so wonderfully beautiful, and then followed our winding way through a real mountain notch, we were in full sympathy with Bar Harbor enthusiasts.

We must now think of turning homeward. If inclination had been considered, we would give you an account of a glorious return via Moosehead Lake, Dixville Notch and the White Mountains; but our time was limited by other plans, and we had already strayed too far from home to return even as we came. We must test Jerry as a sailor; and it seemed wise to make sure of a pleasant day, and not delay, for a storm was anticipated. The Olivette, a beautiful boat, ran from Bar Harbor direct to Boston, leaving at six in the afternoon, but we could leave at one o'clock on the Lewiston, and have the delightful sail along the coast to Rockland, and then change for the Bangor boat, due in Boston in the morning, at the same time as the Olivette. The Lewiston was said to have better accommodations for horses too, and Jerry is always the majority with us. We packed oats for his supper, and a gay Bar Harbor blanket to insure his comfort, in the phaeton, and the man at the wharf tied up everything securely. We were weighed, because a man said we must be—everybody was weighed before leaving Bar Harbor—then went on board, everything promising a most delightful afternoon.

We were full of anticipation, with map in hand ready to observe every point. Within ten minutes we were in a dense fog, and rolling as if we were in mid-ocean. We could barely discern the rocky bluffs along the ocean drive, which we so longed to see. It was clear in Southwest Harbor, and we had a few views of the island as we touched at several points, for it was bright sunshine on shore; then we sailed into the fog again denser than ever. A row boat came alongside, and we went on to the upper

deck to see passengers taken aboard. The wind blew furiously, and the deck was deserted with the exception of a bridal couple, whom we had seen three times before,—meeting them as we went to Belfast, and again driving off the island as we drove on. They were on the wharf at one of the places we touched at Frenchman's Bay, and here they were again, having retraced their steps, the bridegroom told us, to take the sail along the coast once more, because his wife enjoyed it so much. The fog, however, was no respecter of persons, and, brides or not brides, we were all doomed to the same fate; an afternoon sail with nothing to be seen but ourselves, and a rolling and tossing that called forth ominous prophecies from pessimistic passengers. We are glad we indulged to the utmost in optimistic hopes, for that was all there was bright about it.

At Rockland we changed boats, and gladly, feeling that somehow the change of boats would change the atmosphere and still the restless waters. When our bags and wraps were deposited in our stateroom, we went down to see Jerry. Any misgivings we had indulged in as to his state of mind were dispelled when we went towards him with the oats. He was all right surely.

We went out on deck, but how the wind did blow! And the rolling, creaking and groaning increased as we went out to sea. More than once it seemed as if the boat fell from our feet, and left us standing amid air. One by one the passengers disappeared, and among the last stragglers, we took refuge in our stateroom. There was no inclination for preliminaries. We threw our hats on the upper berth, and camped down for the night's enter-

tainment. The pessimists had the satisfaction of being true prophets, but we still believe in optimism.

The night was long, measured off by the fog horn, and our breath stopped once when suddenly the boat stood still and the machinery was silent. It was a real relief when the creaking and groaning began again, and we rolled on, resuming the tooting. We would not believe we slept a wink but for the fact we dreamed that, as we came near home, after our Bar Harbor to Boston sail, Jerry was independent and wayward, and swung round suddenly. One said, "Never mind, let it be a turn to the house the other way," but before we got there he swung round again, and then the driver was "up," and said, "He has got to mind, if I can make him." She drew up the reins with a grip that would have turned the Lewiston, and the result was that after much creaking and groaning of the old phaeton, Jerry was rolled up like a kitten in front of the carriage, and the "driver" was prostrate under the back wheels. The dreamer extended a hand to Jerry, and he touched it as graciously as any lord of the land, then arose and we three stood upright, unharmed; and so we did, after our three hundred miles' water trip, on the wharf in Boston at eight o'clock.

The boatman attempted to harness Jerry, and the optimistic dreamer, sitting in the phaeton, had full faith in his land wisdom, but the driver came back from the boat office just in time to help him out of a very perplexing dilemma. He had placed the saddle, and was diligently searching for a place to put the crupper aiming towards the ears. The driver with some difficulty suppressed her amusement, as she readjusted the saddle. With a cheery

"Good-by, Jerry," the boatman returned to his sphere, and we were soon off for breakfast.

Jerry was quite at home at the familiar stable in Mason street. After breaking our fast we gave the morning to shopping, and early in the afternoon we began a round of calls in Boston and vicinity, which kept us busy several days. We could not think of ending our delightful journey so abruptly as to be in Bar Harbor one day and in Leominster the next, as we might have done.

We visited thirteen suburban towns, and could write a letter almost as long as this one without exhausting the charms of the Wayside Chapel in Maplewood, and the home of its owner under the same roof, which we enjoyed through a friend, who exclaimed as we called, "Oh, you are just in season to attend our daily fifteen minutes' service." It is the embodied long-cherished idea of a helpful woman, and is full of the work of her own hands and brain, from the embroidered carpets and draperies, the allegorically painted walls, and fitting mottoes, to many of the books on her shelves. But all this you can go and see, for it is open to whomsoever wills to go in, without money and without price; a church with a creed of one word—Love.

After this unexpected visit and service, we started off in pursuit of a hotel, and at sunset found ourselves at Woburn. This was not at all our intention; we were not ready to go home yet, and drove back towards Boston the next morning for more calls, then faced about and took a two days' round-about for home, passing the old Wayside Inn in Sudbury on our way. We took our last dinner at the Lancaster House, called on friends, then

drove around by Spec Pond, surprised the campers, and had a fine row in the "G. W.," whose hold on our affections is only strengthened by absence. We took Jerry camping for a week, later in the season, and he was a great acquisition to camp life, but we must pass by the delights of that week, even our visit to the Shakers, and hasten home over Rice hill. The view was never so lovely as in that sunset glow. Our journey ended in golden glory, but we still feel it was not complete; and from the queries of some of our friends, it would seem as if they thought we did not have "much of a journey," but it was one of our very best, and at Bar Harbor we were just the same distance from home in miles and time as we were at Berthier, Canada, two summers ago. It is all owing to that abrupt return by water, and sometime we hope to tell you how we drove to Boston, put Jerry on board boat for Bar Harbor, then finished up our Twentieth Phaeton Trip.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIXVILLE NOTCH AND THE NORTH SHORE.

"In a buggy"! How strange that sounds! Not half so nice as "in a phaeton." Even after such a delightful journey as we have had in a buggy (there never was a more ugly name for anything so nice), we grieve to tell you the dear old phaeton has gone; not to pieces, like the one-hoss shay, but to be initiated into a new life, with new associations and environments, which is often like the elixir of life to people, and may give our phaeton another quarter of a century.

It went away a month before our journey, and every time we went to drive in the new buggy we found ourselves making comparisons. The seat is higher; it is not upholstered on the side, and it seems as if we should fall out; the floor is narrower. How strange it seems without shields—fenders, they say now! Then we would come to our senses and say, How foolish! Really, this is luxurious—leaning back, which we could not do comfortably in the phaeton, without a shawl for a pillow—how much room there will be without the bags in front! We shall enjoy it partly tipped back. How much lighter for Jerry! It is nice; of course we shall like it. The old phaeton would look shabby enough beside it, with the dilapidated top and faded brown cushions, but the ease of a phaeton "hung round it still." What good times we did have in it!

And then we would wonder who would have it, and fancy some poor man taking it, who lived a little out of

town, and had somebody's pet horse to keep until he died a natural death. Would the "auras" of those twenty journeys take shape as he jogged about? They would be there, and if his eyes should be holden in his normal waking condition, we felt sure, should he fall asleep on his way home some sultry summer night, his dreams would be like a running panorama without geographical order, if the pictures of our journeys appeared chronologically. Along the Connecticut River, with a view from Mt. Holyoke, would be followed by Lake Winnipiseogee and the Isles of Shoals, Newport, Martha's Vineyard, Boston suburbs, Berkshire Hills, Hudson River, Green Mountains, Lake George, Saratoga, White Mountains, and Boston, Vermont, Canada, Franconia Notch, Old Orchard Beach, New Jersey, Dixville Notch, Catskill Mountains, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor! Would the poor man be able to locate himself at once, when aroused by the familiar sound of the horse's hoof on the barn floor? Ought we to tell him about it? We decided to entrust him to the manager of the panorama.

We had at last to stop thinking of the dear old phaeton and adjust ourselves to the nice new buggy, for it required an entire change in packing arrangements. Things would not place themselves in the buggy, as they did in the phaeton from long habit. Bags must be found to fit the "box," and the wrench, oil and twine had to be put into what one might call an emergency bag—a Corning is so different from a phaeton. We made some half-curtains to use in rainy weather, which take up much less room than the "sides," and do not shut out the view. By

the time we were ready for our journey we almost wondered how we ever got along without a place for bags, things seemed so compact and out of the way.

Why anyone should have mistrusted we were going farther than Spec Pond or Fitchburg when we drove up to the post office on the afternoon of June thirtieth we cannot imagine; but a reporter did, and seized the opportunity to interview us. We did not wish to leave town with the ill-will of anyone, and responded civilly to his many queries, but the entire information gained made a very brief item. Now, if we had told him we were going to Pepperell we should have falsified ourselves at the outset. We did think of spending the first night there, but a bridge up and a big thunder-cloud turned our course towards Townsend, and we reached the hotel just in time to escape a heavy shower. It cleared away, and after supper we drove on to Brookline, N. H., and were farther on our way, if our way lay north, than if we had gone to Pepperell.

It is a pretty drive of twenty-four miles from Brookline to Goffstown through Amherst, where we stopped for dinner. At Goffstown the landlord was not in, and even bells called forth no response, so we drove off to view the town. A second bold effort was more successful and brought to light the landlord, who had turned carpenter and was building a new kitchen.

Twenty-eight miles the next day, through Concord, where we always spend a pleasant hour with friends, took us to Shaker Village, on the top of a hill, where we spent Sunday. When you have made one visit to the Canter-

bury Shakers you will not wonder that we have been there four times. It is a restful place, away from the world of turmoil, and the sisters are pleasant hostesses. They are free to investigate in any direction, and we talked of Theosophy and all the advanced ideas of today. Sunday morning a sister brought in several books for us to look over, and we lent her one, which she liked so much we left it with her, taking some Shaker pamphlets in exchange at her suggestion.

We deemed it a special favor to be invited to attend meeting, as their services are not open to the public. If we had not such a long journey to tell you about, we would like to tell you of that meeting, which interested us very much.

Last year we hurried along the coast to reach Old Orchard before the Fourth of July, as Jerry sometimes objects to fire crackers. This time we had fixed upon Weirs as a celebrating point, and after dinner with the Shakers, we started off for the eighteen miles' drive. We had not driven an hour before a fearfully ominous cloud loomed up, which grew blacker and blacker, and very ugly looking. We sped through the street of Belmont, and barely got inside the little hotel when the rain fell in sheets, and the lightning flashed in all directions. We watched the storm until the rain fell moderately, and the thunder rumbled in the distance, and then called for Jerry, for night would overtake us surely if we delayed longer. We drove briskly to Laconia, and then came a hard pull over roads repaired with sods. The sun was just setting when we surveyed Lake Winnipiseogee from the top of the hill which leads down to the Weirs, and the

clock struck eight as we entered the dining-room of the Lakeside House.

Here we were entirely at home, and spent the morning of the Fourth strolling about to see the improvements and our friends, in their lovely new cottage by the lake. Everything seemed quiet by three o'clock, and after a consultation with Landlord Weeks, we decided the time had come for us to go to Squam Lake, which we had passed by so many times. Hundreds of people were enjoying that perfect day at Weirs, but they had forgotten all else for the time, and were crowded on the shore to see a man walk on the water. Jerry was not annoyed by a single cracker. The drive was very lovely, and the sunset views from the piazzas of the Asquam House, high above the lake, were not surpassed in all our journey.

Our "way" evidently lay through the mountains, and we took a lingering look at Squam in the morning, and then were off for Plymouth. We forgot to tell you that we made a cricket for the new buggy, which was a great luxury, but we were not satisfied with the covering. At Plymouth we got a pretty piece of carpeting, and after our lunch by the wayside, near Livermore's Falls, we took the tacks and hammer from the "emergency bag," and upholstered it. The result was a great success.

Now we were ready for the Pemigewassett Valley for the sixth time. It is a drive one can never weary of, for it is never twice alike. We found a new place for the night at North Woodstock. The house stood high above the street and commanded one of the finest views of the Franconia Mountains we have seen. We could just

distinguish the Flume House, five miles away, where we met friends as we drove through the Notch the next morning.

We are always interested in the excursionists we meet "doing" the Notch, with its Flume, Pool and Basin, for the first time. We left the carriage to have a good look at the Old Man of the Mountain. We hope nothing will happen to the jagged rocks that make up that wonderful profile. We climbed Bald Mountain for the first time, taking our lunch on the way. Jerry had his dinner later at the Profile House farm. We spent the night at Littleton.

A bright thought came to us here. How pleasant it would be to look in upon our friends at Lake Memphremagog. Newport did not look far away on our map, but remembering those swampy, corduroy roads in northern Vermont, with stump-land for scenery, we decided we would drive the twenty miles to St. Johnsbury and then go by rail forty-five miles to Newport. It proved a very wise decision, for heavy rains had washed the roads, and the corduroy must have been impassable. Moreover, when we got to Newport we found for once our plans were frustrated, for no boats had been running for two weeks, as the water was so high they could not land anywhere on the lake. News travels slowly in northern Vermont. We had made many inquiries at Littleton and St. Johnsbury, and were told the boats were running twice a day. We spent the night at the Memphremagog House, and gazed by moonlight towards Georgeville, twenty miles into Canada, where we had expected to spend the

evening with our friends, and thought of those "best laid plans."

A pleasure we did not expect came to us, however, on that little side trip. Just as we stepped on the car at St. Johnsbury we were startled by a "Hulloa, Auntie F.!" We turned and saw two veritable tramps, with beaming faces. Who would have mistrusted they were college boys in high standing, as they stood there, with caps pushed back, and tents, knapsacks, spiders, canteens, and who knows what not, strapped on their backs? We "four tramps" took possession of the rear of the car and talked over the family news, for they had left home that morning, and we had been driving a week. They were full of plans for tramping and camping through Canada, and quite likely some of you may have read their interesting letters telling of their experiences via Montreal to New Brunswick. They camped at Newport that night and called on us at the Memphremagog House the next morning.

We were prompted to go to the post office before leaving Newport and got a letter which it seemed must have been projected by occult means, for how otherwise could one have reached there so soon? That is always a pleasure, and we took the train for St. Johnsbury, quite content, all things considered, with an outing of ninety miles by rail. Later in the season an office boy in a hotel in New Hampshire asked if he had not seen us somewhere in northern Vermont. We told him we had been there. "Well," he said, "I thought you looked natural, and that I saw you there canvassing for Bibles!"

We began our journey a week before by driving to Lunenburg, Mass., and about three hours after parting with our two tramps at Newport, we began it over again at St. Johnsbury, turning Jerry towards Lunenburg, Vt. We thought we would try our chances next in northern New Hampshire. We had driven perhaps half the twenty miles to Lunenburg, when another of those ominous clouds appeared, and just at the right time we came to a large barn on a farm, but no house was within a mile. At one end of the barn facing the road was an open shed, with places to tie several horses, and a large sign-board, "Public Shelter Shed." At one side was a fine water trough and another sign, "Nice Spring Water —Drink Hearty." The customary broken goblet was close at hand. Several children were there, with quantities of wild strawberries. They sat on the grass with their lunch, and after taking ours we added some cultivated strawberries to their pails, and they started on the run for the little station nearly a mile away. We hope they were safely under cover before the shower came. As we waited there, while the thunder, lightning and rain held high carnival, we sent winged thoughts of gratitude to the thoughtful man to whom we were indebted for shelter.

Having been delayed by the shower, and finding Lunenburg so attractive, we stopped there for the night instead of crossing the Connecticut to Lancaster, N. H. Several years ago we explored Dixville Notch, a little south of Connecticut Lake in northern New Hampshire, and have ever since talked of going again to get some of that lovely moss for Christmas cards. We shall never

forget the lovely drive along the Connecticut, after leaving the White Mountains many miles behind us. Then we drove on the New Hampshire side and looked over into Vermont. As we were now in Vermont we drove up on that side and looked across into New Hampshire. A new railroad had taken the old road by the river in many places, and the new road was cut high above, which gave us some fine views. At one time we saw showers before us and back of us and only a stray drop fell where we were.

We drove twenty-eight miles that day, and spent the night at North Stratford. We slept very well, notwithstanding the cars almost grazed our room as they rounded the corner.

The next morning we were off, with our eyes on the alert for the first glimpse of "The Nirvana." At Littleton we got a copy of "Among the Clouds," and were much interested in the description and picture of a wonderfully fine hotel, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, at Colebrook, which was to open soon. We concluded we were not fitted to enter Nirvana, for the terms were to be from $4 to $7 a day, but we could look up to it as we passed by.

Long before we reached Colebrook we saw its towers and gables resting against the sky, and from the old hotel in Colebrook, which had been much improved since we were there, it looked just above our heads. There is a fine drive completed to the top of the bluff; but while waiting for dinner we strolled up the short path through the woods, hardly five minutes' walk. We found the house really "open," for money had given out when it was

but a skeleton; but we reveled in the possibilities of "The Nirvana." We climbed ladders, and saw it in embryo, lest we might not be admitted when in its perfected state. Every room commanded most beautiful views. From one window we looked along the Mohawk River to Dixville Notch, following the ten miles' drive we were to have that afternoon.

A good dinner awaited us, when we came down to the hotel, and as we drove along the Mohawk Valley, after Jerry's rest, we turned back many times for another glimpse of the beautiful outline against the sky.

Once in Dixville Notch, all else is forgotten in the stillness and beauty. The hotel was undergoing repairs, and many attractions were assuming form under the guiding hand of the landlady. We waited for a bed to be set up in a room radiant in freshly tinted walls and Japanese matting, and immediately fell into the spirit of repairs with the two or three guests, who were continually lending a hand. The house is supplied with water from a brook which comes tumbling down the mountain just back of the house. You cannot imagine anything more fascinating than the rustic camps that have been built by regular patrons of this secluded spot, at a little distance apart quite a way up the glen, with little bridges spanning the rocky stream. Hammocks and camp couches with real springs, were suggestive of a miniature Nirvana, which is more easily attained than Nirvana on the Heights.

The moon was in full glory that night, and the morning dawned fair for the Notch drive. As Jerry was brought to the door, our hostess asked if we would take a few cir-

culars. The few proved fifty, and thereafter we enclosed one in every letter. We have still a few left. We heartily assent to all the good that is said of Dixville. Yes, we found more of that moss, so lovely for Christmas cards. We walked most of the two miles through the Notch looking for it.

We took dinner at a large three-story hotel in the wilderness kept mainly for the "river drivers," whom we were much interested to hear about. The Androscoggin is full of logs, and river-driving in the spring must be quite lively. We somehow missed the interpretation of the guideboards, and pulled up a hill two and a half miles long on the wrong road that hot afternoon. We were obliged to retrace our steps and take the turn just the other side of the hotel where we dined. Then came the well remembered fourteen miles along the Androscoggin, through the woods, and a night at "Chandler's," one of the half-dozen houses to be seen on the plain as we emerged from the woods.

Great improvements had been made since we were there seven years ago. That was the place where we had a room on the first floor, without a lock on window or door, and a "transient" in the room adjoining. Now the two rooms were one, with a curtained arch between, and the front room furnished as a parlor, with a piano. We reveled in our royal apartments in this wild, river-driving country, and did not mind much the smudge on the piazza to keep the black flies away. We delayed starting away as long as we could in the morning.

Mrs. Chandler gave us lunch for ourselves and Jerry, and we looked for a wayside camp; but not even the

shady side of a rock could we find, and it was very hot. It was getting late for Jerry, and in despair of doing better, we asked permission to drive into a barn. We were just unharnessing, when the owner drove in with his milk wagon, and insisted on helping us, and was so urgent, that after taking our lunch in the carriage, we went into the sitting-room, where we could be "more comfortable." He came in and rocked the baby, while his wife prepared dinner, and when left to ourselves, we went out on the piazza, which was like a conservatory. After their dinner, the man and his wife brought out chairs, and we had quite a little visit. We had something to talk about, for a boy who began his career very humbly near us, was a high school teacher in that vicinity, and much esteemed as a citizen. We were interested to hear of him.

Jerry fared as well as we did, and was fresh for the drive to Gorham, where we received and answered our mail, watching a ball game at the same time from our window.

The next morning was a bright one for our drive through Pinkham Notch. We passed the Glen House too early for dinner, but had been told there was a little place beyond where we could get something for ourselves and Jerry, and visit Crystal Cascade. While waiting we came to a barn, which looked inviting for Jerry, but our chance seemed small, when we glanced into the open door of a tiny board cottage, where sat a thin, pale woman with a wee baby, and a book. A little girl of daft appearance, in a slow drawling tone, assured us that was the only place, and spoke to her mother, who had not seemed to notice us. She said her husband had gone to pilot a

party to the Ravine, and she had nothing but cookies in the house, but we could put Jerry in the barn and find the oats, and she would make us hot biscuit. We did not wish to trouble her so much, and asked if she could give us milk with the cookies? It proved a delicious lunch. Such cookies and such milk! We were charmed with the "campish" air of the room. The baby had been put to sleep in a hammock, swung across one corner. Behind a door we espied a bookcase well-filled, and spoke of it. The thin, pale woman brightened up, full of interest, and said the books belonged to the little girl who had just said to us, in that same drawling tone, "I—like—to—play—ball—better—than—any—thing—else." We were amazed to learn of her passion for books, which had prompted the mountain visitors to give them to her. A favorite book was "John Halifax." Our attention was attracted to another case containing a full set of Chambers's Encyclopædia. She said some thought the "Brittany" was the best, but she liked that. In a closet were two more shelves of books—all good books, too. Milk, cookies, a hammock and books! Another Nirvana, to be sure.

We skipped up the path to Crystal Cascade, and there alone, a half-mile from the cottage, sat a woman on a rock overlooking the cascade, with her knitting and a book. Nirvana again? Her party had gone on to the Ravine.

Two miles farther down the Notch we left the carriage and ran along the walk, and up and down the flights of steps to take a look at Glen Ellis Falls. All these side attractions of Pinkham Notch we missed when we drove

through on our September mountain trip, in deep mud and heavy mist.

Jackson was at its best this time. We watched the twilight sky from the piazza of a friend's studio on the grounds of Gray's Inn, and spent a delightful hour in the morning with the beauties of nature brought indoors by her skilful hand. It was an ideal studio, with its little garden in front, and vine-covered porch.

We passed most of the day in Jackson, driving to North Conway in the latter part of the afternoon. To shorten the drive of the next day, we drove two miles beyond the town and stopped at Moat Mountain House, a favorite place for lovers of fine scenery. Mt. Washington was particularly fine from our window.

Thirty miles, via Tamworth and Madison, stopping at Silver Lake House for dinner, brought us to Moultonboro. The hotel was closed, and we will pass lightly over the accommodations (?) and experiences of that night, assuring you we were ready for an early departure, to meet the nine o'clock boat at Centre Harbor for a sail through the lovely Winnipiseogee, to Alton Bay. This was Jerry's treat, as well as ours. He is a good sailor. The courteous captain looked out for his comfort and for our pleasure, calling our attention to all points of interest. We dined at Alton Bay and then Jerry was fresh for a brisk drive of eighteen miles to Rochester, where we found pleasant quarters for Sunday, fifty-three miles away from Moultonboro.

The mountains were now well behind us, and we turned our thoughts towards Old Ocean, only thirty

miles away. We spent a night at Dover, calling on friends, and camped one noon in Greenland, an ideal farming town. We tied Jerry to a fence by the roadside, and we took the liberty to enjoy the shade of a tree the other side of the fence. As we were taking our lunch, we heard a slight noise, and turned just in time to see Jerry in mid air, leaping the bars. He believed in equal rights, and having obtained them at the expense of so much effort, we let him stay with us. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and when we saw an elderly woman guarded by two young people, coming down the road, we were sure they were after trespassers, and went out to meet them. They probably fancied Jerry running riot in their mowing, but we had kept him with us under the tree, where the grass had not flourished. When we told them how he came there, they were much interested, and we had a very pleasant chat on his and our own exploits.

We got as near the ocean as possible, by spending the night at Boar's Head, enjoying the evening with a friend we found there; we divided our attention between the ocean and the stars.

"Of course they will go to Boston," had been quoted in a letter from home. Well, why not? What could be more charming than a drive along the North Shore from Boar's Head to Boston? We could see our friends in Newburyport and spend a night in Gloucester, and take again that superb drive through Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-Sea and Beverly Farms, to Salem. And so we did, and from Salem we drove to Swampscott, spending a night most delightfully at the Lincoln House. The heat

had been intense, but here it was so cool we put on our jackets and walked the piazza briskly to get warm.

What led us to brave the heat on Crescent Beach the next day we cannot imagine, but to our regret we found ourselves there, watching the whirling horses, and the rollicking bathers, while Jerry had his mid-day rest. A hot drive in the afternoon, with a call in Maplewood on our way to Boston, finished up the day begun so cool at Swampscott.

It was too warm to linger in a city, and we turned towards home, making several calls on the way. We did not follow the old turnpike, but digressed; and found a new place for the last night of our journey. We found old friends in the new place, however; one, a prominent preacher, was in a hammock under an apple tree, with a ponderous book—his definition of Nirvana quite likely.

The small old-fashioned hotel had been modernized and made attractive by colored service and "course" dinners. We were interested to learn that the town has no Queen Anne houses, no telegraph, no telephone, no fire department, no doctor, no minister, and no money-order office within four miles. We will not break faith with the friends who confided all this to us by giving the name of the remarkable place, only sixteen miles from Boston, for they like it just as it is.

We took our last dinner at the Lancaster House, and recognized in the proprietor the quaint old man who kept the hotel in Goffstown, N. H., when we were there several years ago, and who did so much for our comfort. More pleasant meetings with friends, and then we drove to Leominster via Spec Pond, and had a row in the "G.

W." A sunset drive over Rice Hill, which has a charm of its own, that even Mount Washington cannot rival, was a fitting close to our truly delightful journey.

Another six hundred and fifty miles to be added to the several thousands we have driven up and down New England, with now and then a turn in New York State and Canada!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KENNEBEC JOURNEY.

"I should think you would give up your carriage journey this year, and go to the World's Fair."

We cannot tell you how many times this was said to us, but often enough to become trite. Give up a carriage journey when we had not missed one for more than twenty summers! What an idea! Our friends could go to the World's Fair, and tell us many things, and we could read volumes about it, but who could take a carriage journey for us?

All that is neither here nor there, however, for we believe things will be as they are to be, and for all we knew the journey, and Fair too, were in store for us. So we waited until our summer program should be revealed to us. For a time it seemed as if "Home, Sweet Home" would claim us, but the way cleared after a while, and a two weeks' journey with Jerry began to assume form. Two weeks are better than none, but where could we go in two weeks? Through the mountains, to be sure, but when we go to the mountains, we like to go via Dixville Notch or Boston, and take a month for it. Berkshire came next to mind, but we like to take those unsurpassed drives at the beginning or end of a long journey. We were perplexed, and wondered what we were to do.

In such times of doubt, we usually drive to Boston and there await revelation. Since this last experience we shall always be ready to trust Boston's oracular power,

for it there came to us to take passage for Bath, Maine, on the boat which left Boston at six o'clock Wednesday evening, July twelfth.

This beginning seems as abrupt as the ending of our trip two years ago, when we drove over two weeks to reach Bar Harbor, and sailed back to Boston in a night. For the sake of beginning a carriage journey on terra firma, we will go back a bit, and tell you we had already enjoyed two days' journeying. We left Leominster Monday morning, July tenth, driving to Lancaster the back way, to say good morning to the campers at Spectacle Pond.

Jerry had two hours rest, and the time passed quickly with us, for we met friends at dinner at the Lancaster House, and spent a half hour studying a collection of fine etchings in the music room, where Mr. Closson was to lecture in the evening.

We went out of our way to spend the night at Wayland Inn, and made calls on friends along the way to Boston the next day.

The special medium of revelation as to our next move was the Sunday Globe given us by the campers, in which our eyes chanced to rest on an advertisement of an excursion to Nova Scotia. This seemed hardly feasible, though we actually gave it consideration, as it was stated the roads there were good for driving. This was only a "leader" to what was foreordained for us. It must be it was foreordained, for our best friend so declared it in writing us, and surely from the moment we decided to take the boat for Bath, everything went like clock-work.

We thought best to go to the wharf, on arriving in

Boston, to make some inquiries, and secure a stateroom. We drove on Beacon Street as far as we could, as we came in from Watertown via Allston, then made a bold plunge into the tangles of carts, carriages, and cars across Tremont street down Bromfield, through Washington to State, then in and out, on and on, Jerry fully realizing the importance of his movements, and using his abundant good sense in sparing his nose from the grazing of the wheels that crossed his path, until we finally saw the welcome sign, far down Atlantic avenue. Once safely in the office of the Kennebec Steamship Company, going to Bath seemed the simplest thing in the world. We were assured Jerry would have the best of care, and a stateroom was secured for the next night. Some one else will have to tell you how we got back to our destination for the night. We are inadequate beyond saying we went back another way. Quite likely Jerry knows every turn, but he is silent on the subject.

A good night had restored our shaken equilibrium, and we went down town on a shopping expedition, also to get any mail that might have been forwarded to Miles & Thompson's in West street. We thought we had too much time, and idled it away "looking" at things, until at last we had to hasten back to dinner, without having done our chief errand—replaced our broken hand mirror. That idling was a mistake; idling always is. Although we hurried dinner, and hurried the letters we ought to have written before dinner, the mail wagon drove away from the Back Bay post office, just as we drove to the door.

We profited by this lesson, and took a straight course,

that is as straight as one can take in Boston, for the boat. The way we knew was the straightest for us, and we repeated the intricate drive of Tuesday afternoon, through Beacon, Tremont, Bromfield and State streets to Atlantic avenue. We were on deck an hour and a half ahead of time, but it began to rain, and we were glad Jerry and the buggy were under cover.

The abruptness of our story having been remedied, we will now proceed to Bath as speedily as possible, but it takes all night, so there is plenty of time to tell you of something of that part of our journey. We found a dry corner on deck, and watched the passengers as they came on board. A Sister of Charity was sitting not far from us, and an every-day looking man went to her, and said "You're a 'Sister,' ain't you?" and offered his hand as he took a stool by her. He was quite deaf, and the attention was evidently embarrassing. As soon as she could without seeming rude, the Sister rose quietly and went inside. In a few moments she came out again, and took a seat by us, and we chatted together until driven to the cabin by the rain, which finally found our corner.

The sound of music attracted us to the other end of the boat, where a blind man was entertaining the passengers with song and story combined. After our experience, we marveled when he said that though blind he could not lose his way in Boston. As his fingers flew over the piano keys, we wondered if it was necessary to be blind, in order to navigate Boston, and hit every note on the piano with never a miss.

Before going to our room, we went to see that Jerry was all right. The man who took him on board piloted us

to his stall, and on the way back showed us the furnaces and the machinery. He interested us with his appreciation of the mighty silent power. He said he often went in alone, and watched it, and felt awed by the wonderful working of each part, the perfect action of even the minutest being essential to the whole.

We were obliged to take an inside stateroom, but found it very comfortable, and there was an opening heavenward just large enough for us to see one star, which told us the rain was over. We arose soon after three to be sure of the sunrise, and were out on deck as we stopped at Popham Beach, at the mouth of the Kennebec River. The apples we bought on Atlantic avenue were a timely refreshment, and the sail up the river, with the sunrise, was ample compensation for our effort. At five o'clock we landed at Bath, and Jerry's friend harnessed him for us, saying courteously, as he handed us the reins, "Whenever you come this way again call for the second mate."

The drive through the main street of Bath at that early hour was a decided contrast to our drive to the boat in Boston. It seemed as if the morning was half spent, and we could hardly realize that our waiting in the parlor of the hotel was for a six o'clock breakfast. At our table we recognized the faces of the bride and bridegroom, whose path we crossed four times on our Bar Harbor trip two years ago.

After doing justice to that early feast, we went out once more for a hand mirror, as we were tired of looking cracked. Next door to the hotel we found one that just

suited us, and several other little things as well, among them a penholder, which we purchased in memory of the one we lost in Bath two years ago.

At eight o'clock all was ready for the thirty-four miles drive up the Kennebec to Augusta. The day was lovely and cool, and we need not say the scenery was fine. We dined at Richmond, and spent the night at the Augusta House.

Thirty-two miles the next day, still following the river, taking dinner at Waterville, brought us to Norridgewock, which was full of interest to us, from descriptions so often given us by friends, of the old-time beauty. It is one of the few places where we would like to stay, had we time to delay. The Kennebec runs close by the main street, and the large covered bridge is opposite the hotel. We walked to the middle of the bridge to watch the sunset clouds, and feast our eyes on the view up the river. As the light faded we strolled down the main street, which is overarched by old willows. We measured the largest, walking around it with a handkerchief, just twenty-four lengths, twenty-three feet and four inches, a grand old trunk.

The wife of the proprietor brought some pictures of the town to our room in the evening, and promised us a drive in the morning.

We rested well in our pretty blue room, and were ready for the drive, after leaving Jerry with the blacksmith. We were taken to the river's edge for one view, and to Sunset Rock for another. All the places we wished to see, and others we did not know of were pointed out to

us, and we were sure if people only knew about it, the Quinnebassett House would be full of those who like a quiet, comfortable resting place.

We spend only one night in a place, and are usually ready to go on, but we left Norridgewock reluctantly, and were only consoled for turning away from the lovely Kennebec, by promising ourselves to drive to Norridgewock again some time, and follow still farther up the river. Maine cannot be exhausted in many trips, and we have some fine ones growing in our mind. Every journey makes a better one possible.

We must now face about for this time, and we aimed next for the Androscoggin, driving first to Farmington, then turning south, crossing the Androscoggin on one of those scow ferries run along a wire, that old Charlie disliked so much. He was not a good sailor, like Jerry, who can hardly wait for the scow to touch the shore, before he leaps on.

We should have told you, before crossing the ferry, about our quiet Sunday at a farm house. The man was reading his paper as we drove up, and it seemed almost too bad to disturb their Sunday rest, but his wife said we could stay if we would take them "as they were." We were soon settled in a cosy parlor with bedroom adjoining, away from all sights and sounds of the busy world. We felt as if we were miles from everywhere, and you can imagine our surprise when the man said that he came down from Boston on the boat with us, and recognized us when we drove to the door.

Monday morning we left our kind host and hostess, with directions for Strickland's ferry. We have already

taken you across, but we did not mention our ferryman. We do not remember now just what he said, but we set him down for a philosopher. All that ride and philosophy for ten cents! We thought it worth twenty-five at least, but he said some grumbled at ten.

Now we renewed our acquaintance with the Androscoggin, which we followed so many miles on one journey farther north. We wondered where all the logs were, and found out all about it from a boy who brought us milk, and entertained us while we had our first and only wayside camp at noon day. Our Sunday hostess had put up luncheon for us, as we were not to pass through any village on our way to Lewiston. Our boy friend took us down to a little beach on the river, and showed us where the river drivers had been for a week, but they were then at work half a mile below. We had often seen a river full of logs, and heard much about the river drivers, when in Maine and northern New Hampshire, but this was our first opportunity to see them at work. They were just coming from their tents after dinner, as we drove along. One of them tied Jerry for us, and conducted us to a nice place on the rocks. We watched them nearly an hour, and concluded it took brains to untangle the snarls of logs. It was quite exciting to see them jump from log to log with their spiked boots, and when the last of a snarl was started, leap into a boat and paddle off for another tangle. The river was low, and it was slow work getting them over the rocks.

The drive to Lewiston was over a sandy road. We met two boys puffing along on their wheels, who asked us if it was sandy all the way up. We were sorry we

could not cheer their hearts, by telling them the road was level and hard before them. We spent the night at Auburn, across the river from Lewiston, as the Elm House looked attractive. At the suggestion of the proprietor we took a horse car ride in the evening around the figure 8, one loop being in Lewiston and the other in Auburn. The horses must have been electrified, for we never rode so fast except by electricity, and we returned to our room quite refreshed.

Poland Springs was our next point of interest, and we were well repaid for our drive to the top of the hill, where the immense hotel when filled must be a little world in itself, for all sorts and conditions of men are attracted there. We met Boston friends who invited us to the morning concert, in the music room. After dinner we climbed to the cupola for the view, then ordered Jerry and were off again. Sabbath Day Pond, which lay along our way, is fittingly named. It has no look of a weekday pond, but is a crystal, clear, peaceful perfection, that is indescribable. The Parker House at Gray Corner afforded us every needful comfort, even to a hammock in the side yard through the twilight.

Now we began to lay aside—not forget—the things that were behind, and to strain our eyes for the first glimpse of the ocean. Portland was only sixteen miles away, and as we had left the sand, it did not seem long before we drove to the Portland post office and got home letters, always so welcome, then to the Preble House for dinner.

There was one place on the coast, that we skipped before, and now we proposed to explore Prouts Neck—

nine miles from Portland; but we did not leave the city until we had seen the good friends who entertained us so hospitably when we attended a meeting there. A storm cloud was over us, but we got only the last drops of a shower, that laid the dust all the way to Prouts Neck.

We were glad this lovely spot had been reserved for us until then, for we could not have seen it under a finer sky. We walked to the Rocks, piloted by a young lady, who knew all the paths through the woods, and we were fascinated with the path near the Rocks, over which the wild roses and low evergreens closed as soon as we passed through. We sat on the piazza watching Mt. Washington in the distance until the sunset sky grew gray, and finished up the pleasant evening in the cosy room of friends from Boston.

We saw them off in the morning for a day at Old Orchard, and then went on our way, through Saco and Biddeford to Kennebunkport, which also has its Rocks and many attractions. Spouting Rock was not spouting, but we saw where it would spout sixty feet in the air, when spouting time came.

The next morning we saw once again the friends we never pass by, at Kennebunk, and visited the old elm under which Lafayette is said to have taken lunch, when on a visit here after the Revolution. Night found us at another favorite resort, York Harbor, and the charms and comforts of the Albracca made us forget the heat and dust which a land breeze had made very oppressive during the day.

While we were at dinner at the Rockingham, Ports-

mouth, the next day, a black cloud spent its wild fury in a few terrific gusts of wind. All was over when we started on our afternoon drive, but when half way to Hampton, the clouds grew black again, and we had barely time to drop the back curtain, put on the sides and unfasten the boot, before a tempest was upon us; a tempest of wind and rain—not a common rain, but pelting drops with thunder and lightning. We read afterwards that a buggy was blown over not many miles from us, but ours withstood the gale, and Jerry did well, although it seemed almost impossible at times for him to go on against the storm. We drove away from the shower and all was calm when we got to the Whittier House, Hampton, one of our homelike stopping places.

We followed along the coast to Newburyport, and then the Merrimac River enticed us inland. The experience of the afternoon previous was repeated on our way from Haverhill to Andover. We were scarcely prepared, before another tempest burst upon us, the rain this time driving straight in our faces. It was soon over, however, and we reached Andover unharmed.

We were now only a day's drive from home, but Boston is only twenty miles from Andover and as our mail reported all well, we could not resist going the longest way round to do another errand or two in Boston, and call on our friends in Reading and Maplewood on the way.

The drive from Malden to Boston is distracting, with little that is pleasant to offset the turmoil of the streets. We thought we could leave Jerry at the old stable in Mason street, while we went shopping, but like every-

thing else in these days, the stable had "moved on." When we found a place for him it was late. We did not idle this time, for it was so near five o'clock that gates were half closed, and a man stood at every door as if to say, "You can come out, but you cannot go in."

The drive next morning was very fine. We went out on Beacon street to Chestnut Hill Reservoir, then drove on the new Commonwealth avenue as far as we could on our way to Allston. Whatever Scripture may say about the "broad way," we shall surely risk our lives on that one as often as we have opportunity.

From Allston we retraced our first two days' driving, making our journey like a circle with a handle. We called on the same friends along the way, spent the night at Wayland Inn, dined with the same friends at the Lancaster House, and called on the campers at Spectacle Pond. There was a slight variation in the return trip, however, in the form of a tornado, which passed over South Lancaster. We might have been "in it" if we had not stopped twenty minutes or more to sketch a very peculiar tree trunk, between Sudbury and Stow. There were nine huge oaks in a row, and every one showed signs of having been strangely perverted in its early growth, as if bent down to make a fence, perhaps; but later in life showed its innate goodness by growing an upright and shapely tree out of its horizontal trunk.

We called one journey a cemetery journey because we visited so many cemeteries, and another a ministerial journey because we met so many ministers. Trees were a marked feature of this journey. We saw many beautiful trees beside the big willow in Norridgewock, the

Lafayette Elm in Kennebunk, and now sketching the curious oak had possibly saved us harm from a beautiful maple, for we had not driven many miles before we struck the track of the gale, where large trees were torn apart, or uprooted. We had driven through the thunder shower, or rather it seemed to sweep quickly past us, the pelting rain lasting only a few moments, but as our direction turned we found a large maple across the road. We were obliged to go two miles farther round to reach the Lancaster House, and we had not driven far before the road was obstructed by another large tree. This time we could drive round through a field, and a third time, a large fallen branch had been cut and the way cleared. We rejoiced that the Great Elm stood unharmed, though mutilated trees were on each side of it.

Giant willows, historic elms, upright oaks from horizontal trunks, glorious maples and elms laid low, and scores of noble though not distinguished trees, that we admired and shall remember as we do pleasant people we meet, together with the fact that the greater part of our driving was in the grand old Pine Tree state, warrants us in calling this most delightful journey our Tree Journey.

CHAPTER XV.

ON HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.
1894 to 1904.

In response to many requests to share this journey with our friends as we used, the spirit has moved us to give you first an inkling of our annual trips for the ten years since our last report.

This is easily done, for we have a book in which is recorded the name given to each journey, the name of every town we pass through, with distance from place to place, and the sum total of time, distance and expense of each journey. This goes with us, and is a valuable book of reference. The revolver still goes with us, too, the one thing we take but never use. Our electric hand-lamp, on the contrary, is very useful. The Kennebec journey was followed by our first visit to Nantucket, leaving our horse at New Bedford, and once again prolonging the return trip to Leominster by driving to Boston. This journey had a memorable postscript: We drove to Boston for a day or two in the autumn and were detained eleven days by that terrific November snow storm, and even then the last thirty miles of the return trip it was good sleighing!

A September mountain trip, "The Figure 8" we named it, comes next in order, followed by a Jefferson and Jackson trip, and then a Massachusetts journey, which is always delightful.

The three ranges of the Green Mountains, with their

"gulf" roads, was a journey unsurpassed, and from Cape Ann to Mt. Tom was another interesting journey in our own state, followed by a Cape Cod trip, which completed the coast for us from New Haven to Bar Harbor.

By this time we were ready for another journey to Lake George, Saratoga, and the Berkshires, and the next trip through the mountains was exceptionally fine, as we returned via Sebago Lake, Portland and the coast, being just in time for the September surf.

The following journey "capped the climax," seemingly, when we crossed the Green Mountains, ferried Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, and drove to Eagle, Paradox and Schroon Lakes in the Adirondack region, returning to Lake George, thence to the Berkshire towns and as far south as Hartford, Connecticut, a superb drive of five hundred miles.

Most of our journeys have covered more than four hundred miles, and we are frequently asked if we have done all this with one horse. No, there was handsome black Charlie, Old Nick, who liked to lie down in harness now and then, bay Charlie, who had the longest record—ten years—and was best loved and least trusted, faithful, serious Jerry, whose long strides took us so easily through the country, saucy and exasperatingly lazy Bess, who could do so well, and altogether worthy Nan, whose two journeys have not revealed a fault.

"Do you plan your journeys?" is another question often asked. Never, except the Cape Cod trip, and we observed the innovation by having a letter party. Imagine the pleasure of receiving thirty or more letters at the tip end of Cape Cod, and of mailing an answer to the

last one at Plymouth on the way home! We have many times driven from home to the post office packed for a three or four weeks' journey, without the faintest idea where we should go, and even sat there in the buggy fifteen or twenty minutes trying to decide which way we would leave town.

Our journeys make themselves and we thought this summer's journey was not going to be worthy of mention, but would simply preserve the record unbroken. We could spare but two weeks, and we were never more at a loss what to do with it. Maine came to mind most frequently, and we finally faced in that direction, spending the first night at the Groton Inn. Of course, facing Maine-ward the Isles of Shoals lay in our way as a side attraction, and as it was many years since we had been there, we left our horse at Portsmouth, and took the boat to Appledore, where we found the friends we hoped to meet. After dinner and a walk to Celia Thaxter's resting place, we returned on the afternoon boat to Portsmouth. Our horse was waiting for us at the wharf, and we drove on to Eliot, Me., where Green-Acre attracted us.

A visit to Green-Acre alone would be enough for a summer's outing, even if one were limited to the exoteric interests of life—this beautiful acre of green on the banks of the Piscataqua River, the finely located Inn, with its hospitality, and the glorious sunsets—what more could one desire? But if you have chanced to be, or wish to be, initiated into the esoteric mysteries, what a feast!

Unfortunately Miss Farmer, the organizer and secretary of Green-Acre, was away for a few days, but we had

a brief sunset meeting sitting on the river bank, a very fine reading in the parlor in the evening, from Longfellow and Lowell, an early morning gathering on the piazza of the Eirenion—House of Peace—when Browning and Emerson were beautifully read and interpreted, and a later session under Lysekloster Pines, a half mile away through the fields, where the meetings of the Monsalvat School are held. This was a novel experience, sitting on the dry brown needles, under the low, broad-spreading branches of a mammoth pine, listening to the wisdom of an Indian teacher.

We were loth to leave the tempting program, "The Oneness of Mankind," by Mirza Abul Fazl, and Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, next morning in the Pines, and later "Man, the Master of His Own Destiny," by Swami Rami; in truth a whole summer's feast of reason and music, but our journey was waiting.

We had scarcely left the Inn after dinner, before muttering thunder gave us warning, and a shower came up so quickly we barely had time to drive under a shed back of the village church before the floods came down. The shower was violent, but did not last very long, and when the rain was over, we drove on. We were utterly in doubt where we were being led until at the first glimpse of a distant mountain peak our entire journey was revealed to us—a trip through Sebago Lake, then on to Jefferson Highlands, and home through Crawford Notch and Lake Winnipiseogee! We had not a doubt or misgiving after the revelation. We had at last struck our trail!

According to the revelation, Sebago Lake was the first

point of note, but the incidents along the way, the pretty woodsy roads, the ponds and brooks, the camping near a farmhouse at noon, and the small country hotels, with their hospitable hosts, make up by far the larger part of a carriage journey. When we answered our host, who asked where we had driven from that day, he said, "Green-Acre? That's the place where Buddhists confirm people in their error," adding "there's only one kind of good people—good Christian men and women."

We were packing up wraps and waterproofs after a shower, when a white-haired farmer came from the field and asked if we were in trouble. We told him we were "clearing up" so as to look better. "Oh, pride, is it?" he said, and asked where we came from. He seemed so much interested that we also told him where we were going—it was just after the "revelation." He was very appreciative and wished us a hearty Godspeed. The incident was suggestive of the universal brotherhood to be, in the millennium. At a point on the Saco we saw logs leaping a dam like a lot of jubilant divers—singly, and by twos and threes.

We had an early drive of eight miles to meet the boat at Sebago Lake, and on the way there was a slight break in the harness. We drove back a short distance, hoping to find the rosette lost from the head band, and finally tied it up with a string. This delayed us more than we realized and when we drove to a hotel near the wharf and were waiting for the proprietor, we asked a guest of the house what time the boat was to leave. He answered quickly, "Now! run! I will take care of your horse!" We ran, and not until we were fairly on board did it

occur to us that we had not told him who we were, where we came from, or when we should return. It did not matter, however, as the names on whip and writing tablet would give all that was needful in case of necessity or curiosity.

The day was perfect, there was a pleasant company on board the Longfellow, Sebago Lake was all one could wish for a morning's sail, and the Songo River, with its twenty-seven turns in six miles, although only two and a half miles "as the bird flies," fascinating beyond all anticipation. Passing through the locks was a novelty and the Bay of Naples as lovely as its name suggests. Then came the sail through Long Lake to Harrison, the terminus, where the boat stayed long enough for us to stroll up the street and go to the post office, and then we had all this over again, enjoying the afternoon sail even more than that of the morning.

This was a round trip of seventy miles, and it was too late when we returned to drive farther, as we had planned, but we were off early next morning, the buggy scrupulously clean, and with a new head band and rosette. We hoped Nan's pride was not hurt by wearing a plain A on one side of her head, and an old English S on the other!

We drove up the east side of Sebago Lake, passed the Bay of Naples, and on through the various towns on Long Lake, and at night found ourselves at the Songo House, North Bridgton, just a mile and a half across the end of the lake from Harrison, where we posted cards the day before at noon.

The following day we turned our thoughts from lakes, bays and rivers, and faced the mountains, which are never more enjoyable than when approaching them. We retraced our route of two years ago, but there is a great difference between driving towards the mountains and away from them. As we drove on through the Waterfords, Albany, West Bethel and Gilead, the views were finer every hour, and at Shelburne we had a most beautiful sunset, and watched the after-glow a long time from a high bluff.

The rain clouds of the night vanished after a few sprinkles, leaving only delicate misty caps on the highest peaks, and the day was perfect for the famous drive from Gorham to Jefferson, so close to the mountains of the Presidential range, along through Randolph. The afternoon drive over Cherry Mountain to Fabyan's was never more lovely. We feasted on wild strawberries as we walked up and down the long hills through the woods.

That this was the tenth time we had driven through the White Mountains did not in the least diminish their charm for us. On the contrary, they have become like old friends. To walk up and down the steep pitches through Crawford Notch, leading the horse, listening at every turnout for mountain wagons, and this year for automobiles, would be a delight every year. Our youthful impression of a notch as a level pass between two mountains was so strong, the steep pitches are a lovely surprise every time.

The old Willey House was one of our favorite resting

places. We are glad the driveway and barn were spared when the house was burned, and we still stop there to give our horse her noon rest.

After the "pitches," the rest at old Willey, and a snap shot at the ruins, come the miles and miles of driving through the dense woods, with high mountains on either side, the way made cheery by the sunlight glimmering through the treetops, and the music of the babbling brooks.

At Bartlett we received a large forwarded mail, the first for ten days, which we read as we drove on to North Conway, and we were grateful for the good news which came from every direction.

After leaving North Conway and getting our first glimpse of Chocorua's rugged peak, there was no more regretful looking backward. Chocorua in its lofty loneliness is all-absorbing. We had an ideal mid-day camp on the shores of the beautiful Chocorua lake at the base of the mountain.

After two hours of concentrated admiration of the rocky peak, what wonder we were hypnotized, and that on leaving the lake with one mind we confidently took the turn that would have led us to the summit in time! Having driven a distance which we knew should have brought us to the next village, we began to suspect something was wrong. There was nothing to do but to go on, for there was not a turn to right or left, and not a house in sight. We were surely on a main road to somewhere, so we kept on, until we met a farmer driving, who brought us to our senses. We were miles out of our way, but by following his directions in the course of the

afternoon we arrived safely at our destination for the night.

Immediately we took our books and writing-tablet, and climbed to a summer house on a knoll just above the hotel, commanding a magnificent view of Chocorua, also Passaconaway, White Face, Sandwich Dome, and several others of the range. After supper we returned to the knoll for the sunset, and later were interested in what was thought to be a bonfire at the Appalachian camp on the summit of Passaconaway, lingering until the outlines were lost in the darkness.

We were up before six o'clock and went to the hammock in the summer house before breakfast, and if it had not been such a beautiful day for the sail through Lake Winnipiseogee, we would have been strongly tempted to stay over at this homelike place, the Swift River House, Tamworth Village, New Hampshire, opened only last year, and already attracting lovers of fishing and hunting.

A drive of seventeen miles with Chocorua in the background, and raspberries in abundance by the wayside, brought us to Centre Harbor, where we took the boat for Alton Bay. A trip through Lake Winnipiseogee sitting in the buggy in the bow of the Mt. Washington, is an indescribable pleasure, and even our horse seemed to enjoy it, after she became accustomed to the new experience. On the way we had our parting glimpses of Mt. Washington and Chocorua.

With this glorious sail the "revelation" was fulfilled, and the one hundred miles—or nearly that—between us and home was like the quiet evening after an eventful day.

For more than two hundred and fifty miles we had been away from the trolleys, and the busy world, among the mountains and lakes, and recreation lovers everywhere, from the tent on the river bank to the large mountain houses. Now came the familiar ways through the country towns and villages, the gathering and pressing wild flowers for Christmas cards, catching a pretty picture with the camera, and a drive along the Merrimac in the cool of the morning, the atmosphere clear as crystal after another dry shower, when clouds threatened but gave no rain.

Then there were the lovely camping places at noon, the hospitable farmers, and the pleasant chats in the kitchen while our spoons were being washed—the souvenir spoons that were presented to us with a poem after our twenty-fifth journey. One bright young woman discovered the silver we left when we returned the milk pitcher and glasses, and came after us, forcing it into our hands, telling us not to dare leave it, but come again and she would give us a gallon. At another place where we asked permission to stop in a little grove, the farmer came out and set up a table for us, and gave us use of a hammock. We prolonged our stay to the utmost limit—nearly three hours—reading in the buggy and hammock under the fragrant pines, our horse tied close by, nodding and "swishing" the flies. We have an amusing reminder of that camp, for we had posed Nan for the camera, and just as it snapped she dashed her nose into one of the paper bags on the table.

A notable experience in the latter part of every journey is a visit to the blacksmith, and it came, as often

before, unexpectedly on the way. The chatting that goes with the shoeing would be good material for Mary Wilkins.

At last came a rainy day, without which no journey is quite complete. We had a leisure morning with our books, and after an early dinner enjoyed an easy, comfortable drive in the rain, which ended our journey of more than four hundred miles in two weeks and two days.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

We did not think to give you a report of this journey, but the day before we left home little books called Wheeling Notes were given us, with pages for day, route, time, distance and expense, and pages opposite for remarks.

These little books we packed in our writing tablet, and Friday afternoon, June 30th, we began our journey. Besides the note-books we had an odometer and a carriage clock, in addition to our usual equipment. Naturally we were much absorbed in our new possessions, and the remarks, in diary form have become so interesting to us that we gladly share them.

July 2—Rainy. Dropped in a back seat in a village church; only nineteen present. The little minister is a Bulgarian, and inquired for two classmates in Leominster. We practiced all day on pronouncing his name, and could say it quite glibly by time for evening service. He is very loyal to his adopted country, and urged all to make as much noise as possible all day on the Fourth. Not a boy or girl was there to hear such welcome advice, and we wondered if the parents would tell them.

July 3—Drove all day. Mr. Radoslavoff's advice must have sped on wings, for the noise began early, and kept up all night. Three huge bonfires in front of the hotel at midnight made our room look as if on fire.

July 4—Somewhere between the southern and northern boundary of New Hampshire there is a park, the fame of which reached us several years ago, and we have had in mind to visit it some time. This year seemed to be the time, as, by our map, it was right on our way north. On making inquiries, we found it would give us five or six miles extra driving to go through the park, and the day being hot it took considerable wise arguing to make the vote unanimous. Importunity, however, will sometimes bring about at least acquiescent unanimity.

Suffice to say, we went through the park and now we are truly unanimous, and will give you the benefit of our experience. There is probably no town in New England that has not attractions enough, within reach of a walk or short drive, to last all summer for those who go to one place for recreation and change. But if you are driving the length of New Hampshire, Vermont or any other state, do not be beguiled by accounts of pretty by-roads, cascades, water-falls, whirlpools or parks, even one of 30,000 acres, with 26 miles of wire fence, 180 buffaloes, 200 elks, 1000 wild hogs, moose, and deer beyond counting. You may do as we did, drive miles by the park before and after driving five miles inside, and see only twelve buffaloes, one fox, a tiny squirrel and a bird—yes, and drive over a mountain beside, the park trip having turned us from the main highway. For a few miles the grass-grown road was very fascinating, but when we found we were actually crossing a mountain spur and the road was mainly rocks, with deep mud holes filled in with bushes, we began to realize the

folly of leaving our good main road for a park. To be sure, we might not see buffaloes, but we do see partridge, woodchucks, wild rabbits, snakes, golden robins and crows, and once, three deer were right in our path! And really we think we would prefer meeting a drove of cattle on the main road, to having a big moose follow us through the park, as has occurred, and might have again, if it had not been at mid-day, when they go into the woods.

Finally, our advice is, in extended driving, keep to the main highway, with miles of woodsy driving every day, as fascinating as any Lovers' Lane, with ponds and lakes innumerable, and occasional cascades so near that the roaring keeps one awake all night. Then we have a day's drive, perhaps, of unsurpassed beauty, which no wire fence can enclose, as along the Connecticut River valley on the Vermont side with an unbroken view of New Hampshire hills, Moosilauke in full view, and the tip of Lafayette in the distance, the silvery, leisurely Connecticut dividing the two states and the green and yellow fields in the foreground completing the picture. No State Reservation or Park System can compete with it.

July 5—We were in a small country hotel, kept by an elderly couple, without much "help," and our hostess served us at supper. When she came in with a cup of tea in each hand, we expressed our regret that we did not tell her neither of us drink tea. She looked surprised and said she supposed she was the only old lady who did not take tea.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

July 6—Received our first mail at Wells River, Vt., and as all was well at home, we began to plan our journey. For a week we had simply faced north day after day. If we kept right on we would come to Newport and Lake Memphremagog, which to us means the Barrows camp, but we need a month for that trip. A bright idea solved the problem. We drove north until we reached St. Johnsbury, left our horse there and took a morning train for Newport, where we connect with the Lady of the Lake for Georgeville, P. Q.

At the boat landing at Newport we met Mr. and Mrs. Barrows just starting for Europe. They insisted that we must go on to Cedar Lodge for the night, and make a wedding call on their daughter, recently married in camp, and forthwith put us in the charge of camp friends, who were there to see them off. The sail to Georgeville was very delightful. We were then driven two miles to the camp in the forest of cedars, and presented to the hostess, a niece of Mrs. Barrows, who gave us a friendly welcome.

The attractions of Cedar Lodge are bewildering. The one small log cabin we reveled in a few years ago is supplanted by a cabin which must be sixty or seventy feet in length, with a broad piazza still wearing the wedding decorations of cedar. Near the center is a wide entrance to a hallway, with a fireplace, bookcase, and hand loom, the fruits of which are on the floors, tables, couches, and in the doorways. At the right is the camp parlor, called the Flag room, draped with colors of all nations. It is spacious, with a fireplace, center reading table, book shelves, pictures, writing desk, typewriter,

comfortable chairs, and a seat with cushions, the entire length of the glass front facing the piazza and lake.

On the left is the Blue China or dining room. Here is a very large round table, the center of which revolves for convenience in serving, a fireplace with cranes and kettles, and a hospitable inscription on a large wooden panel above. The telephone, too, has found its way to camp since we were there.

Not least in interest, by any means, is the culinary department. Instead of a cooking tent, where Mrs. Barrows used to read Greek or Spanish while preparing the cereal for breakfast, and a brook running through the camp for a refrigerator, there is a piazza partially enclosed back of the Blue China room, with tables, shelves, kerosene stoves, and three large tanks filled with cold spring water, continually running, one of which served as refrigerator, tin pails being suspended in it. The waste water is conveyed in a rustic trough some distance from the cabin and drips twenty feet or more into a mossy dell, where forget-me-nots grow in abundance.

Just outside the end door of the Flag room are flights of stairs to the Lookout on the roof. This stairway separates the main cabin from a row of smaller cabins, designated Faith, Hope, and Charity, in rustic letters. (We were assigned to Hope, and hope we can go again some time.)

These cabins are connected by piazzas with several others, one being Mrs. Barrows' Wee-bit-housie. A winding path through the woods leads to Mr. Barrows' Hermitage, or study, close by the lake, and another path

up the slope back of the cabins leads to a group of tents called The Elfin Circle.

We went to the bath wharf, followed the brook walk through the cedars, strolled to the hill-top cabin to see the friends who escorted us from Newport, and then we all met at supper, on the broad piazza, seventeen of us. The last of the wedding guests had left that morning. After supper we descended the steps to the boat landing, and our hostess and the best man rowed us to Birchbay for the wedding call. Though unexpected we were most cordially received, served with ice cream, and shown the many improvements in the camp we first visited years ago. We walked to the tennis court and garden, where the college professor and manager of Greek plays were working when no response came from the repeated telephone calls to tell them we were coming. We rowed back by moonlight.

We cannot half tell you of the charms of Cedar Lodge, but when we were driven from Georgeville a bundle of papers was tucked under the seat, which proved to be Boston Transcripts, containing an account of the wedding. A copy was given us and it is such an exquisite pen picture we pass it along to you:

From the Transcript, July 6, 1905.

A CAMP WEDDING.

On the last Wednesday of June Miss Mabel Hay Barrows, the daughter of Hon. Samuel J. Barrows and Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, two very well-known figures in the intellectual life of Boston and New York, was

married to Mr. Henry Raymond Mussey, a young professor at Bryn Mawr. And the ceremony, which took place at Cedar Lodge, her mother's summer camp, was one of the most original and picturesque which it is possible to imagine. Miss Barrows herself is a girl with a refreshingly individual outlook upon life, and with a great variety of interests, as well as a strong dramatic instinct, and every one who knew her well looked forward to this wedding as promising to be an occasion at once unique and beautiful. And they were not disappointed, those eighty odd guests, who traveled so far, from east, west, north and south, to the little camp snuggled away among the sympathetic trees bordering the Indian Lake, beyond the Canadian border.

Cedar Lodge, the Barrows' camp, crowns a beautiful wooded slope above the lake, a steep climb by a winding path bringing one to the log cabin, with its broad piazza facing the sunset and overlooking the lake, through misty tree tops which still wear the tender freshness of hymeneal June. At either end of this ample balcony the guests were seated at four o'clock of that perfect Wednesday, leaving space in the center for the bridal party, of which there was as yet no visible sign.

Promptly at four one heard, far below, echoing poetically from the lake, the first notes of a bugle sounding a wedding march. It was the signal that the bridal party was approaching, and the guests began to tingle with excitement. Nearer and nearer, came the bugle, and at last through the green birch and alder and hemlock came the gleam of white—a living ribbon winding among the

trees. As the procession approached, zigzagging up the steep path, it was very effective, suggesting an old Greek chorus, or a festival group from some poetic page, as why should it not, the bride being herself an ancient Greek in spirit, with her translations of the classics and her profession as stage manager of Hellenic dramas? The bridal party, a score and eight in number, was all in white, with touches of red, camp colors. First came the bugler, blowing manfully. After him two white flower girls, scattering daisies along the path. Then followed the two head ushers, white from top to toe, with daisy chains wreathing their shoulders in Samoan fashion. Next, with flowing black academic robes, a striking contrast of color, climbed the two ministers—one the bride's father, the other a local clergyman, whose word, since this was a "foreign country," was necessary to legalize the bond. Two more ushers preceded the groom and his best man in white attire; and bridesmaids, two and two, with a maid of honor, escorted the bride, who walked with her mother.

As for the bride herself, surely no other ever wore garb so quaint and pretty. Her dress was of beautiful white silk, simply shirred and hemstitched, the web woven by hand in Greece and brought thence by Miss Barrows herself during a trip in search of material and antiquarian data for her Greek plays. The gown was short, giving a glimpse of white shoes and open-work stockings—part of her mother's bridal wear on her own wedding day, of which this was an anniversary. The bridal veil was a scarf of filmy white liberty, with an exquisite

hand-painted border of pale pink roses. It was worn Greek fashion, bound about the head with a fillet, garland of red partridge berries and the twisted vine. In one hand she carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots and maidenhair; in the other an alpenstock of cedar, peeled white, as did the rest of the party. As they wound slowly up through the beautiful wild grove, with the lake gleaming through the green behind them and the bugle blowing softly, it was hard to realize that this was Canada in the year 1905, and not Greece in some poetic ante-Christian age, or Fairyland itself in an Endymion dream.

So with sweet solemnity they wound up to the crest of the hill, passed through the cabin, and came out into the sunlit space on the balcony, the flower girls strewing daisies as a carpet for the bridal pair, who advanced and stood before the minister, the other white-robed figures forming a picturesque semi-circle about them.

The ceremony was brief and simple; the exchange of vows and rings; a prayer by each of the clergymen and a benediction; the hymn "O Perfect Love" sung by the bridal party. Then Mr. and Mrs. Mussey stood ready to receive their friends in quite the orthodox way. But surely no other bride and groom ever stood with such glorious background of tree and lake, ineffable blue sky and distant purple mountains, while the air was sweet with the odor of Canadian flowers, which seem to be richer in perfume than ours, and melodious with the song of countless birds, which seemed especially sympathetic, as birds in Fairyland and in ancient Greece were fabled to be.

After a gay half hour of congratulations, general chat-

ter and refreshments, came word that the wedding party was to move once more, this time to escort the bride and groom down to the lake, where waited the bridal canoe.

Again the white procession passed the green slope, but this time merrily, in careless order, escorted by the guests, who were eager to see the wedded couple start upon their brief journey. For the honeymoon was to be spent at Birchbay, another camp hidden like a nest among the trees a mile farther down the lake. The bridal canoe, painted white and lined with crimson, wreathed with green and flying the British flag astern, waited at the slip. Amid cheers and good wishes the lovers embarked and paddled away down the lake, disappearing at last around a green point to the south. A second canoe, containing the bride's father and mother, and a bride and groom-elect, soon to be elsewhere wed, escorted the couple to their new home, where they are to be left in happy seclusion for so long as they may elect. And so ended the most romantic wedding which Lake Memphremagog ever witnessed; a wedding which will never be forgotten by any present—save, perhaps, the youngest guest, aged two months.

On the following morning the little company of friends gathered in that far-off corner of America—a most interesting company of all nationalities and religions, professions and interests—began to scatter again to the four quarters of the globe—to California, Chicago, Boston, Europe, Florida and New York, and in a few days only the camps and their permanent summer colony will tarry to enjoy the beauties of that wonderful spot. But whether visible or invisible to the other less blissful

wights, the bride and groom still remain in their bower, among though not of them. And Romance and June linger along the lake, like a spell. A. F. B.

July 8.—The Cedar Lodge bird concert aroused us betimes, and after breakfast in the Blue China room, we were driven to Georgeville. The morning sail was even finer than that of the afternoon before. The car ride of forty-five miles from Newport brought us to St. Johnsbury in season for a drive of ten miles to Waterford, for our last night in Vermont.

July 10.—Camped two hours on the top of Sugar Hill, with a glorious view of the mountain ranges and surrounding country, then drove down to Franconia for the night, near the Notch.

July 11.—Everything perfect! Cooler after the successive days of heat, the fine roads through the woods freshened as from recent showers. Echo Lake, the Profile House and cottages, Profile Lake and the Old Man, whose stony face is grand as ever, the Pemigewassett, clear as crystal, tumbling over the whitened rocks, the Basin, Pool and Flume—all these attractions of the Franconia Notch drive were never more beautiful. We left our horse at the Flume House stables and walked the mile to the end of the Flume, along the board walks, through the narrow gorge where the boulder once hung, and climbed higher yet the rocks above the cascade. The afternoon drive of seventeen miles through North Woodstock and Thornton brought us to Campton for the night.

July 12.—Drove from Campton to the Weirs. We well remember the zigzag roads from Plymouth up and down the steepest hills, and today they seemed steeper and longer than ever, for thunder showers were all about us. We stopped an hour at a farmhouse, thinking they were surely coming near, and from this high point watched the scattering of the showers, by the lake and high hills. We then drove into one, concealed by a hill, and got our first and only wetting on the journey. Two beautiful rainbows compensated.

We were cordially welcomed at the Lakeside House at Weirs, where we have been so many times and always feel at hime. Here we found our second mail, and sent greeting to many friends associated with Lake Winnipiseogee.

July 14.—Spent the night at Sunapee Lake, where we were refreshed by cool breezes. A year ago this date we were at Sebago Lake, Me.

July 15.—A brisk shower just after breakfast made our morning drive one of the pleasantest, the first five miles through lovely woods, with glimpses of the lake. We spent an hour at a blacksmith shop before going to the hotel at Antrim for the night, and had to ask to have the buggy left in the sun it was so cool! While there we read of the disastrous thunder showers everywhere, except on our route, which had broken the spell of excessive heat.

July 16.—A perfect Sunday morning and a glorious drive—lonely, we were told, and perhaps so on a cold, dark day, but no way could be lonely on such a day. The

roads were narrow, sometimes grass-grown, with the trees over-reaching, and a profusion of white blossoms bordered the roadside.

Exclamations of surprise greeted us as we drove to the cottage by the lake, where we spent the rainy Sunday two weeks ago. We took snap shots of our friends and left messages for those soon to join them for the summer. We do not tell you where this restful spot is, for somehow we feel more in sympathy with our friends who like the seclusion, than with the man who would like to "boom" the place, and asked us to mention he had land to sell.

July 17.—Another bright day! What wonderful weather! And how lovely the drive over Dublin hills overlooking the lake, with beautiful summer homes all along the way and varying views of Monadnock!

July 18.—Took a parting snap shot of Monadnock, for the sun shone on this last day of our journey, as it has done on every other—except that first rainy Sunday, when stopping over for the rain brought us at just the right time at every point on the trip.

According to record of distances in Wheeling Notes, we have journeyed five hundred and forty miles, over four hundred by carriage, and the time record is two weeks and five days. If odometers and carriage clocks had been in vogue from the beginning of our journeying, the sum total recorded would be about **14000** MILES, and nearly two years in time. A journey now would seem incomplete without a note-book tucked behind the cushion, for remarks along the way.

POSTSCRIPT.

BUGGY JOTTINGS OF A SEVEN HUNDRED MILES DRIVE.

CIRCUIT OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

Postscripts in general are not considered good form, but this one is exceptional, and may be pardoned by virtue of its length. This book did not exist to "material sense," until after this journey, but it existed in mind, and even more tangibly in the manuscript, which we took along with us for the final reading before placing it in the printer's hands. We had guarded the precious pages for some weeks, many times having tied it up with the diary, ready to be snatched at an earthquake's notice.

Book-reading had been a lifetime pleasure, but book-making was entirely new to us, and we were greatly interested in the work of detail—the preparation of manuscript, form of type, Gothic or old French style, paper, modern and antique, leaves cut or uncut, "reproduction of Ruskin," everything in fact from cover to copyright.

The notes of more than 14000 miles in addition to the seven hundred miles driving made this journey one of unusual interest.

As usual we had no plan beyond going north for a month's drive, a longer time than we have taken for several years. At the last moment, as it invariably happens when we have had some particular direction in mind, we decided to go south, spend Sunday with friends in Rhode Island, and take a turn in Connecticut before facing north.

We left home on the afternoon of June 22, Friday

being a day of good omen to us, surprised friends in Chapinville with a carriage call, spent the night at Westboro, telephoned our coming from Woonsocket, and were with our friends in Pawtucket before six o'clock Saturday night. Our horse rested Sunday, but our cousins gave us a long and very enjoyable drive, showing the places of interest about the city suburbs, giving us a glimpse of Narragansett Bay, a fine view of Providence, and a general idea of their drives, so different from our home drives with the many hills.

We were advised to go to Providence, four miles south of Pawtucket, to get the best roads westward, for our turn in Connecticut. Had we been really wise we would have followed this advice, but being wise in our own conceit only, we followed our map, and took a course directly west, aiming for the Connecticut River. We started early Monday morning. As we drove on, we were directed one way and another to strike better roads, until after a day's drive we brought up at a hotel in North Scituate, just ten miles from Providence! Then we realized our folly in not going to Providence in the morning, wondered why we were so opposed to going there, and after discussing the problem as we sat in the buggy in the stable yard, for it was too late to go to the next hotel, we concluded our journey would not be complete unless it included Providence. A happy thought then struck us. We recalled the landlord, who had left us when we seemed so undecided, secured rooms for the night, deposited our baggage, and took the next car, which passed the hotel, and in an hour left us at Shepherd's rear door in Providence. We went about the wonderful

store, got the glass we wanted so much, and took the return car, being extremely fortunate in standing all the way in the vestibule with only twelve, the inside being much more crowded, owing to a circus. We faced the open window, and thoroughly enjoyed the ride in the bracing breeze, which restored our much disturbed mental equilibrium and made us declare that things come out right, if you let them alone.

We fully appreciated the late supper served by our obliging hostess, passed a very comfortable night, and again with the same dogged persistency faced westward. We crossed the state line, which was as definitely marked by the instant change in the general character of the roads, as by the pink line which divides Rhode Island from Connecticut on our map. We were thinking of going straight west until we reached the Connecticut River, then driving northwest to Norfolk, the second Lenox we discovered three years ago, and from there to Great Barrington and up through Stockbridge, Lenox, and all those lovely Berkshire towns.

After several miles of cross-roads we began to consider and wondered if we were not foolish to go so far west just to go through the Berkshires, which we knew by heart already. We decided to compromise, and turn north earlier, going to Springfield and up the Westfield River to the northern Berkshire region. A few miles more of criss-cross roads and we experienced full conversion, and said, "Why go further westward, when by turning north now we will see some towns we do not know?"

We were delighted with this new plan, especially when

we came to Pomfret street, which seemed to us a second Norfolk, and when after being sent from one place to another for the night, we found ourselves at Mrs. Mathewson's "Lakeside" in South Woodstock, with Mrs. Mott as present hostess. We now fully believed what we have often suspected, that we do not always do our own planning. You will not find this place on the advertised lists, but those who have been there for twenty summers, and those who are drawn there as we were, keep the house more than full.

For the first time we had the pleasure of meeting with one who had passed the century mark. He said he should like to apply as our driver! They were interested in our wanderings, and Mrs. Mathewson exclaimed, "Why don't you make a book?" How could we help confessing that was just what we were going to do on our return? "Oh, I want to subscribe," she said. We were much gratified, and told her she would be number three, and represent Connecticut. Before we left home a Michigan cousin, who was east for the Christian Science church dedication in Boston, had begged to head the list, and a mutual cousin in Pawtucket asked to represent Rhode Island.

We sat on the piazza with the other Lakeside guests until a late hour, and all the ophies and isms, sciences, Christian and otherwise, were touched upon.

The turn in Connecticut ended most satisfactorily, and the next morning's drive took us over another State line, but just when we entered our native state we do not know, for we missed the boundary stone. We were aiming for Keene, New Hampshire, eager for our first mail,

and as we passed within a half day's drive of our starting point, in crossing Massachusetts, we felt as if the loop of one hundred and sixty miles was a sort of prologue to our journey. We had a wayside camp with a stone wall for a table, and we washed our spoons at the farm house where we got milk.

At the hotel where we spent our first night last year, we were remembered and most cordially received. After breakfast the next morning our hostess showed us their rare collection of antiques. Showers threatened and we took dinner and wrote letters at the Monadnock House, in Troy, New Hampshire, having crossed another State line, then hurried on to Keene, where we found a large mail, full of good news.

Among the letters was one from a nephew, adding four subscriptions to our book for the privilege of being number four, and so you see our list was started and growing as our plans are made, not altogether by ourselves.

While reading our letters we noticed our horse rested one foot, and as we drove away from the post office, she was a little lame. We had eleven miles of hilly driving before us, and as the lameness increased in the first half mile, we returned to a blacksmith, remembering Charlie and the sand under his shoe, which came near spoiling one journey. Again sand was the trouble, which was remedied by the blacksmith, and once more we started for Munsonville and Granite Lake, for a glimpse of friends from New York, Canada and Texas.

The welcome at Mrs. Guillow's cottage in the village was cordial, as was promised last year, when we were there at both the beginning and end of our journey.

Again we brought a rainy day, and wrote all the morning, as there was not time between showers to drive to our friend's new studio and cottage, but after dinner we decided to walk the mile and a half round the lake, through the woods, and risk the rain. We surprised our friends as much as we can surprise any one who knows of our wanderings.

After we had enjoyed the lake views from the broad piazza, a fire was built on the hearth for good cheer, in the huge room which was reception-room, dining-room and library, all in one, with couches here and there, book-cases galore, and altogether such a room as we never before saw, but a fulfilment of Thoreau's description of an ideal living-room in one of his poems. A broad stairway led from this room to the floor above, where every room was airy and delightful, and the floor above this has no end of possibilities. The studio is a small, attractive building by itself.

We started to walk back the other way, making a circuit of the lake, but had not gone far, when a driver with an empty carriage asked us to ride. In the evening two young friends, who were away at a ball game in the afternoon, rowed across to see us.

Never lovelier morning dawned than that first Sunday in July. We should have enjoyed hearing another good Fourth of July sermon by Mr. Radoslavoff as we did last year, but we had already stayed over a day, and must improve this rare morning for the "awful hills" everybody told us were on our way north. So with more promises of hospitality from Mrs. Guillow, an invitation to leave our horse with her neighbor opposite any time,

and pleasant words from friends of the students who are attracted to this growing Summer School of Music, we retraced three miles of the lovely Keene road, then up we went, and up some more, then down and up again. We walked the steepest pitches, and the day ended at Bellows Falls as beautiful as it began. We were now in Vermont. Fifth state in ten days!

From Bellows Falls to Rutland by rail is not to be spurned, but by the hilly highways, it is a joy forever. We always anticipate that superb bit of driving through Cavendish Gorge before we reach Ludlow, where once more we enjoyed the comforts of the old Ludlow House, spic and span this time. Then came another perfect day for crossing Mt. Holly of the Green Mountain range, and we chose the rough short cut over the mountain, ignoring the smooth roundabout way for automobiles. Miles of wayside, and whole fields, were radiant with yellow buttercups, white daisies, orange tassel-flower, red and white clover, and ferns. The views are beyond description. We stopped on the summit to give our horse water, and never can resist pumping even if the tub is full. A woman seeing us came from the house bringing a glass, and we made a new wayside acquaintance; and still another when we camped by a brook at the foot, and got milk for our lunch.

We reached Rutland at four o'clock, just as demonstrations for the Fourth were beginning, and once in our room at The Berwick, with three large windows front, we could have fancied we were at Newport, New Hampshire, where we were last year the night before the Fourth. The program of entertainment was fully equal;

nothing was missing but the bonfire of barrels. We watched the street panorama until ten o'clock, then examined the fire rope, but concluded a fire was necessary to make one know how to use it, packed our things ready for quick action, and slept serenely.

We waited until the early morning firing was over before we ordered our horse, and then found by some mistake she had had an extra feed of oats, which was quite unnecessary, for the crackers, common and cannon, furnished sufficient stimulus. Clouds were heavy, the wind strong, air cool, and we thought the list of prophecies for that week might be at hand all at once. Singularly, none of them came to pass on the dates given!

When at Bellows Falls, something prompted us to write our Fair Haven friends we were on the way, which we rarely do. Had we not, we would have been disappointed, for we found the house closed. A note pinned on the door, however, we were sure was for us. They were at the Country Club, Bomoseen Lake, for a few days, and asked us to join them there. We first called on the cousin from New York State, whose address was given, and whom we had not seen in many years. She gave us direction for the four miles' beautiful drive to the lake, and as we followed its lovely shores to the Country Club, we recalled how many times we had read on the trolley posts from Rutland, "Go to Bomoseen." We say to all who have the chance, "Go to Bomoseen."

All the Fair Haven cousins were there, the "Michigan Subscriber" too, and for another surprise, our cousin, the story-writer, who had just finished a book. After a row

on the lake, we returned to the Country Club piazza over the bluff, to enjoy the exquisite views of the hills on the opposite shore—mountains, we called them—until we were called to the tempting supper served by the caretaker and presiding genius of the culinary department. He was unceasing in his attention, even to the lemonade served at a late hour, after the fireworks were over, and the literary works compared, as we watched the lake by moonlight from the piazza, or sat by the open fire. Vermont was now represented on our list.

The sun rose gloriously across the lake, just opposite our window. Another perfect day! No wonder all regretted it was their last at the Country Club. While some were packing, and others down by the lake, or out with the camera, two of us walked through the woods to the top of the hill, but at noon we all met at the pleasant home in Fair Haven for dinner.

Benson was our next destination, and our visit there had been arranged by telephone. The nine miles' drive over the hills in the afternoon of that glorious day was a joy and we gathered wild-flowers on the way for our ever young cousin who always welcomes us at the homestead. The "first subscriber" and the "authoress" followed by stage, and a tableful of cousins met at supper in the heart of the hills, as on the border of Lake Bomoseen the night before. After supper we all went to "Cousin Charlie's" store, and he made us happy with taffy-on-a-stick. Our special artist "took" us, taffy in evidence, being careful to have our ever-young chaperone in the foreground. By this same leading spirit we are always beguiled to the cream of conversation, and the morning visit amid

the flowers on her corner piazza is so well described by the "story-writer," who asked for three minutes just as we were ready to resume our journey after dinner, that we will share it.

Lines on Departure:

> The Fannies have come and the Fannies are going
> Of mirth, metaphysics, we've had a fair showing.
> We've all aired our fancies, our pet point of view,
> If we only could run things the world would be new.
> We all know we're right, and the others mistaken,
> But we've charity each for the other relation.
> So we join hearts and hands in the fraternal song:—
> The right, the eternal, will triumph o'er wrong.
> Whatever is true, friends, will live, yes, forever,
> So now we will stop—and discuss the weather

We had written in the guest book, "Every day is the best day of the year," adding "This is surely true of July 6, 1906." The parting lines were read to us as we sat in the carriage, and we had driven out of sight of the corner piazza when we heard a good-by call from the cousin who came in late the night before from his round of professional visits, feeling quite ill. He looked so much better we wondered if the "Michigan subscriber" had been sending wireless messages to her "materia medica" cousin.

The visiting part of our journey was now over, and we started anew, with no more reason for going to one place than another. We had spent so much time on the preliminary "loop" in Rhode Island and Connecticut that we could not go as far north in the Adirondacks as we want to some time, but a drive home through the White

Mountains is always interesting. How to get there was the problem, when the Green Mountains were between. You can drive up and down New Hampshire and Vermont at will, but when you want to go across, the difficulties exceed those of the roads east and west in Rhode Island and Connecticut. We knew the lovely way from Benson to Bread Loaf Inn in Ripton, then over the mountains, and along the gulf roads to Montpelier, but we inclined to try a new route. You drive through the White Mountains but over the Green Mountains.

With a new route in mind, from Benson we drove over more and higher hills to Brandon Inn for the night. The Inn is very attractive, but remembering the warm welcome from our many friends, the inscription over the dining-room fire-place hardly appealed to us:

> "Whoe'er has traveled this dull world's round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he yet has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn."

The next day we crossed the mountain, hoping to take a fairly direct course to the Connecticut River, but on first inquiry, were told we must follow down White River forty miles before we could strike anything but "going over mountains" to get north.

It matters not whether you drive north, south, east or west, among the Green Mountains. It is all beautiful. Even the "level" roads are hilly, with a continuous panorama of exquisite views. Crossing the mountains we are in and out of the buggy, walking the steepest pitches to the music of the lively brooks and myriad cascades, letting our horse have a nibble of grass at every "rest,"

which makes her ambitious for the next one. We do not care how many automobiles we meet, but on these roads they are conspicuous by their absence days at a time.

As we revel in these mountain drives and walks, we think of our friends who say we must be "tired to death," who would not be "hired" to go, and again of the one who likes to have a horse and "amble along," not forgetting the one who wrote she had just come in from an automobile ride, and that "to shoot through miles of beautiful country, eyes squinted together, and holding on tightly was a punishment," and still another automobilist who said it did seem rather nice to go with a horse, and stop to "pick things."

The forty miles down White River in order to get north was truly following a river, and a charming drive as well as restful change, after the mountain climbing. As we journeyed we found genuine hospitality at the hotels in Stockbridge and West Hartford, small country towns in Vermont, and everywhere the phonograph, the R. F. D. and telephone, bringing the most remote farm house in touch with the outer world.

We left White River with real regret, but after cutting a corner by driving over a high hill, we started north along the Connecticut, and at first should hardly have known the difference. In the course of twenty-five miles we realized we had faced about, as the hills gave place to mountains. We found very pleasant accommodation at the hotel in Fairlee, which was being renovated for summer guests. We remember the bevy of young people we saw there last year, as we passed.

The river fog was heavy in the early morning, but

cleared later, and all day long we reviewed the views we have reveled in so many times; the river with us, and the New Hampshire mountains in the distance. For two or three miles we were on the lookout for a parting "camp" in Vermont. We almost stopped several times, and once began to unharness, then concluded to go a little further. When we reached the highest point on the hill, a large tree by the roadside, and a magnificent view of the river, hills, and mountains, assured us this was the spot we were being led to. Nan usually takes her oats from the ground, after she has made a "table" by eating the grass, but here they were served from a bank. We had taken our lunch, added a few lines to the journey report, which we write as we go, harnessed, and were ready to drive on, when a man came to the fence, from the field where he had been at work, and resting on his hoe said, "Well, ladies, you are enjoying yourselves, but you might just as well have put your horse in the barn, and given her some hay." We thanked him, saying she seemed to enjoy the camping as much as we do, and was always eager for the grass. He then told us we had chosen historic ground. Our camp was on the road spotted by Gen. Bailey and Gen. Johnson to Quebec for the militia. He gave several interesting anecdotes. At one time in Quebec he was shown a small cannon, which they were very proud of, taken from "your folks" at Bunker Hill. His wife replied, "Yes, you have the gun, and we have the hill."

We shall have to take back some things we have said about river roads, for that day's drive completed more than one hundred miles of superb river driving, in turn

close by White River, the Connecticut, Wells River, and the Ammonoosuc, which roared like Niagara, as it rushed wildly over the rocks under our window at the hotel in Lisbon, New Hampshire.

It rained heavily during the night, but the sun was out bright in the morning. We surprised friends with a very early call, and then went on, taking our river along with us. At Littleton we found a generous mail, and all was well, so still on we went, camping at noon by our Ammonoosuc but parting with it at Wing Road, for it was bound Bethlehem-ward, and we were going to Whitefield, where we found a new proprietor at the hotel, who at one time lived in Leominster.

Jefferson was our next objective point, and there are two ways to go. We wanted that lovely way marked out for us once by a Mt. Washington summit friend, who knew all the ways. We took a way that we wish to forget. We called it the ridgepole road between the White Mountains and the mountains farther north. There were mountains on all sides, but some of them were dimly discerned through the haze, which threatened to hide them all. We went up until we were so high we had to go down in order to go up more hills. The road was full of mudholes, and swamps or burnt forests on either side, instead of the fine road and exquisite views we remembered that other way. We had not been so annoyed with ourselves since we did not go to Providence to start westward. That came out all right, however, and we went to Providence after all. We had to trust to providence to pacify us this time, for we could not go back as we did then.

For immediate diversion we considered our homeward route. The "ridgepole" must be our northern limit for this journey. From Lake Memphremagog last year we drove home through Franconia Notch, and from the Sebago Lake trip two years ago through Crawford Notch. It was Pinkham's turn. Yes, and that would give us that unsurpassed drive from Jefferson to Gorham. How easy it was to decide, with the thought of that drive so close to the mountains which are never twice alike, and North Conway would be a good mail point.

Before we got to Jefferson Highlands, we suddenly recognized a pleasant place where we camped several years ago, in a large open yard, facing the mountains. Once more we asked permission, which was cordially granted, with assurance we were remembered. In the hour and a half we were there, we kept watch of the clouds as we were writing in the buggy. They had threatened all the morning, and now we could distinctly follow the showers, as they passed along, hiding one mountain after another. They passed so rapidly, however, that by the time we were on our way again, the first ominous clouds had given way to blue sky, and before long the showers were out of sight, and the most distant peak of the Presidential range was sun-glinted. The bluish haze, which so marred the distant views, entranced the beauty of the outlines and varying shades, when so close to this wonderful range. Later in the afternoon the sun came out bright, and the "ridgepole" and clouds were forgotten, as once more we reveled in the beauty and grandeur of Mts. Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison, with the Randolph hills in the

foreground. We know of no drive to compare with this drive from Jefferson to Gorham.

As we came into Gorham, we saw the first trolley since we left Fair Haven, Vermont, and had a glimpse of the Androscoggin River. The old Alpine House where we have always been was closed, but The Willis House proved a pleasant substitute.

Twenty miles from Gorham to Jackson, through Pinkham Notch, and we had forgotten the drive was so beautiful! Everything was freshened by the showers we watched the day before, and the mountains seemed nearer than ever. A river ran along with us over its rocky bed, the road was in fine condition, and we could only look, lacking words to express our enthusiasm. The little house in the Notch by the A. M. C. path to Mt. Washington summit, where the woman gave us milk and cookies, and the strange little girl had a "library," was gone, not a vestige of anything left. We took our lunch there, however, as evidently many others had done. We had barely unharnessed, when a large touring car shot by, and we were glad the road was clear, for in many places it is too narrow to pass. We followed on later, and gathered wild strawberries, as we walked down the steep hills towards Jackson.

The showers evidently did not make the turn we made at Jackson for Glen Station, for here it was very dusty. We have stayed so many times in North Conway, that we proposed trying some one of those pleasant places we have often spoken of on the way. We drove by several, but when we came to Pequawket Inn, Intervale, we stopped with one accord. Somehow we know the right

place when we come to it. This was another of those we note, and remember to make come in our "way" again. When we left in the morning our friendly hostess assured us that the lovely room facing Mt. Washington should always be "reserved" for us.

She gave us directions for Fryeburg, for having been by turn in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and New Hampshire again, we wanted to complete the circuit of the New England States by driving into Maine. We left New Hampshire at Conway, and thought we took our mid-day rest in Maine, and remembering the hospitality of some years ago, were not surprised when a miss came from the house near by, and asked if we would not like a cup of tea. When we went later for a glass of water, we learned we were still in New Hampshire, and concluded hospitality was universal, and not affected by State lines.

We had not time to explore the "wilds" of Maine, but it was sufficiently wild and uninhabited where we did go. Many of the houses were deserted, and hotels were scarce. One night we had to ask to stay at a small country house. We knew they did not really want us, but when we told them how far we had driven, they quickly consented. Thinking we would appreciate it supper was served on china one hundred and twenty-five years old, after which a whole saw-mill was set in operation for our entertainment. Buried in the hills as we were, we could have "called-up" our friends in Boston, New York or elsewhere.

We were getting away from the mountains, but there were so many high hills, and one a mile long, that we did

not miss them very much. We were in Maine; that was enough. The wooded roads were very pretty, too. We would walk up a steep hill, then get in the buggy, write a sentence or two, and out again for a walk down a pitch. In number, steepness and length of hills, Franconia, Crawford and Pinkham Notches do not compare with these drives. The roads being grass-grown for miles indicates that all tourists do not take our route. As we came into Springvale, we saw automobiles for the first time since we left North Conway.

As we drove on towards the coast, we were delighted to find it would come just right to spend a night at Green-Acre-on-the-Piscataqua, where we found so much of interest to us two years ago, and were greatly disappointed when we arrived at the inn, to find there was no possible way of caring for our horse, as the stable near the inn was closed. We did not want to go on to Portsmouth, and the manager of the inn assured us of good care for ourselves and horse, if we would go back to Mrs. Adlington's cottage, which he pointed out to us on a hill up from the river. Before the evening ended we could have fancied ourselves on the piazzas of the inn, for the subjects that came up and were discussed by summer guests from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Saco would have furnished a program for the entire season at the Eirenion. We were shown an ideal study in the cottage connected, where a book is to be written. Indeed, we seemed to be in an atmosphere of book-making, and again we were questioned until we confessed, and the "representative list" was materially increased.

Regrets for the inn were quite forgotten, and we felt we were leaving the Green Acre "Annex" when we said good morning to all the guests and went first to find Miss Ford in her summer study to secure a copy of her book, "Interwoven," sure to interest us, after the enthusiastic comments.

We got our mail as we passed through Portsmouth, made a call at The Farragut, Rye Beach, and were invited to spend the night, but we had planned to go to Salisbury Beach, and thought best to go on. We took the boulevard, and were full of anticipation for the drive along the shore to Salisbury, via Boar's Head and Hampton. Here we drove on the beach for a time, then returned to the boulevard, the beach flies becoming more and more troublesome, until our horse was nearly frantic. Our fine road changed to a hard sandy pull, and we were glad to get on the Hampton River Bridge. All went smoothly until we were nearly across the longest wooden bridge in the world, a mile, when obstructions loomed up, the trolley track being the only passable part. Workmen came forward, and said, rather than send us so many miles round, they would try to take us across. They unharnessed Nan, and led her along planks in the track, and put down extra planks for the buggy. We followed on over the loose boards. This difficulty surmounted, another soon presented itself. The boulevard ended, and the remaining two miles' beach road to Salisbury was nothing but a rough track in the sand. We were advised to go round, though double the distance.

When we made the turn from the beach, we faced

thunder clouds, which we had not seen before. We do not like to be on the road in such a shower as threatened, and there was no hotel within four or five miles. There were only small houses dotted along, but when the thunder began, we resolved to seek shelter in the first house that had a stable for Nan. We asked at the first two-story house, if there was any place near where transients were taken. No one offered to take us, but directed us to a house a little farther up the road, but there the old lady said, "Oh no, I couldn't!" As an apology for asking her, we told her we understood she did sometimes take people. The thunder was increasing, the clouds now getting blacker, and we urged her a little, but she told us to go to the "store" a little way up, and they would take us. Reluctantly we went and asked another old lady who looked aghast. "I never take anybody, but you go to the house opposite the church; she takes folks." By this time the lightning was flashing in all directions, and we felt drops of rain. Imagine our dismay to find the house was the one we had just left. (Ought we to have stayed at the Farragut?) We explained and begged her to keep us, promising to be as little trouble as possible. She said she was old and sick, and had nothing "cooked-up," but she would not turn us out in such a storm, she would give us a room, and we could get something to eat at the store.

We tumbled our baggage into the kitchen, hurried Nan to the barn, and escaped the deluge. We were hardly inside when a terrific bolt came, and we left the kitchen with the open door, and stole into the front room, where windows were closed and shades down. The granddaughter came in from the "other part," with several

children, and we all sat there, until a cry came, "Something has happened down the road!" We all rushed to the open door and word came back that a tree was struck in a yard near the house where we made our first inquiry for shelter, and a man at an open window was prostrated and had not "come to." One of the children had run away down the street and was brought back screaming with fright, and asking if the thunder struck him! The shower was very severe, but passed over rapidly, and when the golden sunset glow came on, we began to think of making a supper from the crackers, nuts, raisins and pineapple in our lunch box, thinking how much better that was than standing in the "breadline" at San Francisco. But while we were still watching the sunset, we were called to supper, and the lunch box was forgotten. Our good lady finally told us she boarded the school masters for thirty-five years, and "took" people, but now she was alone she did not like to take men, having been frightened, and she always sends them to a man a little way up the road, but does not tell them he is the "select-man." When they ask there, they are offered the lock-up. "If you had been two men I should have sent you there!" We talked until nearly dark, before taking our things upstairs.

Breakfast was served in the morning, and our hostess seemed ten years younger, declaring we had been no trouble. When we gave her what we usually pay at a small hotel, she accepted it reluctantly. We promised to send her the report of our journey, and she asked if we should come the same way next year.

It was all right that we did not stay at the Farragut,

for that hard drive would have shortened our visit in Newburyport, and dinner with a friend at the Wolfe Tavern.

We found a large mail at Newburyport, and then looked up a way home. Really, the only fitting terminal route to such a fine journey was to follow the coast to Boston, and then home via Concord. At Hamilton we found the family tomb of Gail Hamilton, and took a snapshot of her home.

The miles of driving along the coast, and the boulevards of the Park Reservation through Beverly, Salem, Marblehead, Swampscott, Lynn, Revere Beach and Winthrop, were a striking contrast to the miles of hills. We found friends along the way, and stayed one night close by the shore, then drove into Boston, where Nan fell into line on Atlantic avenue as unconcerned as when in the solitude of the mountains. We made a call or two as we passed through the city to Cambridge, and on through Arlington and Lexington to Concord, where we spent the last night at the Old Wright Tavern, built in 1747. It is full of souvenirs and reminders of the Revolutionary times. Framed illuminated inscriptions hung on the walls of the dining-room.

We began our last day very pleasantly, after leaving our cards at a friend's house, by calling on the Chaplain of the Concord Reformatory, and finding in his home friends from Chicago, who asked about the revolver, which reminded us we had not taken it from the bottom of the bag in which it was packed before we left home.

At noon it began to rain, and we had the first cosy rainy drive, enjoying it as we always do. We did not

regret, however, missing the deluge which came just as Nan was hurrying in to her stall. She knew all the afternoon where she was going, and was impatient with every delay. We did not blame her, for she had taken a great many steps in the seven hundred miles and more, and been equal to every demand, traveling every day but two in the whole month. The miles of this journey swell the number to nearly 15000, but we will not change the title of our book, for 14000 is a multiple of the mystic number 7, and also of the 700 miles of this Postscript.

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